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what we are at present writing will be entirely incidental and unsystematic.

When it became known that Mr. Carlyle was engaged upon a Life of Frederick the Great, the first feeling, no doubt, in many minds, was one of satisfaction that the brilliant chronicler of the French Revolution was returning to his proper field of history and biography. The *Latter-Day Pamphlets*, with their passionate upbraidings and one-sided truths, running by exaggeration into savage errors, had, we fear, somewhat loosened his hold upon the public mind. The fascinating biography of Sterling, which followed them, rich as it was in "silent didactic meanings," far deeper and wiser than the direct warnings and lamentations of the Pamphlets, did much to efface the painful impression which the latter had made; but it did not do so entirely. Mr. Carlyle's influence has, we believe, been notably less since the publication of the Pamphlets than it was before, and has been exercised chiefly through his earlier writings. The Life of Frederick, which promises,—if it is continued on the scale and in the manner of these two volumes,—to be not only the largest and most laborious, but the greatest of his works, will do much to retrieve (what, we dare say, the author very little regards) his diminished popularity.

It is marked by all the peculiarities of the author's later style, a little subdued in tone perhaps, but unchanged in its general character. The "stars" and "galaxies," and "heights" and "depths," above and below, are thrown about somewhat less wildly. There are the same quotations from Smelfungus and Sauerteig, and there is the same contemptuous toleration for Dryasdust, which, on the hundredth repetition, we can scarcely bring ourselves to admire; or can admire only on the principle which endears even the defects and blemishes of a friend:

"Illuc prævertamur, amatorem quod amicæ
Turpia decipiunt cæcum vitia, aut etiam ipsa
Delectant; veluti Balbinum polypus Hagnæ."

It would have been absurd to have looked for change in these matters. If, as Burke said, no man honestly changes his *opinions* after fifty, much less can men change those habits and modes of thinking which habits of *writing* but reflect. None of those who have discerned in any of Mr. Carlyle's writings the reverence for Truth and Reality which is at the bottom of them all,—who have noted the regard with which he treasures up the least bit of indisputable fact; much less who have been penetrated by him with any thing of the wonder and awe with which he himself stands face to face with this infinite and mysterious universe and its immutable laws,—can ever attribute the most

fantastic and repulsive of his peculiarities to affectation. What he has said of Richter applies in the strictest way to himself: "Affectation is often singularity; but singularity is not always affectation. If the nature and condition of a man be really and truly, not conceitedly and untruly, singular, so also will his manner be, so also it ought to be. Affectation is the product of Falsehood, a heavy sin, and the parent of numerous heavy sins; let it be severely punished, but not too lightly imputed. Scarcely any mortal is absolutely free from it, neither most probably is Richter; but it is in minds of another substance than his that it grows to be the ruling product."*

At the same time, it cannot be denied that Mr. Carlyle's style has, of late years, been becoming more and more "singular" almost with every successive work. The *Life of Schiller*, and the earlier essays, full of freshness, genius, and originality, are yet free from eccentricity. The "benignant change" which, comparing *The Robbers* with Schiller's later dramas, he notes and approves in the German poet,—a change from "ferocities and sibylline frenzies" to "placid strength," from "smoke and red lava" to "sunshine and a verdant world,"—is not to be discerned—rather the reverse of it—in Mr. Carlyle's own writings. It is in his *later* compositions that we must look for the "power-words and thunder-words," "the volcanic fury," "the fierce fuliginous fire."† Only in his comparatively youthful efforts have we any thing like steady "sunshine and a verdant world." With the growing day the clouds have gathered, instead of dispersing. If Schiller's career had ended with *The Robbers*, or Goethe's with *Werther*, a parallel would be easier. We hesitate to quote a man against himself; but the following passage from Mr. Carlyle's *first* acknowledged essay,—on Richter,—seems to us to pronounce just judgment on the comparative excellences,—so far as *form*, and form only, is concerned,—of his earlier and later productions: "Tried by this test [of genuineness], we imagine Richter's wild manner will be found less imperfect than many a very tame one. To the man it may not be unsuitable. . . . It is true, the beaten paths of Literature lead the safest to the goal; and the talent pleases us most which submits to shine with new gracefulness through old forms. Nor is the noblest and most peculiar mind too noble and peculiar for working by prescribed laws: Sophocles, Shakspeare, Cervantes, and, in Richter's own age, Goethe, how little did they innovate on the given forms of composition, how much in the spirit they breathed into them! All this is true; and Richter must lose of our esteem in proportion. Much, however, will remain;

* Miscellanies (1857), vol. ii. p. 155.

† Ibid. pp. 211-215.

and why should we quarrel with the high, because it is not the highest? On the whole, Genius has privileges of its own; it selects an orbit for itself; and, be this never so eccentric, if it is indeed a celestial orbit, we mere stargazers must at last compose ourselves; must cease to cavil at it, and begin to observe it, and calculate its laws. That Richter is a new Planet in the intellectual heavens, we dare not affirm; an atmospheric Meteor he is not wholly; perhaps a Comet, that, though with long aberrations, and shrouded in a nebulous veil, has yet its place in the empyrean.* If we were to follow out our author's metaphor, to what could we compare him but to a planet, which, grown weary of its regular course and steady shining, should shroud itself in a "nebulous veil," and career through space with a comet's "long aberrations"? Whatever be the fate of the "nebulous theory" as a doctrine of astronomy, few will deny that, in the course of intellectual development, the proper order is from the nebulous to the solid and defined, and not the reverse procedure.

If criticism of style were a mere criticism of accidental and external peculiarities, like those of gait and dress, reference to them would be an impertinence. But "the style is the man," as Buffon, according to Mr. Lewes, did *not* say; at any rate, it is the fullest and least fallible expression of a man's intellectual and moral nature,—a window, through which, if it be not dimmed and crusted over by affectation, we may see him as he is. With affectation no one, we believe, can truly charge Mr. Carlyle. Where, then, are we to look for the source of the change,—for the worse, as we cannot but think, even on his own principles,—which the mannerism of his later writings reflects?

In every individual man there exist qualities which he has in common with his fellow-men, with his contemporaries, and with his countrymen; and again, qualities which are peculiar to himself. True health and happiness are inseparable from the balance of these two elements of our nature,—the general and the individual. If the latter be cultivated to excess, extravagance and eccentricity are the result. But we are too apt to value ourselves on that which distinguishes us from the mass of men rather than on that which unites us all together. Men of genius, especially, are liable to the temptation to *humour the peculiarities of their own genius*, to give it its head, to neglect the restraints and safeguards which deference to familiar sympathies and interests, to natural feelings and convictions,—to common sense, in short, in the true meaning

* *Miscellanies*, i. pp. 15, 16.

of the term,—would impose. But in human nature, as in the outward world, the gifts which are most widely diffused are the most essential. "We have all of us one common heart," and from it are the issues of life to us all. It is the source of the inspiration of the poet, and of the wisdom of the philosopher, no less than the fount of refreshment and strength to the "poorest poor." Too frequent neglect of this truth is the cause of half of "the errors of genius," and of that mistake which leads many to look upon it as necessarily associated with perversity and extravagance. Mr. Carlyle is an instance—the most illustrious of several which our own contemporary literature presents—of the way in which the undue indulgence of native *peculiarities* of thought and character, to the neglect of what one has in common with other men, may cause originality to assume the form of eccentricity, and give to independence of thought the air of wilfulness and bravado. We have no doubt that the "beaten paths of literature," "the old forms," "the prescribed laws," for "which the noblest and most peculiar mind,"—as Sophocles, Shakspeare, Cervantes, Goethe,—"*is not too noble or peculiar,*" have become impossible for him, and that his present style is the genuine expression of his acquired mood of mind. It only shows that there is a sense in which the most gifted and earnest man cannot safely "be himself alone," that he must acknowledge and act upon his partnership with others. These remarks might be illustrated in various ways by reference to our author's writings. But we must leave our readers to apply such truth as they may contain, and to furnish whatever qualification they may need.

We confess to having felt some surprise when we first heard that Mr. Carlyle had chosen Frederick the Great as the subject of a historic work. The hero was not, we thought, a very promising one in himself; and he seemed particularly unlikely to have attracted Mr. Carlyle's regard. But the affections of hero-worshippers are as capricious, and as little to be reckoned on in their choice of an object, as some of a tenderer nature. Mr. Carlyle has but a light esteem for French culture, which was all that Frederick possessed. French poetry and philosophy, in their undegenerated form, are not much to our author's mind; and Frederick was, on the intellectual, or at least on the literary side, merely a French poetaster and *philosophe*, with no pretensions to be considered either poet or philosopher. Mr. Carlyle has but a qualified tolerance for Voltaire, of whom his hero was a slavish imitator. "By the public," says Lord Macaulay, "the King of Prussia was considered as a politician destitute alike of morality and decency, insatiably rapacious and shamelessly false; nor was the public

much in the wrong." This, at any rate, is the current English judgment, which Mr. Carlyle pronounces "very ignorant indeed," and, with the corresponding and equally false estimate of his private character, thus accounts for :

"To Englishmen, the sources of knowledge or conviction about Friedrich, I have observed, are mainly these two. *First*, for his Public Character : it was an all-important fact, not to *it*, but to this country in regard to it, That George II., seeing good to plunge head foremost into German Politics, and to take Maria Theresa's side in the Austrian-Succession War of 1740-48,—needed to begin by assuring his Parliament and Newspapers, profoundly dark on the matter, that Friedrich was a robber and villain for taking the other side. Which assurance, resting on what basis we shall see by and by, George's Parliament and Newspapers cheerfully accepted, nothing doubting. And they have reëchoed and reverberated it, they and the rest of us, ever since, to all lengths, down to the present day ; as a fact quite agreed upon, and the preliminary item in Friedrich's character. Robber and villain to begin with ; that was one settled point.

Afterwards when George and Friedrich came to be allies, and the grand fightings of the Seven-Years War took place, George's Parliament and Newspapers settled a second point, in regard to Friedrich : 'One of the greatest soldiers ever born.' This second item the British Writer fully admits ever since : but he still adds to it the quality of robber, in a loose way ;—and images to himself a royal Dick Turpin, of the kind known in Review-Articles, and Disquisitions on Progress of the Species, and labels it *Frederick* ; very anxious to collect new babblement of lying Anecdotes, false Criticisms, hungry French Memoirs, which will confirm him in that impossible idea. Had such proved, on survey, to be the character of Friedrich, there is one British Writer whose curiosity concerning him would pretty soon have died away ; nor could any amount of unwise desire to satisfy that feeling in fellow-creatures less seriously disposed have sustained him alive, in those baleful Historic Acherons and Stygian Fens, where he has had to dig and to fish so long, far away from the upper light !—Let me request all readers to blow that sorry chaff entirely out of their minds ; and to believe nothing on the subject except what they get some evidence for.

Second English source relates to the Private Character. Friedrich's Biography or Private Character, the English, like the French, have gathered chiefly from a scandalous libel by Voltaire, which used to be called *Vie Privée du Roi de Prusse* (Private Life of the King of Prussia) : libel undoubtedly written by Voltaire, in a kind of fury ; but not intended to be published by him : nay burnt and annihilated, as he afterwards imagined. No line of which, that cannot be otherwise proved, has a right to be believed ; and large portions of which *can* be proved to be wild exaggerations and perversions, or even downright lies,—written in a mood analogous to the Frenzy of John Dennis. This serves for the Biography or Private Character of Friedrich ; im-

putting all crimes to him, natural and unnatural ;—offering indeed, if combined with facts otherwise known, or even if well considered by itself, a thoroughly flimsy, incredible and impossible image. Like that of some flaming Devil's Head, done in phosphorus on the walls of the black-hole, by an Artist whom you had locked up there (not quite without reason) overnight.

Poor Voltaire wrote that *Vie Privée* in a state little inferior to the Frenzy of John Dennis,—how brought about we shall see by and by. And this is the Document which English readers are surest to have read, and tried to credit as far as possible. Our counsel is, Out of window with it, he that would know Friedrich of Prussia ! Keep it awhile, he that would know François Arouet de Voltaire, and a certain numerous unfortunate class of mortals, whom Voltaire is sometimes capable of sinking to be spokesman for, in this world !—Alas, go where you will, especially in these irreverent ages, the noteworthy Dead is sure to be found lying under infinite dung, no end of calumnies and stupidities accumulated upon him. For the class we speak of, class of 'flunkeys doing *saturnalia* below stairs,' is numerous, is innumerable ; and can well remunerate a 'vocal flunkey' that will serve their purposes on such an occasion !" (vol. i. pp. 15-17.)

Mr. Carlyle, on the contrary, while allowing Friedrich to have been "a questionable hero, with much in him that one could have wished not there, and much wanting which one could have wished," yet maintains, "that in his way, he is a Reality; that he always means what he speaks; grounds his actions, too, on what he recognises for truth; and has, in short, nothing whatever of the Hypocrite or Phantasm." "This," he adds, "I hope to make manifest; this which I long ago discerned for myself, with pleasure, in the physiognomy of Friedrich and his life. Which indeed was the first real sanction, and has all along been my inducement and encouragement, to study his life and him. How this man, officially a King withal, comported himself in the Eighteenth Century, and managed *not* to be a Liar and Charlatan as his Century was, deserves to be seen a little by men and kings, and may silently have didactic meanings in it" (p. 18).

The grudge here expressed against the eighteenth century is of long standing. It is to Mr. Carlyle a period of inanity and worthlessness, an age of "Able Editors," "Stump Orators," and "Flunkey-histrio Kings,"—without true insight or genuine guidance,—shamefully regardless of "the Silences;" on the contrary, babbling much of "Progress of the Species," "Enlightened Self-Interest," "Diffusion of Knowledge," and a good deal more that is to him but a despicable cant,—"a swindler century," worthy only of being forgotten. Yet to write the Life of Friedrich is, in large measure, to write the history of this century, which Mr. Carlyle avers he will not do. Only "so

much of it as by nature *adheres*; what of it cannot be disengaged from our Hero and his operations: approximately so much, and no more! Let that be our bargain in regard to it."

If this were the occasion, a word might perhaps be said in defence of the eighteenth century; which did its work, and had too its heroes, though not of the kind Mr. Carlyle admires. It was, it is true, a prevailingly materialistic and sceptical age. The overstrained religious activity of the centuries immediately succeeding the Reformation, with their lofty but fruitless controversies and their religious wars, necessitated reaction. But it had its generous enthusiasms,—not taking the form, it is true, of hero-worship, but assuming odd theo-philanthropic shapes; and it was creditably, though not always wisely, bent on raising the masses of men, as the watchwords with which Mr. Carlyle reproaches it prove. Its very materialism had its favourable side in the progress of the physical and economical sciences which it witnessed, and of which the names of Watt, Franklin, Priestley, Lavoisier, Adam Smith, and many others, may remind us. And these sciences are just those which can only exist by *not* "dealing swindler-like with the facts around them," but by "honestly recognising said facts wherever they disclose themselves," and being "very anxious also to ascertain their existence where still hidden or dubious." The truth is, that the century, both in its good and evil, is *uncongenial* to our author; and to this distaste he gives, as his wont is, vehement and extravagant expression. The highest individual reputation, however, must be cast with heavy damages in a suit against an entire century. The proposition to suppress so vast a period from human memory, those portions only excepted which adhere to this, that, or the other great man, is exceedingly characteristic of Mr. Carlyle. It is not merely the eighteenth century which he would treat in that manner, special as his dislike of it is,—partly because it has given birth to the nineteenth, but more on its own account. He scarcely recognises history as a science, or study, distinct from biography. It is to him merely an aggregate of biographies, a record of the proceedings of "an assembly of notables." "Every original man," he says in the volumes before us, repeating an old doctrine, "is worthy of notice. Nay, in the long-run, who or what else is?" For the life of society, as an organic unity, capable of a history of its own apart from the fortunes of its individual members,—for what is called the "progress of civilisation," the development and conflict of principles and tendencies, the growth and influence of laws and institutions, the function of separate states and ages in the

mighty scheme which they subserve,—for all, in short, that implies the faculty of historical generalisation, he has no taste or disposition. For him it is not true that

“the *individual* dwindles,
While the *race* is more and more.”

“The race” is an abstraction, or an aggregate, for which he cares very little. He looks on history with the eye of the artist, and not with that of the philosopher. By comparing his works with those of Guizot, we may appreciate the difference. A writer who should unite the qualifications of these two distinguished contemporaries would make a very near approach to the character of a perfect historian.

We have spoken of Mr. Carlyle's reverence for the smallest particle of fact. The remark was too unconditional: his regard is almost exclusively for facts which cast some light upon individual character, or enable him to realise pictorially some definite historical, or natural scene. He is prepared to throw away whole masses of fact of another kind. For all that relates to the struggles of party, or to the intrigues and windings of diplomatic negotiation, nothing can exceed his contempt. He cannot speak of them without scoffing at them. The reason of this is not far to seek. Dr. Arnold has somewhere said, that it is only by sympathy with, and participation in, the political movements of our own time and nation that we can understand those of distant times and foreign nations. Present experience is required to throw light upon history, quite as much as history to throw light upon our present experience. Mr. Carlyle's utter indifference to the struggles and aims which make up the political life of to-day,—his estimate of our Imperial Parliament as a “National Palaver,”—his denunciations of Downing Street,—his contempt alike for constitutional monarchy and democratic republicanism, of questions of “ballot-box” and “extended suffrage,”—his refusal to enter upon them, or be interested in them,—are well known. And it is this indifference which makes whole provinces of past history a blank to him,—a mass of worthless and encumbering detail, only of use as it gives occupation to Dryasdust.

Mr. Carlyle's real strength as a historian lies in his insight into, and power of delineating, individual character. Even here he stops short too often with those qualities which can be represented to the eye or brought out prominently by some happy epithet, which he affixes like a label to the personage whom he is concerned with; just as in Homer Achilles is always the *πόδας ὠκύς*, and Ulysses the *πολύμητις*. He is fond of selecting some typical action; as if the whole of a character could be

expressed and conveyed by that. Thus the remark of Queen Sophie Charlotte (the grandmother of Frederick) about "the infinitely little"—"Liebnitz talked to me of the infinitely little (*de l'infiniment petit*) : *mon Dieu*, as if I did not know enough of that,"—attends her through the whole history. Kaiser Sigismund having in a Latin speech made *schisma* of the feminine gender, and being mildly corrected by a bystanding cardinal, loftily replies, "'*Ego sum Rex Romanus et super grammaticam* (I am King of the Romans and above Grammar)!' For which reason I call him in my note-books Sigismund *super Grammaticam*, to distinguish him in the imbroglia of Kaisers." We might give very many more instances. This kind of writing gives vividness to our conceptions, but it is at some expense of completeness. Those parts of a character which cannot be thus represented in the concrete, which can be reached only by reflection and conveyed in general terms of description, Mr. Carlyle perhaps scarcely brings out so fully as might be wished.

There is one characteristic of Mr. Carlyle's which raises him above the level of all other contemporary historians, and which must, though in a sentence only, be commemorated here. A solemn sense of the mystery and wonder of human life, and of the universe in which it is placed, is never absent from him. In his dealings with the "infinitely little," that makes so large a part of history, he never loses sight of the "infinitely great," that struggles ineffectually for expression through it. It is this sense that gives to his writings their turns of quaint pathos, their tone of stern or mournful irony, their startling and grotesque contrasts, and much else that is a perplexity to careless readers. He has always been faithful to the spirit of these noble words, written by him long ago: "The simple husbandman can till his field, and by knowledge he has gained of its soil, sow it with the fit grain, though the deep rocks and central fires are unknown to him; his little crop hangs under and over the firmament of stars, and sails through whole untracked celestial spaces, between Aries and Libra; nevertheless, it ripens for him in due season, and he gathers it safe into his barn. As a husbandman he is blameless in disregarding these higher wonders; but, as a thinker, and faithful inquirer into Nature, he were wrong. So likewise is it with the Historian."*

These remarks have run to far greater length than we intended. It seemed desirable, however, to consider what we might, and what we might not, reasonably expect from Mr. Carlyle as a writer of history. We should be sorry to be thought to have spoken in disparagement of one to whom all

* *Miscellanies*, vol. ii. p. 173.

thinking men owe a debt which it would be difficult adequately to acknowledge.' But truly to appreciate even the greatest genius, we must in some measure understand the limitations of it. We now turn to the *Life of Friedrich*.

The first pages present us with a sketch of him "in his habit as he lived," which, long as it is, we cannot forbear laying before our readers :

"About fourscore years ago, there used to be seen sauntering on the terraces of Sans Souci, for a short time in the afternoon, or you might have met him elsewhere at an earlier hour, riding or driving in a rapid business manner on the open roads or through the scraggy woods and avenues of that intricate amphibious Potsdam region, a highly interesting lean little old man, of alert though slightly stooping figure ; whose name among strangers was King *Friedrich the Second*, or Frederick the Great of Prussia, and at home among the common people, who much loved and esteemed him, was *Vater Fritz*,—Father Fred,—a name of familiarity which had not bred contempt in that instance. He is a King every inch of him, though without the trappings of a King. Presents himself in a Spartan simplicity of vesture : no crown but an old military cocked-hat,—generally old, or tramped and kneaded into absolute *softness* if new ;—no sceptre but one like Agamemnon's, a walking-stick cut from the woods, which serves also as a riding-stick (with which he hits the horse 'between the ears,' say authors) ; and for royal robes, a mere soldier's blue coat with red facings, coat likely to be old, and sure to have a good deal of Spanish snuff on the breast of it ; rest of the apparel dim, unobtrusive in colour or cut, ending in high over-knee military boots, which may be brushed (and, I hope, kept soft with an underhand suspicion of oil), but are not permitted to be blackened or varnished ; Day and Martin with their soot-pots forbidden to approach.

The man is not of godlike physiognomy, any more than of imposing stature or costume : close-shut mouth with thin lips, prominent jaws and nose, receding brow, by no means of Olympian height ; head, however, is of long form, and has superlative gray eyes in it. Not what is called a beautiful man ; nor yet, by all appearance, what is called a happy. On the contrary, the face bears evidence of many sorrows, as they are termed, of much hard labour done in this world ; and seems to anticipate nothing but more still coming. Quiet stoicism, capable enough of what joy there were, but not expecting any worth mention ; great unconscious and some conscious pride, well tempered with a cheery mockery of humour,—are written on that old face ; which carries its chin well forward, in spite of the slight stoop about the neck ; snuffy nose rather flung into the air, under its old cocked-hat,—like an old snuffy lion on the watch ; and such a pair of eyes as no man or lion or lynx of that Century bore elsewhere, according to all the testimony we have. 'Those eyes,' says Mirabeau, 'which, at the bidding of his great soul, fascinated you with seduction or with terror (*portaient, au gré de son âme héroïque, la séduction ou la ter-*

reur).³² Most excellent potent brilliant eyes, swift-darting as the stars, stedfast as the sun ; gray, we said, of the azure-gray colour ; large enough, not of glaring size, the habitual expression of them vigilance and penetrating sense, rapidity resting on depth. Which is an excellent combination ; and gives us the notion of a lambent outer radiance springing from some great inner sea of light and fire in the man. The voice, if he speak to you, is of similar physiognomy : clear, melodious and sonorous ; all tones are in it, from that of ingenuous inquiry, graceful sociality, light-flowing banter (rather prickly for most part), up to definite word of command, up to desolating word of rebuke and reprobation : a voice 'the clearest and most agreeable in conversation I ever heard,' says witty Dr. Moore.† 'He speaks a great deal,' continues the Doctor ; 'yet those who hear him, regret that he does not speak a good deal more. His observations are always lively, very often just ; and few men possess the talent of repartee in greater perfection'' (vol. i. pp. 3-5).

This graphic and vivid sketch would of course be in its proper chronological place at the close, and not at the beginning, of Mr. Carlyle's narrative. But both as moralist and artist he has seen where it may most fitly stand. This is the man whose life we are to study,—the formed character, which we are to see in the process of formation, tracing it through its successive stages, and amid the conflicting influences which shaped it to what it ultimately became. The contrast between the old man, worn and soiled by his "long journey through time," but not yet worn out, a king to the last, and the young frank prince whose first years are the main subject of these volumes, is remarkably impressive. It shows us the extremes of a gradual transformation, such as occurs in every prolonged human life, but which here is of special instruction. In the study of character, the foresight of the end from the beginning throws light on all that lies between.

These two volumes, however, are by no means exclusively devoted to Friedrich or to the influences that directly determined his career. A large part,—at least half,—of the first volume relates the history of Brandenburg under its successive rulers, Ascanian, Bavarian, Luxemburg, and Hohenzollern, from the time when "Henry the Fowler, marching across the frozen bogs, took BRANNIBOR, a chief fortress of the Wends" (928 A.D.), to the birth of Friedrich in the beginning of the 18th century. The rise of the house of Hohenzollern till it became a power in Germany is also traced. Mr. Carlyle shows us how in the course of centuries they added to the Burgavate

* Mirabeau: *Histoire Secrète de la Cour de Berlin*, Lettre 28^{me} (24 Septembre 1786), p. 128 (n edition of Paris, 1821).

† Moore: *View of Society and Manners in France, Switzerland and Germany* (London, 1779), ii. 246.

of Nürnberg first the Margravate of Culmbach, then the Electorate of Brandenburg (1415), afterwards the Duchy of Prussia, and still later the city and district of Magdeburg; and thus laid the foundations, and built up no small part of the superstructure, of the future Prussian monarchy. Scarcely any other writer could have given living human interest to the confused fightings, treaties, and alliances which make up the history of these dim centuries. In his condensed narrative they occupy, as we have said, at least half of his first volume; and it would be vain for us to try to condense them further. Their bearing upon Friedrich's life is upon a later part of it than that which our author has yet reached, and they may therefore be passed over here. We will only remark, that Mr. Carlyle is evidently paving the way for a justification of some of Friedrich's most censured acts as king,—as of his seizure of Silesia, which he represents as the revival of an old and legitimate claim, never abandoned by his ancestors. On the evidence of the documents referred to, the validity of his title seems very doubtful. There were prior claimants under acts equally authentic. So far as we recollect, Mr. Carlyle brings forward no arguments not to be found in Ranke and other historians. Even if he were able to make out a complete case, it would hardly serve his purpose of justifying Friedrich, who has put his motives on record in the often-quoted words: "Ambition, interest, the desire of making people talk about me, carried the day; and I decided for war." The formation of a great and perfectly-disciplined army had been the main business of his father's life; the employment of it was to be his; and the first favourable opportunity was eagerly seized,* without much regard to the question of right or wrong. What new considerations Mr. Carlyle is reserving for that part of his work which will treat of the Silesian transactions, we, of course, have no means of conjecturing. They must be important if they are to outweigh his client's own plea of "guilty."

Friedrich, commonly called Frederick the Great, was born in the palace of Berlin, on the 24th of January 1712. His father was Friedrich Wilhelm, Crown-Prince of Prussia; his mother Sophie Dorothee of Hanover, daughter of our English King George I. There had been already two princes before the

* "He felt bound in honour to enforce his claims," is Ranke's extraordinary comment on the following decisive letter to Podewitz: "Je vous donne un problème à résoudre. Quand on est dans l'avantage, faut-il s'en prévaloir, ou non? Je suis prêt avec mes troupes et tout. Si je ne m'en prévaux pas, je tiens entre mes mains un bien dont je méconnois l'usage. Si je m'en prévaux, on dira que j'ai l'habileté de me servir de la supériorité que j'ai sur mes voisins." Ranke, *Memoirs of the House of Brandenburg* (Eng. trans. vol. ii. p. 125). The right of the strongest is the only right invoked here.

young Friedrich; but both had died of the pomps and vanities of this world, as we may say; for the one was "killed" (so at least it was rumoured) "by the noise of the cannon firing for joy over it," and the other "crushed to death by the weighty dress . . . put on it at christening time, especially by the little crown it wore, which had left a visible black mark upon the poor soft infant's brow." There was fear that the line of Hohenzollern-Brandenburg should become extinct, or at least fail of male representatives; and the welcome of the young Friedrich was enthusiastic.

The old king survived his grandson's birth only fourteen months. He was succeeded by his son Friedrich Wilhelm, then in his twenty-fifth year. He is described as "a thick-set, sturdy, florid, brisk young fellow; with a jovial laugh in him, yet of solid grave ways, occasionally somewhat volcanic; much given to soldiering and out-of-door exercises." His father had been a king addicted to pomps and pageants. "Regardless of expense" is the label fastened on by Mr. Carlyle. He had more genuinely royal qualities, however, to which shattered nerves did not allow fair play. Neither shattered nerves nor indifference to expense can be predicated of his son. In two months after his accession, Friedrich Wilhelm had reduced his household and administrative expenses to less than one-fifth of what they had been before. He looked through every department of the state with his own eyes, and made provision at once for its more thrifty and more efficient working. But his army was his main business. It was an engrossing passion, almost a poetic enthusiasm with him; and he raised it at length to a degree of disciplined perfection which no other troops in Europe could boast.

"In a military, and also in a much deeper sense," says Mr. Carlyle, "he may be defined as the great Drill-sergeant of the Prussian Nation. Indeed this had been the function of the Hohenzollerns all along; this difficult, unpleasant and indispensable one of drilling. . . . This has been going on these Three-hundred years. But Friedrich Wilhelm completes the process; finishes it off to the last pitch of perfection. Friedrich Wilhelm carries it through every fibre and cranny of Prussian Business, and so far as possible, of Prussian Life; so that Prussia is all a drilled phalanx, ready to the word of command; and what we see in the Army is but the last consummate essence of what exists in the Nation everywhere. That was Friedrich Wilhelm's function, made ready for him, laid to his hand by his Hohenzollern foregoers; and indeed it proved a most beneficent function.

For I have remarked that, of all things, a Nation needs first to be drilled; and no Nation that has not first been governed by so-called 'Tyrants,' and held tight to the curb till it became perfect in its paces and thoroughly amenable to rule and law, and heartily respectful of

the same, and totally abhorrent of the want of the same, ever came to much in this world" (vol. i. pp. 414, 415).

This theory of government by the Drill-sergeant will appear to many readers a somewhat servile one. It receives no illustration, much less any help, from the reference which Mr. Carlyle makes to our English sovereigns, "William Conqueror and rigorous line of Normans and Plantagenets." There is a wide difference, which he overlooks, between the feudal system of the middle ages and the bureaucratic one of modern despotisms. In the former, lord and vassal, tenant-in-chief, sub-tenant, and serf or "villain," were brought into direct and open contact with each other. Genuine *local* relations of protection, dependence, and mutual affection were possible, and often existed. A *human* element entered into the administration of the laws, and conciliated that respect for them which otherwise would not have been felt. On the bureaucratic system there is nothing of this. The ruler and the ruled never meet face to face. Law and government are felt as a mere pressure from without, which often becomes galling and intolerable, and is at length violently thrown off. The analogy which compares a nation to a *family*, of which the ruler is the head, seems to us far truer than that which looks upon them respectively as regiment and drill-sergeant. Unfortunately Friedrich Wilhelm carried his drill-theory, or practice, into the government of his household, with consequences which Mr. Carlyle thinks were in the end beneficial, but which, on the evidence of his own narrative, seem to us to have been sadly the reverse.

To every biographer to whom biography is a study of character, and not a mere chronicle of outward fortunes, the childhood of his hero, with the early influences that surrounded it, is the most important and interesting part of his subject. It is the seed-time, whether of tares or wheat; and the remaining life is the harvest. The only reliable source of information about Friedrich's childhood is the book of his elder sister Wilhelmina,—the well-known *Mémoires de Frédérique Sophie Wilhe'mine de Prusse, Margrave de Bareith*; and even it, according to Mr. Carlyle, can be trusted only after making a deduction of twenty-five, or, it may be, "in extreme cases," seventy-five per cent on its statements. By its aid he detects the influence of a "double educational element" on Friedrich's character—a French element and a German one. Of these, only the former was, in the narrow pedagogic sense of the term, "educational." Friedrich was taught to think, speak, and write in French; and became in due course, as the result of such training, a French poetaster and *philosophe*.

"It is not a very fertile element for a young soul," sighs the biographer; "not very much of silent piety in it; and perhaps of vocal piety more than enough in proportion. . . . But it is, in some important senses, a pure and clear element withal. At lowest, there are no conscious semi-falsities, or volunteer hypocrisies, taught the poor Boy: honour, clearness, truth of word at least; a decorous dignified bearing; various thin good things are honestly inculcated and exemplified; nor is any bad, ungraceful or suspicious thing permitted there, if recognised for such. It might have been a worse element; and we must be thankful for it" (vol. i. pp. 387, 388).

The German language, or rather "the corrupt Prussian dialect of German," was caught up by Friedrich colloquially; and the German element in him, such of it as was not his by right of birth as a Hohenzollern, was likewise caught up by contact with the old soldiers and officials of his father's court, of whom the Prince of Anhalt-Dessau, afterwards known as the "Old-Dessauer," strikingly sketched by Mr. Carlyle, may serve as the type. If we adopted Mr. Carlyle's distinction between the "windy and the solid arts," we should say that Friedrich was French in the former and German in the latter,—French in the more superficial and "vocal" part of his nature, German in the deeper and less articulate; which settles the matter very neatly and easily to those who think, as Mr. Carlyle often appears to do, that it is "out of the" emptiness, and not the "fulness of the heart that the mouth speaks."

In the year 1719, when Friedrich was seven years old, his systematic schooling began, at the hands of tutors who had taken part with his father in the siege of Stralsund three years before,—under instructions of an eccentric kind, and drawn up in an eccentric way by his royal father himself. The "love and fear of God," and "a proper abhorrence of popery," were to be sedulously inculcated; as also "the true religion, which consists essentially in this, That Christ died for all men,' and generally that the Almighty's justice is eternal and omnipresent,—'which consideration is the only means of keeping a sovereign person (*souveraine Macht*) or one freed from human penalties, in the right way.'" French and German he is to learn so as to write and speak them, but no Latin; ancient history slightly; the history of the last 150 years, especially of Prussia, and of the countries connected with it, and their geography; the law of nature and nations; and, as he grows older, with special emphasis, the military sciences; "that the prince may, from youth upwards, be trained to act as Officer and General, and to seek all his glory in the soldier profession. . . . As there is nothing which can bring a Prince renown and glory like the sword, so he would

be a despised creature before all men, if he did not love it, and seek his sole glory therein" (vol. i. pp. 465-467).

Another document, of some three years later date, "Regulations for Schooling at Wusterhausen,* 3d September 1721," arranges his hours of work and play, of rising and retiring, of washing, dressing, &c. with such drill-sergeant precision, that, if acted upon, life must have become a burden to the poor lad. We wish our space would allow us to give Mr. Carlyle's abridgment of the document; but we must content ourselves with the best part of it, the characteristic paragraph with which it concludes:

"In undressing and dressing, you must accustom him to get out of, and into, his clothes as fast as is humanly possible (*hurtig so viel als menschenmöglich ist*). You will also look that he learn to put-on and put-off his clothes himself, without help from others; and that he be clean and neat, and not so dirty (*nicht so schmutzig*)" (vol. i. p. 476).

The king's idea of what was humanly possible in this particular seems to have been extravagant. He enjoins that, on rising in the morning, "prayer, with washing, breakfast, and the rest," is "to be done pointedly within fifteen minutes."

We have hitherto seen nothing of Friedrich himself, but only of the system by which he was to be worked. But we are enabled here to catch a slight glimpse of him through the eyes of Herr von Loen, "a witty Prussian official and famed man-of-letters once, though forgotten now:"

"The Crown-Prince," he writes, "manifests in this tender age" (his seventh year) "an uncommon capacity; nay we may say, something quite extraordinary (*etwas ganz Ausserordentliches*). He is a most alert and vivacious Prince; he has fine and sprightly manners; and shows a certain kindly sociality, and so affectionate a disposition that all things may be hoped of him. The French Lady who" (under Roucoules) "has had charge of his learning hitherto, cannot speak of him without enthusiasm. '*C'est un esprit angélique* (A little angel), she is wont to say. He takes up, and learns, whatever is put before him, with the greatest facility" (vol. i. p. 502).

That the king's "Rhadamanthine regulations" in regard to his son's education were not very strictly adhered to "we may infer," says Mr. Carlyle, "from one thing, were there no other,—the ingenious pupil's mode of *spelling*," of which he gives this specimen. It is a farewell letter, written by Friedrich at the age of fifteen to his tutor Duhan:

"*Mon cher Duhan Je Vous promais (promets) que quand j'aurez (j'aurai) mon propre argent en main, je Vous donnerez (donnerai) enuelement (annuellement) 2400 ecu (écus) par an, et je vous aimerais (aimerai)*

* A royal hunting-lodge "about twenty English miles south-east of Berlin, as you go towards Schlesien (Silesia)."

aujourd'hui encore (aujourd'hui encore) un peu plus qu'asteure (qu'à cette heure) s'il me l'est (m'est) possible (possible). FRIDERIC, P.R. Potsdam, le 20 de juin 1727."

Latin being prohibited, Friedrich of course attempted to learn it. The story of the king's discovery of his son and a preceptor with dictionaries, grammars, &c., studying the Golden Bull, is too well known to be quoted. His acquirements in this language were never great; but he "was rather fond of producing his classical scraps,—often in an altogether mouldy, and indeed hitherto inexplicable condition. '*De gustibus non est disputandum,*' '*Beati possedentes,*' '*Compille intrare,*' '*Beatus pauperes spiritus,*' '*Tot verbas tot spondera.*' '*O tempora, O mores!*' You see I don't forget my Latin," writes he once" (vol. i. p. 505).

The learned Professor Boeckh has written an academic prelection, *Ueber Friedrichs des Grossen Classischen Studien* (on Frederick the Great's Classical Studies), which, as may be supposed from the limits of its subject, is not a bulky work. Friedrich was, however, a sedulous reader of Greek and Latin authors in translations. In affliction he used to console himself with the third book of Lucretius. What improving effect his "classical studies" had upon his literary tastes may be inferred from his admiration of Rollin the historian, whom he calls "the Thucydides of his country." (!) In mathematics we have seen it stated, that he never advanced beyond the proposition of Pythagoras. German he could write and speak sufficiently for his practical needs. "Of Spanish and English!" says Macaulay, "he did not, so far as we are aware, understand a single word." But he must at least have *heard* some words of English; for Boeckh has preserved a *jeu-d'esprit* of his at the expense of our language. "It must have been the speech," he thinks, "in which the serpent tempted Eve; because it is a hissing tongue." Notwithstanding all this, Mr. Carlyle maintains

"That Friedrich's Course of Education did on the whole prosper. He came out of it a man of clear and ever-improving intelligence; equipped with knowledge, true in essentials, if not punctiliously exact, upon all manner of practical and speculative things, to a degree not only unexampled among modern Sovereign Princes so-called, but such as to distinguish him even among the studious class. Nay many 'Men-of-Letters' have made a reputation for themselves, with but a fraction of the real knowledge concerning men and things, past and present, which Friedrich was possessed of" (vol. i. p. 520).

While Friedrich's secular teachers were thus usefully and successfully employed in filling his mind with various knowledge, the divines were not less active:

"Noltenius and Panzendorf, for instance, they were busy 'teaching Friedrich religion.' . . . Another pair of excellent most solemn drill-sergeants, in clerical black serge; they also are busy instilling dark doctrines into the bright young Boy, so far as possible; but do not seem at any time to have made too deep an impression on him" (vol. i. p. 507).

The popular estimate of Friedrich's later religion is, that it was at best a negative quantity. Dr. Henry, a Berlin clergyman, has preached and published a sermon on *Friedrich's Faith in God*, and quotes a good many incidental expressions to correct the notion of his infidelity; but they are not very decisive. They need be no more than the utterance of feelings which occur in the fluctuations of every sceptical mind. Mr. Carlyle maintains in general terms that Friedrich had a fund of silent piety, of practical devout heroism in him. The evidence of this is, we presume, Friedrich's life, *as interpreted by Mr. Carlyle*. We must wait for the interpretation before we can admit the inference from it. In the mean time, that such should be Mr. Carlyle's judgment is a fact of weight. From direct teaching Friedrich gained little. "Noltenius wore black serge; kept the corners of his mouth well down; and had written a Catechism of repute." These seem to have been his chief qualifications as an instructor in divine things.

The most important part of Friedrich's education lay in the rough paternal discipline which now awaited him. This, more than any thing else, made him, for good or evil, what he actually became. Dislike of Friedrich's favourite pursuits,—of his flute-playing, and verse-making, and coxcomberies of dress,—annoyance at his indifference to the manly recreations of hunting and partridge-shooting,—gradually formed themselves into something like a fixed hatred in the father's mind. There was a divided household. The mother sided with her son, and

"All along, Fritz and Wilhelmina are sure allies. We perceive they have fallen into a kind of cipher-speech; they communicate with one another by telegraphic signs. One of their words '*Ragotin* (Stumpy),' whom does the reader think it designates? Papa himself, the Royal Majesty of Prussia, Friedrich Wilhelm I., he to his rebellious children is tyrant 'Stumpy,' and no better; being indeed short of stature and growing ever thicker, and surlier in these provocations!" (vol. i. pp. 514, 515).

The king's domestic grievances came to be increased by a matter which in itself had no sort of connection with them. Almost immediately after Friedrich's birth a project had been formed,—acceptable as a project to the parents on both sides of the water, and to the children themselves as they grew up,—for uniting still more closely the royal families of Prussia and England by a double marriage. The Princess Wilhelmina was

to be the wife of Frederick, eldest son of the (then) Prince of Wales (afterwards George II.); while the Princess Amelia, his second sister, was to be given to the Prussian Crown-Prince. After some hitches a treaty was drawn up for signing, but not signed. George I., though assenting to the marriages, was loth just yet to trouble his parliament for the needful marriage-revenue for his grandson,—money having of late been so often demanded from it “for . . . fat Improper Darlings, lean Improper Kendals, and other royal occasions.” This delay fretted the temper of Friedrich Wilhelm, “who was capable of being hurt by slights; who, at any rate, disliked to have loose thrums flying about, or that the business of to-day should be shoved-over upon to-morrow.” And in this way it bore ill-fruit for the unfortunate Crown-Prince, upon whom most of his father’s vexations were visited.

The European embroilments springing from the Pragmatic Sanction, and the alliance of Spain and Austria by the Treaty of Vienna, disturbing to the balance of power,—with the counter alliance of England, France, and Prussia, by the Treaty of Hanover, to set right the said balance,—occurred at this time, and greatly disturbed Friedrich Wilhelm’s peace, as they do that of Mr. Carlyle, who has to record them. He enters on their history with louder lamentations than become so emphatic an advocate of silent endurance and steady uncomplaining work.

“To pitch them utterly out of window, and out of memory,” he says, “never to be mentioned in human speech again: this is the manifest prompting of Nature;—and this, were not our poor Crown-Prince and one or two others involved in them, would be our ready and thrice joyful course. Surely the so-called ‘Politics of Europe’ in that day are a thing this Editor would otherwise, with his whole soul, forget to all eternity.” But they affected Friedrich Wilhelm’s temper and his treatment of his son, “our poor young Fritz getting tormented, scourged, and throttled in body and soul, till he grew to loathe the light of the sun, and looked to have quitted said light at one stage of the business.” For this reason, they enjoy a temporary remission of the sentence of “suppression” which Mr. Carlyle would otherwise pass on them. It is sufficient for us to note them as facts occurring at this time, and irritating to the King of Prussia.

We must here stop to record that, while these storms were raging without and within the royal Prussian household, the Crown-Prince made a memorable step in life. He entered on active duty in the army on the 20th of August 1726,—not yet quite fifteen,—as major in the Potsdam Life Guards, the celebrated regiment of giants which Friedrich Wilhelm (on this one

point "regardless of expense") recruited and kidnapped from all the countries of Europe. "Hereby to" his son's "Athenian-French elegancies, and airy promptitudes, and brilliancies, there shall lie as basis an adamantine Spartanism and Stoicism, very rare, but very indispensable to such a superstructure."

Three months before this date, an event apparently accidental, but of scarcely less importance, had occurred. "On the 11th of May 1726, towards sunset," as the king sits smoking in the Tabagie [Tobacco-Parliament, or Smoking Club] of the Berlin palace, "a square-built, shortish, steel-gray Gentleman of military cut, past fifty, is" seen "strolling over the . . . Square in front of the Palace. He turns out, on inquiry, to be the Austrian Ordnance-Master Seckendorf, whom Friedrich Wilhelm had 'known at the Siege of Stralsund' and elsewhere, passing through Berlin on pressing business in Denmark. However pressing his business, for the present, at any rate, he may be invited in. Friedrich Wilhelm, opening the window, beckons Seckendorf up with his own royal head and hand." He is invited to return when his business in Denmark is done. "Seckendorf sure enough will return swiftly to such a King, whose familiar company, vouchsafed him in this noble manner, he likes,—O how he likes it!" Seckendorf's real business is with Friedrich Wilhelm, to whom, after a decent term of absence, he returns, not to leave him for the next seven years. He is there in the interest of Austria, to detach the king from his allies of the Treaty of Hanover,—England and France,—and bring him over to the Kaiser's side; which with the aid of Grumkow, a bribable man, and the king's confidential adviser, he succeeds in doing, on conditions mutually advantageous, it is supposed, which are embodied in the Treaty of Wusterhausen, 12th October 1726. This secession from the English side in the politics of Europe is virtually the death of the double-marriage project; though it continued still to live in the hopes and wishes of the queen, Friedrich, and Wilhelmina. Seckendorf's business is to keep "Prussian majesty steady to the Kaiser, always well divided from the English;" to the widening of the estrangement, already wide enough, between the king and his wife, son, and daughter.

In the mean time the Crown-Prince was attending to his command over the Potsdam giants, and already attracting notice by his intelligence and vivacity. His flute, his French books, his indifference to hunting, and his inability to smoke any other than an empty pipe at the Tobacco College, increased the paternal dislike. What was worse, he had fallen into dissolute courses,—“consorts chiefly with debauched young fellows, Lieutenants Katte and Keith, who lead him into ways not

pleasant to his father nor conformable to the laws of this universe," and from the defilement of which he never got quite clear. Kicks and blows, for her share of which Wilhelmina came in, plates sent flying at their heads, food offered them for which they had an aversion, and of that an insufficient quantity, were the forms in which the king's resentment expressed itself. The following is his answer to a humble supplication of Friedrich's for forgiveness. It is curious in a grammatical as well as in a biographical point of view :

"Thy [in German the contemptuous third person singular is used] obstinate perverse disposition" (*Kopf*, head), "which does not love thy Father,—for when one does everything, and really loves one's Father, one does what the Father requires, not while he is there to see it, but when his back is turned too. For the rest, thou know'st very well that I can endure no effeminate fellow (*efeminirten Kerl*), who has no human inclination in him ; who puts himself to shame, cannot ride nor shoot ; and withal is dirty in his person ; frizzles his hair like a fool, and does not cut it off. And all this I have, a thousand times, reprimanded ; but all in vain, and no improvement in nothing (*keine Besserung in nits ist*). For the rest, haughty, proud as a churl ; speaks to nobody but some few, and is not popular and affable ; and cuts grimaces with his face, as if he were a fool ; and does my will in nothing unless held to it by force ; nothing out of love ;—and has pleasure in nothing but following his own whims" (own *Kopf*).—"no use to him in anything else. This is the answer. FRIEDRICH WILHELM."

—(vol. ii. pp. 47, 48.)

The increased complication of European politics, involving the possibility that he might have to go to war for his ally the Kaiser,—suspicion (not unfounded) of a secret intrigue in his own house for the renewal of the double-marriage project,—the failure of an attempt to set that matter again on a right footing,—the death of his cousin George I. of England, whom he really loved,—annoyances from George II. on recruiting business,—and his own sufferings from gout,—all these and many other vexations are to be taken into account in reading of Friedrich Wilhelm's freaks of rage. For years he was, in large part through the machinations of Seckendorf and Grumkow aggravating all misunderstandings, kept in a state of chronic irritation scarcely distinguishable from madness. The Crown-Prince and Wilhelmina were forbidden his presence except at dinner-time, when they were as often as not saluted with showers of crockery and bad words. They held private interviews with the queen in her apartment, with spies out to warn them of the king's approach ; who, however, surprising them on one occasion, they had to squat for hours, and almost got suffocated.

"His Prussian Majesty," writes Dubourgay, the British Ambassador (Dec. 10, 1729), "cannot bear the sight of either the Prince or Princess-Royal. The other day, he asked the Prince: 'Kalkstein makes you English; does not he?' . . . To which the Prince answered, 'I respect the English because I know the people there love me;' upon which the King seized him by the collar, struck him fiercely with his cane, in fact rained showers of blows upon him; and it was only by superior strength," thinks Dubourgay, "that the poor Prince escaped no worse" (vol. ii. pp. 113, 114).

Friedrich himself, describing this incident to his mother, says, "it was only weariness that made" his father "give up." "He never saw my brother without threatening him with his cane," writes Wilhelmina. Unwillingness to leave his sister to bear the brunt of the paternal rage had alone prevented him from making his escape, long ago, from the court and from Prussia. Now not even that consideration could withhold him. He resolved, on occasion of a visit with his father to August the Strong, Elector of Saxony and King of Poland, at his Saxon court of Dresden, to get across to England; but again yielded to Wilhelmina's representations and entreaties, and postponed his design. There was now, indeed, a short interval of calmer weather. The Queen fell ill. This softened Friedrich Wilhelm for a time. "He wept aloud and abundantly, poor man; declared in private 'he would not survive his Feekin;'" and for her sake, solemnly pardoned Wilhelmina, and even Fritz,—till the symptoms mended." But the discovery of a secret correspondence, which Friedrich had been carrying on with the English court on the subject of the double-marriage, soon made matters worse, if possible, than they had been before. On a second visit of compliment to the Saxon camp at Radewitz (June 1730), "where the eyes of so many strangers were directed to him,"—Mr. Carlyle quotes from Ranke,—"the Crown-Prince was treated like a disobedient boy, and one time even with strokes (*körperlich misshandelt*). . . . The enraged King, who never weighed the consequences of his words, added mockery to his manual outrage. He said, 'Had I been treated so by my Father, I would have blown my brains out: but this fellow has no honour, he takes all that comes!'" (vol. ii. p. 189). Friedrich now not merely thought of flight, but resolved on it, waiting only for opportunity. The sentiments of the English king on the project were sounded; but he, with diplomatic caution, advised delay. Friedrich Wilhelm suspected his son's design, and treated him almost worse than ever. He urged him, in a scoffing way, to renounce his heir-apparentship in favour of his younger brother. Friedrich, however, steadily refused. A chance of escape offered. The

king, on the 15th of July 1730, set out on a tour among the courts of Upper Germany, to gain them over to, or strengthen them in, the Kaiser's interest. His son accompanied him: he could not be left behind, nor trusted out of sight. For security's sake, "old General Buddenbrock, old Colonel Waldau, and Lieutenant-Colonel Rochow travel in the same carriage with the Prince; are to keep strict watch over him, one of them to be always by him." The plan of escape, in which Lieutenant von Katte, a dissolute young man, of literary and musical tastes, was the Crown-Prince's confidant and coadjutor, was, to give Ranke's condensed and clear statement, as follows:

"Katte was to get himself sent recruiting, and to go in the direction of Upper Germany; in an inn by the roadside, at Canstatt, he was to await the arrival of the royal carriages; a servant, distinguished by a red feather, was to give the signal that he was there; the Prince was then, under some pretext or other, to alight, and while he was believed to be in the inn, was to mount a horse standing ready for him, and gallop off with Katte and his escort. This was to be sufficiently numerous to enable them to defend themselves against any party which the King could at the moment despatch in pursuit of them. They could thus reach the French frontier, which was at no great distance. . . . As his (Friedrich's) uniform would have betrayed him in a moment, he had a roquelaure of scarlet made in profound secret, as he thought; but everybody knew of it."

Various circumstances led to suspicion. Katte could not get himself sent on his recruiting mission; and this difficulty might have led to the abandonment of the whole design. But at Feuchtwang, where "lives the Dowager Margravine of Anspach, . . . the Prince does some inconceivably small fault, 'lets a knife which he is handing to or from the Serene Lady fall,' who, as she is weak, may suffer by the jingle; for which Friedrich Wilhelm bursts out on him like the Irish rebellion, —to the silent despair of the poor Prince," who "meditates desperate resolutions, but has to keep them to himself,"—or can confide them only to Keith, a royal page attending the king on this journey, whose promise of help he gains. Here is the issue:

"On Friday morning, 4th August 1730, 'usual hour of starting, 3 A.M.,' not being yet come, the Royal Party lies asleep in two clean airy Barns, facing one another, in the Village of Steinfurth; Barns facing one another, with the Heidelberg Highway and Village Green asleep in front between them; for it is little after two in the morning, the dawn hardly beginning to break. Prince Friedrich, with his Trio of Vigilance, Buddenbrock, Waldau, Rochow, lies in one Barn; Majesty, with his Seckendorf and party, is in the other: apparently all still locked in sleep? Not all: Prince Friedrich, for example, is

awake ;—the Trio is indeed audibly asleep ; unless others watch for them, their six eyes are closed. Friedrich cautiously rises ; dresses ; takes his money, his new red roquelaure, unbolts the Barn-door, and walks out. Trio of Vigilance is sound asleep, and knows nothing : alas, Trio of Vigilance, while its own six eyes are closed, has appointed another pair to watch.

Gummersbach the Valet comes to Rochow's bolster : ' Hst, Herr Oberst-Lieutenant, please awaken ! Prince-Royal is up, has on his topcoat, and is gone out of doors ! ' Rochow starts to his habiliments, or perhaps has them ready on ; in a minute or two, Rochow also is forth into the grey of the morning ;—finds the young Prince actually on the Green there ; in his red roquelaure, leaning pensively on one of the travelling carriages. '*Guten Morgen, Ihre Königliche Hoheit!*'—Fancy such a salutation, to the young man ! Page Keith, at this moment, comes with a pair of horses, too : ' Whither with the nags, Sirrah ? ' Rochow asked with some sharpness. Keith seeing how it was, answered without visible embarrassment, ' Herr, they are mine and Kunz the Page's horses ' (which, I suppose, is true) ;—' ready at the usual hour ! ' Keith might add.—' His Majesty does not go till five this morning ;—back to the stables ! ' beckoned Rochow ; and according to the best accounts, did not suspect anything, or affected not to do so" (vol. ii. pp. 245, 246).

But in a few hours Keith had made a full confession. Alive or dead, the prince is to be brought to Wesel, the first town in the Prussian territory,—Rochow to answer for his safe custody with his own head. To Lieutenant Keith, at Wesel, the page's brother, and a confidant also of Friedrich's, Friedrich managed to write in Bonn, and smuggle to the post-office, three words in pencil : "*Sauvez-vous, tout est découvert* (All is found out ;—away) !" profiting by which hint, Keith made off in safety to Holland, and thence to England. Katte, who had warning and time for escape, loitered, and was arrested.

On the journey the king's rage was boundless. He thrust his cane into his son's face, till it bled : he drew his sword upon him, and would have slain him had not others interfered. At Wesel, Friedrich confessed all, and named his confidants, Keith and Katte, whom he imagined *both* to be out of reach of danger. He and Katte were tried by court-martial : Katte was sentenced to perpetual imprisonment, which the king, not being able to get the court to reverse their decision, changed to death of his own authority. Friedrich, as a deserter, had sentence of death passed on him by the court. The end is well known.

" It was in the grey of the winter morning, 6th November 1730, that Katte arrived in Cüstrin Garrison" [where Friedrich himself, under sentence of death, was imprisoned]. " He [Katte] took kind leave of Major and men ; Adieu, my brothers ; good be with you evermore !—And, about nine o'clock, he is on the road towards the Rampart of the

Castle, where a scaffold stands. Katte wore, by order, a brown dress exactly like the Prince's; the Prince is already brought down into a lower room, to see Katte as he passes (to 'see Katte die,' had been the royal order; but they smuggled that into abeyance); and Katte knows he shall see him. President Münchow and the Commandant were with the Prince; whose emotions one may fancy, but not describe. Seldom did any Prince or man stand in such a predicament. Vain to say, and again say: 'In the name of God, I ask you, stop the execution till I write to the King!' Impossible that; as easily stop the course of the stars. And so here Katte comes; cheerful loyalty still beaming on his face, death now nigh. '*Pardonnez-moi, mon cher Katte!*' cried Friedrich in a tone: Pardon me, dear Katte; O, that this should be what I have done for you!—'Death is sweet for a Prince I love so well,' said Katte, '*La mort est douce pour un si aimable Prince;*' and fared on,—round some angle of the Fortress, it appears; not in sight of Friedrich; who sank into a faint, and had seen his last glimpse of Katte in this world.

The body lay all day upon the scaffold, by royal order; and was buried at night obscurely in the common churchyard; friends, in silence, took mark of the place against better times,—and Katte's dust now lies elsewhere, among that of his own kindred" (vol. ii. pp. 289, 291).

The king's vengeance, or sense of what justice required,—for the two feelings were not very distinct in his mind,—was satisfied by this one execution; and, at the Kaiser's intercession, his son's blood was not shed. Henceforth Friedrich's misfortunes, having reached their culminating point, began gradually to mend. He was for fifteen months a prisoner in the fortress of Cüstrin; and for a twelvemonth he did not see his father's face. This, perhaps, he can hardly have much regretted. He professed penitence and submission. The rigour of his confinement was gradually lessened. His flute and his French books were allowed him. He discussed the doctrine of predestination, which he had adopted, and which was an odious heresy in the king's eyes, with clergymen deputed to convince him of his error. After an ingenious show of resistance, he gave way, not feeling inclined, according to his own statement, to become a martyr for his opinion. On the 15th of August 1731, the king visited him at Cüstrin; and after a scene, not without its pathos, a reconciliation took place. Henceforth father and son were on the best terms, the latter implicitly obeying, to the extent of contracting a distasteful marriage, with the outward show of cheerfulness and contentment. He made some acquaintance with the art of war, serving in the Rhine campaign under Prince Eugene against France. First at Ruppin, and afterwards at Reinsberg, he was initiated into the mysteries of government. As a soldier and an administrator he no doubt owed an incalculable debt to his father; but

that his moral nature was improved by the rough "apprenticeship to Friedrich Wilhelm" which we have been reviewing, and which Mr. Carlyle thinks so salutary, seems to us more than doubtful. Mr. Carlyle's general judgment (not put into any clear words) appears to be, that the nonsense was taken out of him by it,—that he learned reticence, self-control, and the power of "enduring hardness" silently. And this, perhaps, must be admitted. But that he also learned something like hypocrisy, that he got rid of much generous enthusiasm, that a tone of harshness, and a willingness to treat others as he himself had been treated, were developed, is scarcely less clear. He himself, it is true, was ready in later life to acknowledge his obligations to his father; but his gratitude is in some respects that of the embittered cynical man of the world to the stern teacher who has disabused him of his illusions. The worth of Friedrich's testimony in this matter will depend entirely on Mr. Carlyle's success in proving the common English judgment of his hero's character in later life to be unfounded. If that be correct, nothing worse can be said of the old king than that he made Friedrich what he afterwards became.

Of Friedrich Wilhelm, Macaulay has said: "His palace was hell, and he the most execrable of fiends,—a cross between Moloch and Puck." The rhetoric of this sentence naturally excites some doubt as to its truth. Metaphorical congruity demands that, Friedrich Wilhelm's palace being "hell," he himself should be "a fiend." He could not, in accordance with the laws of good writing, be any thing else. The infernal commencement necessitates a diabolic conclusion. But there were other than fiendish elements in him,—noble human qualities with which neither Moloch nor Puck had any thing to do. To these Mr. Carlyle renders full justice. He seems too much disposed, indeed, to palliate those parts of the king's character which can least admit of apology, and to urge that "even his failings leaned to virtue's side." Silent, grave, peremptory,—bent upon his own will, and inexorable towards neglect or disobedience,—he conforms closely to a type of human nature which Mr. Carlyle has of late been unwearied in holding up to admiration and imitation. He was not without intense affections, which, however, to thwart was to convert into hate. Like a strong but impeded current, they beat and raged violently upon objects which they were intended quietly to embrace and lave, refreshing and fertilising. He had a deep sense of duty, but it was of that kind which is oftener invoked to sanction the decisions of self-will than to correct or restrain them; and so he came to look at resistance to himself as if it were the violation of an intrinsic moral law. He saw his

own way clearly before him,—generally nothing but that. He could not perceive that others might have paths marked out for them by nature to pursue not always identical with his. We have said that he saw his own way clearly before him; but it was only inch by inch, as he marched on in it. And so he was unaware of obstacles,—impassable barriers in many cases, which others would have foreseen from a distance,—until he came into smart contact with them, and had ineffectually struggled against them. He did not know how, by making a circuit, to avoid what he could not uproot; nor that in dealing with men (moral unfaithfulness set aside) the straight line is not always the shortest, nor the imperative mood the most persuasive form of speech. He had indisputable strength of character, but he was not strong enough to command himself. Hence it became possible for others,—the Seckendorfs and Grunkows, for example,—by working upon his passions, to twist and turn him as they would. His frantic outbursts must be referred to the action of the moral and intellectual qualities we have indicated on an excitable temperament,—which a neglected education and the habits fostered by the possession of a power so absolute as to be almost beyond the control of public opinion had still further inflamed. Mr. Carlyle thinks that subjection to such a character as this was a good discipline for the young Friedrich. The drill-sergeant view comes into play here. Human education is in his eyes apparently a process of *breaking in*, with whip and spur and curb, after our manner of dealing with horses. But even as regards horses, this notion seems, under Mr. Rarey's auspices, to be becoming obsolete; and gentler methods of *training* and *taming* to be taking the place of the *breaking* process.

In speaking of Friedrich Wilhelm's character as it influenced that of his son, we have been compelled to do it some injustice, to show it on what will be to most readers its darker and less prepossessing side. For it was this side of it which alone was for very many years turned towards the young Crown-Prince. The following extract, though sad enough in its way, will be felt as a relief to the painfulness of much that has gone before. Our readers will not complain of its length. We could not bring ourselves to shorten it further than we have done, nor yet to withhold it. It describes the last scene, though not quite the last moments, of Friedrich Wilhelm's life:

"For the rest, he is struggling between death and life; in general persuaded that the end is fast hastening on. He sends for Chief-Praeger Roloff out to Potsdam; has some notable dialogues with Roloff, and with two other Potsdam Clergymen, of which there is record still left us. In these, as in all his demeanour at this supreme

time, we see the big rugged block of manhood come out very vividly; strong in his simplicity, in his veracity. Friedrich Wilhelm's wish is to know from Roloff what the chances are for him in the other world, —which is not less certain than Potsdam and the giant grenadiers to Friedrich Wilhelm; and where, he perceives, never half so clearly before, he shall actually peel off his Kinghood, and stand before God Almighty, no better than a naked beggar. Roloff's prognostics are not so encouraging as the King had hoped. Surely this King 'never took or coveted what was not his; kept true to his marriage-vow, in spite of horrible examples everywhere; believed the Bible, honoured the Preachers, went diligently to Church, and tried to do what he understood God's commandments were?' To all which Roloff, a courageous pious man, answers with discreet words and shakings of the head. 'Did I behave ill then, did I ever do injustice?' Roloff mentions Baron Schlubhut the defalcating Amtmann, hanged at Königsberg without even a trial. 'He had no trial; but was there any doubt he had justice? A public thief, confessing he had stolen the taxes he was set to gather; insolently offering, as if that were all, to repay the money, and saying, It was not *Manier* (good manners) to hang a nobleman!' Roloff shakes his head, Too violent, your Majesty, and savouring of the tyrannous. The poor King must repent.

'Well,—is there anything more? Out with it, then; better now than too late!' [And certain building operations of an oppressive character come under review.] And then there is forgiveness of enemies; your Majesty is bound to forgive all men, or how can you ask to be forgiven? 'Well I will, I do; you Feekin [his wife, Queen Sophie], write to your Brother (unforgiveablest of beings), after I am dead, that I forgave him, died in peace with him.'—Better her Majesty should write at once, suggests Roloff.—'No, after I am dead,' persists the Son of Nature,—that will be safer! An unwedgeable and gnarled big block of manhood and simplicity and sincerity; such as we rarely get sight of among the modern sons of Adam, among the crowned sons nearly never. At parting he said to Roloff, 'You (*Er*, He) do not spare me; it is right. You do your duty like an honest Christian man'" (vol. ii. pp. 681-683).

Presently the Crown-Prince is sent for from Reinsberg: "He is to come quickly, if he would see his Father again alive."

"At sight of his Son, Friedrich Wilhelm threw out his arms; the Son kneeling sank upon his breast, and they embraced with tears. My Father, my Father; My Son, my Son! For the next three days (Saturday to Monday), when his cough and many sufferings would permit him, Friedrich Wilhelm had long private dialogues with his Son; instructing him, as was evident, in the mysteries of State; in what knowledge, as to persons and to things, he reckoned might be usefulest to him. What the lessons were, we know not; the way of taking them had given pleasure to the old man: he was heard to say, perhaps more than once, when the Generals were called in, and the dia-

logue interrupted for a while : ' Am not I happy to have such a Son to leave behind me ! ' And the grimly sympathetic Generals testified assent ; endeavoured to talk a little, could at least smoke and look friendly ; till the King gathered strength for continuing his instructions to his successor. All else was as if settled with him ; this had still remained to do. This once done (finished, Monday night), why not abdicate altogether ; and die disengaged, be it in a day or in a month, since that is now the one work left ? Friedrich Wilhelm does so purpose.

His state, now as all along, was fluctuating, uncertain, restless. He was heard murmuring prayers ; he would say sometimes, ' Pray for me ; *Betet, betet.* ' And more than once, in deep tone : ' Lord, enter not into judgment with Thy servant, for in Thy sight shall no man living be justified ! ' The wild Son of Nature, looking into Life and Death, into Judgment and Eternity, finds that these things are very great. This too is a characteristic trait : In a certain German Hymn (*Why fret or murmur, then ?* the title of it), which they often sang to him, or along with him, as he much loved it, are these words : ' Naked I came into the world, and naked shall I go, '—' No,' said he always, with vivacity, at this passage ; ' not quite naked, I shall have my uniform on : ' Let us be exact, since we are at it ! After which the singing proceeded again. Tuesday, 31st May, ' about one in the morning,' Coehius [the Calvinistic Court Chaplain] was again sent for. He found the King in very pious mood, but in great distress, and afraid he might yet have much pain to suffer. Coehius prayed with him ; talked piously. ' I can remember nothing,' said the King ; ' I cannot pray, I have forgotten all my prayers. '—' Prayer is not in words, but in the thought of the heart,' said Coehius ; and soothed the heavilyladen man as he could. ' Fare you well,' said Friedrich Wilhelm, at length ; ' most likely we shall not meet again in this world. ' Whereat Coehius burst into tears, and withdrew. About four, the King was again out of bed ; wished to see his youngest Boy, who had been ill of measles, but was doing well. ' Poor little Ferdinand, adieu then, my little child ! ' . . . From little Ferdinand's room Friedrich Wilhelm has himself rolled into Queen Sophie's. ' Feekin, O my Feekin, thou must rise this day, and help me what thou canst. This day I am going to die ; thou wilt be with me this day ! ' The good Wife rises : I know not that it was the first time she had been so called ; but it did prove the last. Friedrich Wilhelm has decided, as the first thing he will do, to abdicate ; and all the Official persons and companions of the sick-room, Pöllnitz among them, not long after sunrise, are called to see it done. Pöllnitz, huddling on his clothes, arrived about five : in a corridor he sees the wheeled-chair and poor sick King ; steps aside to let him pass : ' It is over (*Das ist vollbracht*). ' said the King, looking up to me as he passed : he had on his nightcap, and a blue mantle thrown round him. He was wheeled into his anteroom ; there let the company assemble : many of them are already there.

The royal stables are visible from this room : Friedrich Wilhelm orders the horses to be ridden out : you old Fürst of Anhalt-Dessau

my oldest friend, you Colonel Hacke faithfulest of Adjutant-Generals, take each of you a horse, the best you can pick out : it is my last gift to you. Dessau, in silence, with dumb show of thanks, points to a horse, any horse : 'You have chosen the very worst,' said Friedrich Wilhelm : 'take that other, I will warrant him a good one!' The grim Old-Dessauer thanks in silence ; speechless grief is on that stern gunpowder face, and he seems even to be struggling with tears. 'Nay, nay, my friend,' Friedrich Wilhelm said, 'this is a debt we have all to pay'" (vol. ii. pp. 684-688).

The king formally pronounced his own abdication "in favour of his good son Friedrich." The ceremony might have been dispensed with. The very day which witnessed Friedrich Wilhelm's abdication, witnessed also his death. The kingly robes were laid aside, as if in preparation for that world in which there is no distinction of persons ; and then the coil of mortality was shuffled off.

We must not conclude our notice of Friedrich's education without referring to an event in which the "French element" of it may be said to have culminated, the formation of his acquaintance with Voltaire. Their friendship is one of the most memorable features in the life of either ; their misunderstandings and quarrels one of the most discreditable, though not perhaps in the same degree, both to prince and poet.

"Voltaire," says Mr. Carlyle, professing to quote from the ghostly Sauerteig, "was the spiritual complement of Friedrich : what little of lasting their poor Century produced lies mainly in these Two. A very somnambulating Century ! But what little it *did*, we must call Friedrich ; what little it *thought*, Voltaire. . . . So that Friedrich and Voltaire are related, not by accident only. They are, they for want of better, the two Original Men of their Century ; the chief, and in a sense the sole products of their Century, . . . the rest . . . being mere ephemera ; contemporary eaters, scramblers for provender, talkers of acceptable hearsay ; and related merely to the butteries and wiggeries of their time, and not related to the Perennialsities at all, as these Two were" (vol. ii. pp. 578, 579).

Strange if true of a whole century, we must again say ; but happily impossible to be true.

Friedrich's intercourse with Voltaire began by letter, epistolary correspondence being for a time its sole vehicle, in August 1736, when the Prince was in his twenty-fifth year. Mr. Carlyle quotes his opening letter, and Voltaire's reply. Friedrich's admiration is excited chiefly by an excellence which would be better appreciated in the days of Pope than our own. "Never did Poet before," he exclaims with enthusiasm, "put Metaphysics into rhythmical cadence ; to you the honour was reserved of doing it first." On the strength of

Voltaire's "taste for Philosophy," he sends him "a translated copy of the *Accusation and the Defence of M. Wolf*, the most celebrated Philosopher of our days, who for having carried light into the darkest places of Metaphysics, is cruelly accused of irreligion and atheism;" and promises him a translation, which he is getting made, of the same author's *Treatise on God, the Soul, and the World*. Voltaire, with many compliments and expressions of profound "respect" for "Metaphysical ideas," expresses a doubt whether "the First-principles of things will ever be known. The mice," he adds, "that nestle in some little holes of an immense Building, know not whether it is eternal, or who the Architect, or why he built it. Such mice are we; and the Divine Architect who built the Universe has never, that I know of, told the secret to one of us. If any body could pretend to guess correctly, it is M. Wolf." Of all mice, M. Wolf is the mouse most likely to solve the great problem, if it could be solved. The letters up to the time of Friedrich's accession in 1740 (as preserved, some hundred-and-twenty in number), consist of an interchange of verses, criticisms, and philosophical discussions, with reflections on the dignity of man,—the whole enveloped in a cloud of mutual flattery; the ability being, of course, with Voltaire, the sincerity, Mr. Carlyle thinks, with Friedrich.* Till the time of Friedrich's accession, the correspondents never met. Their experience and impressions of each other, when they actually came together, belong to a later period of the Crown-Prince's history.

Friedrich, unable to secure the presence of the great high-priest of Letters, yet collected round him, at his residence at Reinsberg, what literary notabilities he could. They were chiefly of theological and philosophical bent; "uniformly men," says Mr. Carlyle, "whom it is now a weariness to hear of, except in a cursory manner." We will not burden our readers with

* Mr. Carlyle is sparing as yet in his use of the Letters, as, indeed, of reference to Friedrich's literary works generally, of which he gives no specimen. Of the lengths to which Voltaire's admiration of his royal correspondent ran, very early in the correspondence, the following short extract from one of his letters will give some idea:—

"Monseigneur,—J'ai versé des larmes de joie en lisant la lettre du 9 septembre dont V. A. R. a bien voulu m'honorer; j'y reconnais un prince qui certainement sera l'amour du genre humain. Je suis étonné de tout manière; vous parlez comme *Trajan*, vous écrivez comme *Plin*, et vous parlez français comme nos meilleurs écrivains. Quelle différence entre les hommes! *Louis XIV* était un grand roi, je respecte sa mémoire; mais il ne parlait pas aussi humainement que vous, monseigneur, et ne s'exprimait pas de même. J'ai vu de ses lettres; il ne savait pas l'orthographe de sa langue."—*Recueil des Lettres de M. de Voltaire et du Roi de Prusse*, tom. i. p. 30 (ed. 1785). There must be a little irony in the last sentence. Voltaire had seen Friedrich's letters; and Friedrich's orthography,—of which our readers have had a specimen,—was much the same to the last day of his life.

their names. He beguiled his time here with pouring out floods of verse, with speculative talk on deep topics, with music, and with architectural and horticultural improvements; generally the resources of men who have no real and necessary work upon their hands, but in his case relaxations of hard and useful administrative labour. This was probably the happiest period of his life, and that least open to question or censure. His poetic attempts, now and afterwards, have been the object of much ridicule. But he never claimed to be a poet: he "left no calling for that idle trade—no duty broke." His verses were but an exercise in which he took pleasure; and which he practised for his pleasure only, and not from vanity or ambition.* If Lord Bacon's maxim be a true one, that "writing makes an exact man," his versifying propensities may have been of some use to him. But verse-making was never more to him than an amusement, and severity of criticism is out of place.

The two volumes which we have been so inadequately noticing, bring down the history of Friedrich's life to the death of his father, and his own accession to the throne on the 31st of May 1740. They might be called "Friedrich's apprenticeship." We have been obliged to confine ourselves to the events and persons directly influencing the Crown-Prince's education in the wider sense of the word, and to leave out much that has close connection even with that. Of the richness of Mr. Carlyle's book in firmly drawn and vivid pictures of men and things, of the indescribable tone of life and reality that pervades it, of its fantastic humour and rugged manly pathos, no idea can be gathered except from its own pages. From his views of human life and social government, and from the types of character which he admires, we are obliged prevalingly to dissent. We should regard them as harmful, if we thought they were likely to be influential. But they carry their own antidote with them in the noble qualities of heart and soul to which Mr. Carlyle always appeals, and of which even what we think his errors are but the exaggerated or too partial application.

* He endeavoured to prevent their publication. "Friedrich," says his latest editor, "continued, so far as he was able, to keep his poetic works concealed; nay he even called in again, from friends who were leaving his neighbourhood, the copies with which he had presented them, in order to guard against their being in any way divulged." Preuss: *Friedrich der Grosse als Schriftsteller*, p. 122. "J'ai fait les poésies," he writes to Count Algarotti, "que je vous ai données, pour m'amuser. Cela n'étoit bon, que pour cet objet; mais je ne veux ni être lu, ni être transcrit. Raphael doit être copié, Phidias imité, Virgile lu. Pour moi, je dois être ignoré. Il en est de mes ouvrages, comme de la musique des dilettanti. On doit se rendre justice, et ne pas sortir de sa sphère." Quoted by Preuss, p. 123.

ART. II.—THE RELATIONS OF FRANCE AND ENGLAND.*

L'Angleterre et Napoléon III. Paris, 1858.

THE Crimean war showed to the world what ought to be the spirit, and what must be the strength, of an alliance between England and France. It showed also how important it is to European independence that the two states should act in concert when they interfere in European matters; and to any people whose nationality or rights should be menaced, and who should need protection, it showed what may be expected from the union of such protectors. It would, indeed, be difficult for them to combine in any cause but that of justice. Misled by interest or accidental prejudice, each state may have separately lent its strength to a mischievous or a mistaken policy. Governments as well as men have their passions. But two nations that stand out as the models of civilisation can scarcely unite except in the service of civilisation. It is impossible to imagine them leagued together against right and justice. The press alone would stop them in such a course. The spirit, therefore, of an Anglo-French alliance must always be a spirit of equity and liberty; and every time that such an alliance is formed it will shine like a propitious star on the political world. To every nation whose desires are legitimate it will be a support or a hope. This is what Europe should now understand, and what, above all, the two countries and the two governments should recognise, if they wish to show themselves worthy of their high position in the world; for it is even more true of certain peoples than of certain individuals, that they are the instruments of Providence.

There are truths, however, which seem at times to disappear behind a cloud; and if we were to rely on some of the signs which have shown themselves since the beginning of the year, but which are gradually diminishing, we might doubt the permanence or even the possibility of a substantive and cordial agreement between the conquerors of Sebastopol. Certain journals—some with an evil design, others without consideration—have sown offence on both sides. It was not, however, on the English side of the Channel that the clouds first gathered. Public opinion faithfully supported the alliance as long as it lasted.

* The alliance of France and England has been so amply discussed, both in our pages and elsewhere, from the English point of view, that most men were desirous to study the aspects in which it is considered by enlightened thinkers in France. The present article is from the pen of a distinguished French writer, whose view of this important subject we gladly lay before our readers.—EDITOR.

With regard to France, the English people probably cherish no feelings of ill-will or jealousy; but perhaps they are rather too ready to believe their powerful neighbours inspired by sentiments different from those which actuate themselves. They easily suspect France of fickleness; a suspicion somewhat justified by the frequency of her revolutions. They do not feel themselves perfectly capable of following or of understanding all the variations of her mobile thought; and it may be said in general that, even when the two nations are brought most closely into contact, they do not always possess the key to each other's secret feelings. Their mutual understanding is not always equal to their mutual esteem. It will not, therefore, be unadvisable to consider what there is that can separate them, and what there is that ought to unite them. It would be useful to know if their respective antecedents and their permanent interests oppose any invincible obstacles to a good understanding; and in case the investigation proves the possibility and the utility of such an understanding, its limits and its conditions will remain to be considered; for no two nations can ever be bound together like friends, ready to devote themselves for each other. Self-sacrifice is out of place in a friendship of this kind.

How, it has been asked, can France and England cast aside their conflicting prejudices? Can they abjure all recollection of the past? History is full of the story of their warlike struggles. From the middle of the twelfth to the beginning of the present century their days of battle have furnished to the annals of both nations those fatal dates which can never be forgotten. There are names on both sides of the Channel which cannot be pronounced without exciting the bitterest resentment. Both are still bleeding at heart from the fearful blows they have levelled at each other. Declamations on this subject,—and it is one that invites to this species of rhetoric,—suffice to convince some minds that the two nations must always remain rivals, and that such rivals must always be on the point of becoming enemies. This is the grand argument for the eternal rivalry of England and France; and it would be powerful indeed, if great political questions were to be decided by the passions alone.

But it does not suffice to summon history to our aid; we must criticise it, and bring our judgment to bear upon the facts of which it is composed, if we wish to draw conclusions from them; for facts generally cease to be reasons when the reasons of the facts no longer exist.

The annals of the world present no more dramatic picture than that of France, still semi-feudal, combating against England for the integrity of her national existence. This war is sometimes called by historians “the hundred-years war;” and

even that is saying too little, for though it did not assume its complete character till 1336, it seems to have begun more than a hundred and sixty years earlier, and only to have ended decidedly with the Treaty of Sicquigny (1475). But on both occasions whence came the quarrel, and of what significance now are the questions that excited it? Can it at the present time be a subject of division or enmity that a king of France, jealous or betrayed, should have imprudently repudiated his wife; and that Eleanora of Guienne, bringing extensive provinces to Henry II. as her dowry, should thus have placed on a footing of contentious dependence two sovereigns who were equal in title, in pride, and ambition, and who incessantly disputed the conditions of the contract with the sword?—that, after the lapse of more than a hundred years, another king of France having died without children, Edward III., as his brother-in-law, should have disputed the throne with his cousin, and thus denied to the kingdom of Gaul its title of male-fief, and its liability to the Salic law? Of what importance can these claims be now? What has become of the feudal right out of which the whole question sprang; and of what avail could now be the different arguments upon which the contending parties then based their pretensions? The equilibrium of Europe was in those days a thing unheard of; each state was a private dominion, to be extended by every possible means, without reference to the wishes of the people or their independence. The conflict was prolonged on one side by instinctive love of greatness, on the other by dawning patriotism. By a rather curious contrast, it proved glorious for the sovereigns of one nation and for the people of the other. England boasted of a Black Prince and a Henry V., and France was still prouder of a daughter of the people. The materials of touching stories lie in these facts. More than one heroic figure invites the historian's pen, and poetry and the drama find in them many a striking scene which Shakespeare and Schiller have not forestalled. But what actual political conclusion can be drawn from the whole? Since 1479 England and France have become as really and politically independent as they are actually and by nature distinct. No prince has been sufficiently ambitious to attempt the part of William the Conqueror or Edward III.; no one has seriously contemplated the union of the two sceptres in one person. Each people and each state has formed for itself an isolated historical individuality, which it has defended with honour, and without pretending to sustain any other interests but its own. The ambition of the Plantagenets was buried with them.

Foreign politics, as the term is now understood, seem to have begun in England with the Tudors; and the line which they adopted may be considered as one of the causes of the popularity

almost obstinately accorded to their rule, notwithstanding its despotism. This popularity is the wonder of foreign historians; but England still believes that it was the sagacity with which the Tudor princes conducted her foreign affairs that paved the way to her actual greatness. From the accession of Henry VII., who was supported in his pretensions by France, to the accession of the Stuarts, a hundred and fifty years elapsed which may be considered as a period of peace between the two kingdoms. Occasional ruptures brought with them no lasting hostilities. Except the siege of Calais by the Duc de Guise, there were no military events of any importance to chronicle. The good understanding between the Tudors and the House of Valois was even proof against religious dissensions—against such tragical events as the violent death of the widow of a French king and the massacre of St. Bartholomew; till at length, by the wise and able statesmanship of Elizabeth and Henry IV., peace was converted into a deliberate and rational alliance. If it were permitted us to offer advice to the future cabinets of France, we should refer them to no worthier examples or more useful lessons than are to be found in the government of the first of the Bourbons.

A power existed at that time, the menacing increase of which all felt it a duty to arrest: this was the House of Austria, which then threatened the independence of every other state. A league between England and France to control this power was natural, indeed necessary; a common danger made a common cause. We must remember that, from another point of view, wars of religion were endangering the internal liberty, if not the very existence of the different states, in the same way that wars of intervention would do at the present day. Roman or Spanish intolerance was the great danger which every improvement of the age had to fear. The Reformation, wherever it had triumphed, and liberty of conscience—that still greater blessing—wherever achieved, were the conquests which England as a Protestant power, and France as possessed by the wisdom of her king of religious tolerance, had to support. Such was the liberalism of the day, and such the cause which both states were in duty bound to support. Whenever this combination is reproduced, whenever the equilibrium of Europe and the internal liberty of nations are in need of protection, France and England will do well to remember the policy of Elizabeth and Henry IV.

The Stuarts were fated to compromise every thing they touched; and not one of the four sovereigns of that house succeeded in the paramount duty of establishing a national policy. The son of Mary Stuart began by forsaking France for Spain, in opposition both to the interests and the wishes of his people; and as if in emulation of such blunders, the Bourbons were more

than once faithless to the lessons of the founder of their dynasty. The Thirty-Years War, however, replaced France in a better path ; and the Revolution in Cromwell's hands established in England a worthier diplomacy. But the Restoration was destined again to change and to mar every thing. Charles II. and his brother cannot be accused of any unwise opposition to France. Their fault lay in connecting themselves with her under different auspices, in reversing the spirit of the alliance. They converted it into one of the principal weapons in the war they waged against all political or religious freedom, and never joined with Louis XIV. without accepting a subordinate and degrading position. Hence the long unpopularity of the French name in England.

Richelieu left Louis XIV. two baneful legacies,—the possibility of a regular despotism, and the humiliation and overthrow of French Protestantism. These presented to a proud and daring prince the twofold temptation of making himself all-powerful and of exterminating the Reformation ; and Louis XIV. never regarded England except in the light of this double desire. His conduct towards her was entirely regulated by the attitude she assumed with regard to this selfish policy. He supported the Stuarts as the adversaries of Protestantism and liberty, and necessarily rendered his government incompatible with the spirit of the revolution of 1688. The long war which ensued was partly a religious and partly a counter-revolutionary war. France appeared to be combating for papacy and for absolutism. But in his futile ambition to smother heresy and liberty, Louis XIV. was following a more purely personal design. He admitted that it was his ambition to be *maître chez les autres* ; and the success of his first conquests inspired the wish to become the arbiter of Europe. His mother seems to have transmitted to him all the ambition of the house of Austria. At one time he appeared to covet the preponderancy of that power as his heritage, and a new danger began to threaten the equilibrium of Europe. Thus disappeared all the principles of the Anglo-French alliance, and both countries receded from the policy of Henry IV. and Elizabeth. William III., in many ways the predestined adversary of Louis XIV., fancied he had satisfied the interests of that grasping monarch, and entirely disarmed him, by the treaty of partition ; but the illusion was short-lived, and with his dying glance William saw the first flames lighted of that war of succession which is still a source of difficulty and disagreement between the powers who signed the Peace of Utrecht.

These recollections are certainly the source of the most enduring prejudices that have divided the two countries. In vain did the Duke of Orleans, as regent, endeavour to reconcile them by abandoning the policy of Louis XIV. The name of the

proud monarch remained during the whole of the last century attached to that of France, and the fears and resentments that he excited never ceased to embarrass his successors. It was of him that Lord Chatham thought when he made the walls of Parliament ring with the rancorous words, "Beware of the House of Bourbon!" The Seven-Years War was not calculated to bring the English public back to the side of France; and the Peace of 1763 could not fail to leave the latter full of bitter regrets and longing for revenge. An opportunity of satisfying those feelings offered itself in the American war, and the Treaty of Versailles was in some sort an amends for the Peace of Paris. It was now the turn of England to seek for vengeance. These alternations of success and defeat could scarcely fail to embitter our relations even during peace; and the notion of eternal antagonism between the two countries—at least as far as their navies were concerned—was never more prevalent than at the outbreak of the French Revolution.

If there was one government in Europe which might have looked upon that revolution without alarm, it certainly was that of Great Britain. It is difficult at first sight to understand why England did not allow it to follow its own stormy career. But Pitt had inherited all the patriotic sentiments and passions of his father. The revolution of 1789 appeared to him a fit opportunity for cancelling the peace of 1783, and punishing France with the loss of her colonies for her coöperation with the United States. This was the chief incitement which impelled him into war, and Burke never ceased to reproach him with it. He never forgave him for considering as a secondary object that war of principles which he wished to see established as the basis of the anti-revolutionary crusade. The eloquent propagandism of Burke found many proselytes. In any other reign he might have obtained less attention; but George III. hated the revolution of 1789 fully as much as Louis XIV. had hated the revolution of 1688. He was a thorough Stuart in spirit, and had early succeeded in resuscitating the ancient Toryism, which, since the advent of the House of Hanover, had almost disappeared. Thus a party was ready formed to commence the clamour against revolutionary France. The court, the church, the majority of the aristocracy, the country gentlemen, and a large portion of that well-behaved and quiet middle-class which so easily takes alarm, rallied round a common feeling at once anti-Gallican, reactionary, and quasi-absolutist. Pitt himself partly shared this feeling, and diligently took advantage of it as minister; with certain reservations, his policy was even shaped according to it. In reality he was inimical to France herself; but it was against her revolution that he appeared to declare war.

This was wounding France in every respect. It was attacking her rights, her convictions, and her dignity. It was giving her to understand that, as a nation, she was not her own mistress; and that she was expected to return for ever to an odious system which she had just thrown off with enthusiasm. No more certain means could have been invented for establishing a lasting enmity; no accommodation was possible. The way in which revolutionary France treated the common rights of Europe might doubtless have caused a rupture, and brought about hostilities. It would be difficult now to prove that war could have been avoided; but it is certain that it might have been a war of a very different character. Pitt often regretted that he had allowed it to become so deeply dyed with the colour that Burke desired. He always denied having engaged himself irrevocably against the autonomy of the French nation. But these distinctions were not understood by the enemy. France, incensed, always considered the great minister as the soul of the coalition, and believed that his purpose was to make herself and England eternal foes.

The rupture of the Peace of Amiens was more justifiable than the war of 1793; a war against the Emperor Napoleon would bear more the character of an ordinary war. The equilibrium of Europe might stand in the place of party interest, and taking arms did not involve an opposition to the rights of mankind. If Charles V. and his successors, if the conquests of Louis XIV., had given the world just reason to apprehend the design of a universal monarchy, the empire of Napoleon, the most extensive that had been seen since that of Charlemagne, could not fail to excite the same alarms, and to meet with strenuous resistance. It is remarkable, indeed, that this resistance should have come especially from an island which was bristling with ships and impregnable by assault. But the dominant party in England did not understand how to distinguish this war from the preceding one: in persevering in the struggle they persevered in the passions which had excited it, and persisted in identifying Napoleon with the revolution. The renewal of hostilities had prevented their recognising his new title, and they consequently treated him as a usurper. This was again a direct attack on the independence and wishes of the French people. The most violent and daring act of intervention that was ever attempted took place when the coalesced sovereigns, under the inspiration of the British cabinet, declared their determination not to lay down arms as long as Napoleon was on the throne. This alone was enough to establish permanent enmity between England and France.

Now that a more liberal spirit has penetrated into every

party, and that polite moderation of expression, at least, is customary when the rights of nations are being treated of, it is difficult to comprehend the degree of violence to which the irritation of conflict, the hatred of revolutions, and insular isolation, brought the language of English statesmen at that period, and still more that of the press and the party which sustained the Government. Fortunately England was soon restored by peace to her true character; and it was in England that, a few years later, that reaction of opinion began which has lasted so long in favour of Napoleon. Aggrieved by the outrages heaped on his memory by the restored Legitimists, the French were surprised to see him, as it were, avenged by the retrospective admiration of the English public. At the same moment the spirit of liberty seemed to have recovered its elasticity in both the New and the Old World; and wherever it appeared, it always claimed, and usually received, the sanction of Great Britain. The year 1820—notable as one of general political ferment—saw England finally and decidedly separate herself from the policy of the Holy Alliance. Canning himself, the old poet of the *Anti-Jacobin*, undertook the defence of governments which owned an insurrectionary origin. France became aware that in England successive cabinets often resemble each other very little in their policy; that the most marked demonstrations of rulers are by no means always shared or sanctioned by the nation; and that public opinion, profiting by the teaching of events, does not usually in peace cling to the prejudices imbibed during periods of war. Moreover a new link had been formed between the two countries.

The institutions of France were partly modelled upon those of Great Britain; and writers took pleasure in comparing the two histories, and connecting them by analogy of laws and events. How striking the points of comparison between the Long Parliament and the Constituent Assembly, Charles I. and Louis XVI., the two republics, Cromwell and Napoleon, and the two restorations! To complete the resemblance, the royal family of France was itself divided between the cause of absolutism and that of liberty. Who can affirm that without 1688 we should ever have seen 1830?

England then passed into the hands of the party most capable of regaining the good-will of France. Lord Grey had been the constant companion of Mr. Fox in his endeavours at general pacification. The wars of the Revolution had had no more decided opponent; and he was surrounded by those who had in both Houses most perseveringly recommended peace, and spoken with respect and sympathy of the France of 1789. Fifteen years of friendly intercourse had dispersed many clouds, had expounded the real interests of the two countries, and had paved the way for

a return to what we have shown to be their normal policy. The evidences of this new situation were not long in appearing; in the first year of Louis Philippe's reign the Belgian revolution offered England and France an opportunity of showing Europe what could and what ought to be effected by their union. The solidarity of absolutism between sovereigns (that chimera of the Holy Alliance) received a severe blow, and with the independence of a people the peace of the whole world was saved.

Lord Palmerston had the honour of giving his name to the establishment of a policy which is at the same time most favourable to the interests of civilisation, and most conformable with the spirit of the age. If we are not mistaken, the French statesmen,—Casimir Perier, the Duc de Broglie, Thiers, Guizot,—all adopted very early the idea of an active coöperation with England, and made it the leading idea of their diplomacy. Talleyrand, the first ambassador of the new monarchy, was chosen as having been the author of the plan. As far back as the first Empire this old friend of Fox's had indulged in the wish, or rather the dream (for its utter impracticability rendered it then nothing more), of an alliance between the cabinets of London and Paris. It is well known that at the Congress of Vienna, in 1814, rising superior to the temporary weakness of the Parisians for the Emperor Alexander, he succeeded, without the knowledge of that prince, in forming an eventual alliance between Austria, Great Britain, and France, for the defence of the centre and west of Europe against the encroaching influence of the most oriental of the great powers. The Hundred Days divulged and destroyed this far-sighted combination; but Talleyrand nevertheless remained throughout the Restoration the partisan of an alliance with England, while his rival and adversary, the Duc de Richelieu, was considered as the representative of a system of politics based on Russian coöperation. The revolution of 1830 gave the former, in the decline of life, a splendid opportunity of carrying his well-matured theory into practice; and from the first hour of his mission he addressed himself with equal skill and success to the confirmation of an alliance of which the first results did him so much honour. During five years it progressed without interruption—without misreckoning or reverse. Public opinion on both sides of the Channel grew confident in the duration of so successful a policy. History will tell how it was that towards 1835 or 1836 the first difficulties arose. Divers causes—some not of the most worthy description—brought about a misunderstanding between Lord Palmerston and the Prince de Talleyrand which deserves censure. Thence resulted among some persons in high position a purely personal antagonism, which has done no good to either

country. Subsequently, the intervention in Spain in 1836, the intervention in Egypt in 1840, and the Spanish marriages in 1846, gave rise to serious difficulties between the cabinets; but notwithstanding these differences, the two nations never forgot that they were opposed in no great or permanent interests, and that a good understanding could not fail to exist as long as both were well and wisely governed. Even this condition was not indispensable; for the revolution of February overthrew all political, and menaced all social order, without exciting any discord between England and France. The government of the Hôtel de Ville, and subsequently General Cavaignac, obeyed the dictates of a judicious policy in immediately establishing relations with England; and England, true to her traditional instincts for the useful and the just, accepted these improvised powers without hesitation, and offered such support as circumstances seemed to require. The relations of the British Government with the President of 1848, the Dictator of 1851, and the Emperor of 1852, are too recent, and have given birth to events too memorable, to need retracing in this sketch. Never has the Anglo-French alliance been more true to itself, never was it signalised by such advantageous and brilliant results, as in the Baltic and the Black seas. And most assuredly this combination of forces and of purposes must be founded in reason and in nature, since it has survived one of the chief causes which gave it birth, viz. analogy of political institutions. Never, as far as internal policy is concerned, were the allied nations more discrepant than since 1852; yet never has their union, both of action and of purpose, been so close.

Yet it was precisely in the midst of this state of affairs that clouds arose. People began to speculate whether, after all, this good mutual intelligence had not been a passing accident, or a thin crust which had grown over the ancient rivalry. Some even fancied that the old enmities of the Revolution and the Empire were about to break out afresh. Here we come upon questions of grave import, both for the present and the future.

We will not stop to prove the evil of a rupture between France and England; nothing but folly or malignity could doubt it. We will not even examine whether a mutual understanding is desirable; it would only be asking whether there is at the present time any power whose increase would endanger the independence and the equilibrium of Europe,—whether there still exist any legitimate interests of civilisation, of nationality, or of liberty, requiring protection and management. Such questions as these are solved by the mere asking; and we think few in England could be found to doubt that, if a French alliance is possible, it is also the most desirable of political events.

There is every reason to believe that it was not from the

pride of England that the alliance was in danger. She felt no enmity or jealousy, and she had no desire to renew past hostilities; and she had frankly and long since abandoned, if indeed she ever entertained them, the irritating doctrines imputed to her at the first French revolution. England has no wish to constrain any continental people in the choice of their government or institutions. Their independence is of importance both to her politics and her commerce. If there is a foreign power which gives her umbrage, it must be looked for in the east of Europe; and in France she sees a counter-weight to the sole preponderance that she fears. As long as justice and moderation influence the policy of France, the increase of her public prosperity must form an additional guarantee for the liberty of the West and the maintenance of European order. The British monarchy is happily not among those in whom the sight of a great nation wrestling for sixty years with the genius of revolution, endeavouring to obtain its benefits without letting loose its scourges, can inspire only terror and indignation. Full of respect for the autonomy of European nations, it only requires good-will and loyalty from any French government, whatever be its form; and it knows that if the government is wise, ancient jealousies will never be revived. France possesses the first navy of continental Europe, and could alone be a dangerous adversary at sea. But, after all, she would probably do harm to her enemy without effecting any good for herself. The elements of her greatness are not to be found in distant parts; and if she made any conquests near home, it is well known in which direction she would wish them to be. The most ambitious of her statesmen have never dreamt of a naval supremacy. She knows well that this is not her destiny. With regard to England, therefore, France can be nothing else than a powerful and intelligent neighbour, with whom intercourse of every kind is easy and profitable, whose wealth and activity stimulate our own, and who, like England, belongs, at least on all foreign questions, to the party of liberty and progress.

But we must confess that these sentiments, however widely spread in England, would be of little use if, as is said, they are responded to by entirely opposite feelings on the part of France;—if, as some organs assert, in becoming imperial, France has resumed all the prejudices of 1810 against *la perfide Albion*. But we are far from indulging such injurious suspicions. Whatever may be the opinion of the “public” in France—of which we shall speak presently—the views of the enlightened men of that country, as far as we have been able to ascertain them, give no countenance to such ideas.

The France of the nineteenth century cannot be suspected, they say, of judging England, its dynasty, its government, and

its religion, with the ideas of Louis XIV. It has lost the passions which, in its revolutionary days, made it tremble with rage at the names of "Pitt and Coburg." England can certainly not be accused now of systematically opposing revolutions, and persecuting liberalism or even democracy. As to the traditions of the Empire, they do not up to this time seem to have had much weight in the cabinet of Paris. The present government, so sedulous in framing its internal system on the model of its founder, seems to be better inspired in foreign affairs, and to have understood the different temper of the age. As this is its sole departure from the old system, we may conclude that public opinion made itself very strongly felt to arrest its natural and consistent course. And it certainly is the case, that the foreign politics of the first Napoleon have by no means retained so favourable a place in public opinion as many other portions of his system. As a captain and an administrator he is still admired; but his diplomacy is less leniently judged. M. Thiers' great history may be taken as a sample of the views of enlightened men on the Empire. He certainly has fully acknowledged the genius of his hero. Even Napoleon III. has been unable to refuse him public homage for this monument to the glory of his uncle. Still M. Thiers, with all his desire to praise Napoleon, has not one word in favour of his foreign politics, but, on the contrary, reserves for them his severest censure. No one has taught France better how to estimate that blind system which brought foreign armies twice into the heart of the land. Public opinion agrees with M. Thiers; and few would now counsel the French cabinet to assume towards Europe the principles of the old imperial *Moniteur*. Could there, in truth, be a greater absurdity than to recommence the faults of the statesman while wanting the genius of the warrior?

Forty years of peace have brought other ideas into play. They have taught France to look at England otherwise than through the prism of the "continental system." She has still been the object of attention; but for the purpose of seeing what could be borrowed from her laws, her organisation, her commerce, or her manufactures. Prussia and Austria are enlightened countries and powerful states; and yet of what importance is their civilisation to France? France finds in them nothing to imitate, and her progress would be just what it is if they had never been. But with England the case is widely different. If England had been non-existent or unknown, how different would the case have been! The two countries have rendered each other many a pacific service. The two great Exhibitions showed how many profitable examples they could set each other in a spirit of praiseworthy emulation. The great economical revolution, of which

England gave the first signal, has not yet borne all its fruits. In France the spirit of protection is still fighting with all the desperation that every where characterises it. Still it cannot deny the advantage which France has derived from the opening of such a market as that of Great Britain. French agriculture in particular has profited largely both by the trade and the example offered. If the fiscal laws of England gave easier access to the costly productions of France, such as wines and spirits, free trade might make more rapid advances than it does. The protected manufacturers would begin to understand that a reduction in the price of iron, coal, and machines, is a considerable compensation for the drawbacks of foreign competition. It is difficult to account for the inferiority of French manufactures to those of Britain, otherwise than by the high price they pay for coal and metal. The slow but infallible progress of commercial freedom cannot but add to the solidarity of interests which unite England and France for the furtherance of public prosperity.

In times of peace, therefore, we can find nothing but motives for union. But we must accept the possibility of different circumstances. The hypothesis of war cannot be put out of the question; and admitting thus much, it will be well to consider whence it is likely to arise. We are divided by a whole century from the days when colonial interests could excite France to arms. It would be difficult to imagine any possession out of European waters becoming the object of conflict; at most it could only serve as a pretext if other questions divided us. It is generally supposed that these other questions would arise out of political rivalry. France, it is said, is a naval power of the first order, with only one rival of whom she need be jealous. Would this be a sufficient reason for endeavouring to destroy that rival? It would if nations went to war to satisfy their vanity, not if their object is real aggrandisement. They are not like paladins, who measure their strength and address in a tournament. Military power is a means, not an end. France, whom a judicious ambition will always confine to continental conquests, knows perfectly well that the primary use of her navy is to act as an auxiliary to her army. It would never be her interest to spend it in the acquisition of an objectless superiority; for she could at most diminish the strength of Great Britain, without transferring her losses to her own account. It is the interest of France to preserve her ships as a valuable accessory force, the addition of which may serve to render her principal force invincible. Her fleet ought to act as a complement to her army. The conquest of Algeria and the Crimean war showed how much the late improvements in navigation and in marine artillery can add to the arts of war in extending the practice of debarcation,—a means of

aggression hitherto little used and of great difficulty. By it France found her proportional force suddenly increased in comparison with those of her continental neighbours. There are now few states that she could not menace at once on their land and their sea frontiers. Herself vulnerable only on one side, she can attack them on both; and assuredly, if we believe her possessed of ambitious views, they would lead her to attack such points as offer some chance of solid and lasting aggrandisement. This chance does not lie in any quarter where naval war would be the chief means of aggression. It is not by such means that a re-settlement of European territory could be effected; and this is the only object that any thing but the blindest ambition could propose. From a war with England, France could expect nothing but the gratification of the passion that excited it. In one sense it would be a disinterested war; even if glorious and successful, pride alone would be satisfied. If therefore we presume the warlike age to have returned, and the spirit of conquest to be rekindled, it is a continental conflagration that must be anticipated; and in this case France ought to establish as an elementary principle, that it would be rashness to undertake any enterprise without obtaining the concurrence, or at least the neutrality, of Great Britain. This condition fulfilled, she could defy the rest of Europe.

But these extreme hypotheses may be put aside. France is still as warlike as ever, say the statesmen whose opinions we are quoting, but she has never been less disposed for conquest. She is preoccupied with her internal destinies, and feels by no means certain of having reached the term of her revolutions. Therefore, whatever happens, she can only have governments of revolutionary origin; and among them it may happen that some may be liberal. In this case she would lose much in alienating herself from England. England regards her revolutions without uneasiness, and would regard her political liberty with interest. The same cannot be said of any other of the great European powers. Not one of those who signed the Holy Alliance is disposed quietly to accept any changes between the Rhine and the ocean. It is only in the eyes of Englishmen that France is perfectly at liberty to be what she likes,—republic, monarchy, or empire. Englishmen do not inquire into the nature, but into the conduct of her government; and as long, therefore, as she cares to preserve her entire freedom of internal change, she will prize the friendship of the only great country whom the word “revolution” does not shock.

These are the views expressed in the political world of France, —the opinions of enlightened men; but are they those of the public also? We should be inclined to believe not, if we placed

any faith in those who came forward as spokesmen in January last. Men whose unfortunate reputation makes them dread the English press, and who do not know how to be revenged upon it, turned upon the English people, and offered the grossest insults, at the risk of causing great embarrassments to the government they serve, and of exposing themselves to the indignity of a disavowal. They tried to put into the mouths of military men without experience a language altogether contradicted by the soldiers of the Crimea, and differing greatly from the loyal speeches of Marshal Malakhoff. But these partial and ephemeral manifestations received no support, and would not merit a moment's attention, if they were not the exaggeration of actual opinions, the existence of which cannot be denied. The small but respectable Legitimist party, for example, entertains a lively resentment against England. Since the spirit of Burke has ceased to animate her counsels, she has become in their eyes open to the suspicion of revolutionary sympathies. The Emperor Nicholas, whose hollow greatness made so many dupes, gained the Legitimists by his unfriendly proceedings against the France of 1830; and the recent alliance, which may be considered to have avenged their country, was perhaps not quite to their taste. This is undeniably a misfortune; but, after all, the feelings of the Legitimist party are not often those of France. There exists also among the French Catholics a high-church party, a fraction exclusively papistical, who have inherited the sentiments of James II.'s confessors, and who cannot see with equanimity a Protestant state so free, prosperous, respectable, and powerful as England. This party would preach a crusade against us; they look upon the revolted sepoys as their vanguard, and would not scruple to drag their country, against her interests and her engagements, into absurd hostilities against Anglican heresy. But such fanatical politics are not of our day, and will scarcely spread beyond a few fading sacristies.

Let us therefore put aside all these eccentricities; let us transport ourselves into the heart of the French nation, and analyse her principal elements. We have seen what the views of her statesmen are with regard to England. These opinions are shared by all classes distinguished for intelligence. Literature, their natural organ, is generally liberal; and being such, cannot be unfriendly to England. An examination of the majority of good books that have appeared in Paris during the last thirty years will show that enlightened France thinks like enlightened England.

The middle class, that portion of the community which supplies all the vigour of modern society, is not wanting in intelligence; and in France, as elsewhere, it is essentially and sys-

tematically pacific. Its prosperity may be dated from the cessation of naval hostilities. It is chiefly since 1815 that French *bourgeoisie* has acquired, by industry and riches, the influence it actually exercises on the destinies of the country. Any war must diminish or suspend that influence; but no war so much as one which would interrupt its relations with the mercantile metropolis of the world, and check that interchange of ideas, of produce, of transactions, and of capital, which has united London and Paris by the closest civil and social, as well as political ties. Wilful blindness could alone fail to see that this union is of vital importance to industry and commerce.

As to the mass of the population, the time is now long past when the name of England excited their passionate hostility. Proscribed democracy would be without a refuge if England did not exist; on her shores alone it finds protection under the shadow of the law. The successors of Pitt and Castlereagh do not threaten the liberty of the world at any point, and the Continent does not now expect them to stir the embers of any counter-revolutionary coalition. The democratic spirit which is so powerful in the working classes can in future have no grievance against Great Britain; on the contrary, it owes her no trifling gratitude for the generosity of her institutions, and has never been less inclined than now to look upon her as an enemy.

The result of this examination shows us, then, that the anti-British prejudices imputed to France are much less universal, and less powerful, than is supposed. They are disavowed by all who specially represent the intelligence, the industry, the strength, and the life of the people. They are, in fact, only individual feelings, which can never gain any lasting ascendancy, and to which the nation will never spontaneously return. To bring it back to such a state of mind, would require all the exertions and the artifices of a government misled itself by the wildest of all senseless policies. To these arguments it may be objected that in France nothing is stable; and that experience does not justify us in depending upon any traditional reasons of state. The answer is, that the present order of things can only be modified, if at all, in a liberal direction. Advances on the side of absolutism are difficult. We fully admit that France cannot have yielded herself up for ever to the *régime* of absolute power. We cannot believe that her great revolution, with its noisy promises and its audacious undertakings, is doomed to bury itself in silent servitude at last. Such a revolution may be a devastating torrent, or a fructifying river, but it can never become the thin insignificant stream that flows noiselessly away and loses itself ultimately in the sand. It is therefore probable that France will some day return to a different order of things, and that the

spirit of 1789 will again raise its standard. But every time that France signalises her course by one of those great efforts of national volition which startle monarchical Europe, she will naturally look towards England for its suffrage; and every step she makes towards freedom must inevitably draw her more closely within the sympathies of the firstborn of free states.

ART. III.—THE SCULPTURES FROM HALICARNASSUS
IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Papers respecting the Excavations at Budrum. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of her Majesty. 1858.

ABOUT the time when the Persians conquered the Greek colonies on the coast of Asia Minor, they tried to establish their dominion over them on a monarchical foundation. These great mercantile republics, with the free ocean close at hand, would surely never have borne the yoke of the foreigner, had not a power sprung up in the midst of them whose interests were closely linked with the maintenance of the Persian authority. Under the name of "dynastæ" their rulers disguised what in European Greece was more boldly asserted to be a "tyrannis." Greeks by birth, wealthy families rising out of the mass of the citizens, like the Medici of Florence, they at last obtained an hereditary sway; though, like the Medici, they always remained vassals to a foreign power. They never assumed the regal title, which, according to Asiatic etiquette, only belonged to the Great King at Susa. Nor did they in all cases destroy the democratic elements of the constitution; but as long as they existed, this Asiatic coast, though richer and more flourishing than even the European mother-country, was never capable of throwing its full weight into the scale of Greek liberty.

In the southern part of this coast, in Caria, where in the dawn of Grecian history a Dorian colony had mixed with the native barbarians, the dominion had fallen into the hands of Lygdamis. His daughter, the elder Artemisia, inherited his dignity, and, though herself a Grecian, fought at Salamis with distinction against her own people. Xerxes having trusted to her his own children, she succeeded in taking them back to Asia, though her galley was hunted by the Athenians with special eagerness. After having well provided for her own offspring, she at an advanced age (so a late story has it) fell

in love with a youth, and drowned her disappointment in the breakers of Leucas. From this family came Mausolus, the first-born of Hecatomnus. During his reign Greece was exhausted by the Peloponnesian and Theban wars; Persia rendered weak by insurrection, dismemberment, and the rebellion in Egypt; whilst Asia Minor, almost exempt from war, began to monopolise the trade between Europe, Asia, and the mouths of the Nile. Cos and Cnidus were rich enough to buy the statues for their temples from Praxiteles; Rhodes, with firm steps, rose to the station of a great naval republic; and at Priene, Miletus, and Ephesus, splendid new temples were in progress of construction. If one man could but succeed in concentrating all this power, all this wealth, in a single hand, he might well dream of a grand intermediate empire.

With a cold and covetous mind, but skilful in diplomacy and gallant in battle, Mausolus lighted upon this purpose: the foundation of an independent naval and commercial power was the aim of his concentrated energies. Reckless as he was, he never cared for the rights of his subjects; the author of the "Economy," among the writings of Aristotle, relates the tricks by which he and his viceroy Condalus procured money. Thus he induced the citizens of his own native place, Mylasa, to find him a large sum for the fortification of their own city; when he had it safe, he declared the Deity had prohibited him from erecting the walls, but never returned the money. High taxes, laid on all Caria, filled his treasury; even Lycia paid him tribute. When the allies of Athens fell back from her,—Byzantium, Chios, Cos, Rhodes,—and commenced the so-called Social War (357-355 B.C.), Mausolus assisted them; and his reward for his help was, no doubt, Rhodes, which after that time acknowledged his supremacy. He even ventured to take part in the great conspiracy of satraps and vassal kings against Artaxerxes II.; and it would seem that the Great King was too weak to chastise him. Lucian, in his *Conversations of the De-parted* (dial. xxiv.), introduces him in an argument with Diogenes of Sinope. "Why," says the Philosopher of Poverty, "dost thou think so much of thyself, and despise the other shadows?" "On account of my royalty" (the other answers); "for I have ruled over all Caria, yea and over some of the Lydians too, and have conquered many isles; and as far as Miletus have I reached, after having taken a goodly piece of Ionia. And I was a handsome man, and tall, and valiant in battle."

The completion of his enterprise, however, was the transfer of the seat of government from Mylasa, an inland town, to the splendid haven of Halicarnassus, on that rocky peninsula which constitutes the extreme pharos of the Asiatic continent in these

parts, stretching far out amidst the island world of the archipelago. It was by this step only that the empire of Caria could grow into the proportions of a naval power. The city of Herodotus, though famous of old as a most ancient Dorian community (the people of Halicarnassus reckoned even then a history of no less than a thousand years), was now in decay. Mausolus girded her with fortifications, built several citadels on the surrounding heights, secured the harbour, which opens to the south-west, by extensive breakwaters, and added to it a small dock or arsenal capable of holding a number of galleys. Between both inlets of the sea, on a rocky eminence, he then erected his own splendid palace, with beautiful views over the whole precincts of the wall, the market-place, and the port. This edifice, even after the lapse of several centuries, attracted the attention both of Vitruvius and Pliny. The latter observes that here, probably for the first time, marble veneers over brick-walls had been introduced in architecture; whilst the other takes the fact that so rich a king had used brick as a building-material for a proof that brick may be quite a fair subject for the experiments of a clever architect.

In this palace Mausolus died, probably in the year 353, after a reign of twenty-four years; just twenty years before Alexander's sword cut through the meshes of his astute policy and grasping ambition.

Mausolus was followed by Artemisia the younger, his sister and consort; for such marriages, and the right of females to the throne, were not contested in their country. An antique silver coin, with her head (and her name on the reverse), exhibits a firm and energetic countenance; a veil conceals her back hair, but the forehead is encircled by the queenly coronet. The gossips of antiquity collected anecdotes about her grief at the loss of her husband-brother; we leave it to them whether she really drank the burnt ashes of her consort mixed with water, "*n'estimant pas*," as old Guichard says in his quaint French, "*que les reliques de son mieux aymé deussent estre enseuelies en autre lieu que dans son estomac auprès de son cœur*." At all events, she resolved on erecting for him a monument on such a scale, and so beautiful in execution (so Lucian says), as no other mortal should ever obtain. She also carried out his policy. The Rhodians, vexed that a woman should rule over all the cities of Caria, equipped a fleet, and appeared before Halicarnassus. Artemisia concealed her own galleys in the small arsenal near the palace, and ordered the citizens to receive the invaders with signs of joy and friendship. Thus they disembarked; whereupon her fleet fell upon their defenceless ships; on the broad market-place of Halicar-

nassus, close to the harbour, they were cut up between two enemies. Then she crowned her own marines and sailors with laurels, mounted the Rhodian fleet, and at once set sail for Rhodes. There the people rejoiced to see their own expedition, as they thought, returning so quickly; and without difficulty, by this surprise, the mighty republic was brought back under the trident of the Carian queen.

Artemisia died after a reign of but two years; a second brother, Idrieus, married to a second sister, Ada, mounted the throne, which he had already contested with Mausolus. When Idrieus died, Ada was expelled by the youngest of her brothers, Pixodarus, whose daughter married a Persian nobleman. Then Alexander came to Asia; his success awakened many forlorn hopes; and as the one branch of the family had embraced a thoroughly Persian policy, Ada threw herself on the mercy of the invader. The Persian satrap, who now inherited the right to the throne, garrisoned Halicarnassus for the Great King; and after the defeat in the northern provinces of Asia Minor and the fall of Miletus, the brave Memnon (whom Alexander's good star carried off before his plans for the defence of Persia were completed), at the head of all the most gallant Persians, retreated to this strong fortress. It was only by a terrible and protracted siege that Alexander gained the city; he then delivered it up to Ada, who, as a proof of her gratitude, is said to have adopted him for a son. But Ada was Caria's last queen: after her, the race of Lygdamis vanishes in the contest that raged between the successors of Alexander. Rhodes made itself free, Halicarnassus submitted to the Ptolemies. In the neighbourhood of Macedon, Syria, and Egypt, no room remained on the map of the world for the antiquated Hellenic system of wee dynasties and petty municipal republics.

Halicarnassus was the creation of one mind and one period, and consequently the plan of the city was grand and harmonious. The port still runs into the land in the shape of a horseshoe. From the very edge of the water the edifices once rose in the form of an amphitheatre. The eye of the visitor still traces artificial terraces cut out of the rock, and supported by strong walls where the rock was deficient. Such terraces, one rising above the other, illustrate the fundamental principle of Asiatic town-architecture. They rendered all maritime places highly picturesque, as is still seen at Cnidus; moreover they prevented the washing-down of the soil, and supported the growth of trees. At Halicarnassus, the first terrace, rising over the market-place to the north of the harbour, was crowned by the Mausoleum; the second by a temple of Mars, flanked

on either side by citadels on the summit of volcanic hills, of which the westernmost had an elevation of 520 feet above the sea. The two citadels were connected by the town-wall, which, then descending from the hills, reached the sea on either side of the port. This wall, with its two ancient gates, one leading westwards to the extremity of the peninsula, the other eastwards to Mylasa, is still in good preservation. Close to the shore, the two points of the harbour, which were at the same time the extremities of the city, were again adorned with two splendid structures,—the palace of Mausolus, probably, on the precipitous cliff to the left as you entered the port; and on the other side, near the once famous fountain of Salmacis, the temple of Venus and Mercury. The exact position of these two edifices, however, remains doubtful. The entire view, as seen from the sea, was so striking, that Vitruvius, in the celebrated chapter where he speaks on the proper sites for buildings (i. 8), thinks it worth while to give an accurate description of it, as he evidently considers the structure of Halicarnassus a model arrangement for laying out a maritime city.

At the time when the Mausoleum was planned, Greek art and civilisation stood very high. In Asia the Ionic school of architects was at its culminating point: the learned architect Pythius built about this time the temple of Minerva at Priene, the ruins of which still exist; and gave a description of it in a scientific work, in which he maintained that an architect ought to understand all arts and sciences even better than the most celebrated authorities who had made them their special study. There was also about the same time a native school of sculptors in Asia Minor distinguished by spirit and animation, though different both in conception and execution from the schools of European Greece, as will be seen from the dancing or flying Naiads now in the British Museum, which were taken from the monument of Harpagus at Xanthus. From one work of this school that has been discovered at Halicarnassus, we can prove that the influence of these native artists extended beyond the limits of Lycia. Yet, at the time we are now speaking of, Athenian artists were in fashion throughout Asia Minor. Cnidus, Cos, Alexandria on Mount Latmos, and Patara in Lycia ordered their temple-statues from Praxiteles; and for the sculptural work of the Mausoleum Athenian masters were likewise preferred. The funeral of Mausolus was celebrated with all honour and ceremonies, in which poetry and oratory were not forgotten: a tragedy, called *Mausolus*, written by Theodectes, obtained the crown; and in the rhetorical competition the great Isocrates was beaten by his pupil Theopompus. It is very likely that the distribution of the sculptural work for

the monument was likewise subject to a competition similar to that which we remember to have taken place with respect to the monument of Wellington. As great artists have at all times been frequently venal, it came to pass that an oriental *regulus*, by sheer power of money, without a title for character or national merit, had his tomb built and adorned by the noblest hands. Destiny, however, has here for once shown justice. As monuments of the greatest triumphs of freedom, the temples of Egina, of Theseus, and of Pallas at Athens, still speak to the hearts of the brave; but the Mausoleum has vanished, even to the lowest layer of its foundations; and old Diogenes, in that imaginary conversation of the shadows, has been justified by time in his boast that his own monument in the hearts of men will be finer and more lasting than the marble tomb of the Carian nawaub.

Some doubt attaches to the names of the artists employed at the Mausoleum. We will quote two witnesses of antiquity, whose descriptions are absolutely needful to us if we mean to reconstruct in our imagination this whole marvel of architecture.

One of them is Pliny (xxxvi. 5): "Scopas had coeval competitors in Bryaxis, Timotheus, and Leochares, who ought to be named together, as they jointly sculptured for Mausolus, the dynast of Caria, who died in the second year of the 106th Olympiad. To these artists it is mainly due that this work was counted among the seven wonders. It stretches on the north and south side 63 feet, being shorter on the front side, and its whole circuit being 411 feet. It rises to the height of 25 cubits, and is surrounded by 36 columns. This is called the pteron (which means the colonnade). To the east Scopas sculptured, to the north Bryaxis, to the south Timotheus, to the west Leochares. Before they had finished, Queen Artemisia died, who had this work built in memory of her husband. They, however, would not leave off before having finished, as they considered it a monument of their own renown and art; and to this very day their hands vie with each other. They were, moreover, joined by a fifth artist. For above the pteron a pyramid rose to the same height as the lower part, tapering to the point of a *meta* by 24 steps. On its top stands a quadriga of marble, made by *Pythis*, which, when added, will make the entire height of the work 140 feet."

Our second witness is Vitruvius. In the introduction to the seventh book of his Architecture, where he speaks of the literature of this science, he says: "A book on the Mausoleum was published by Satyrus and Pythius, whom Fortune herself presented with the highest and greatest gift; for their plan has been supported by the excellent work of men whose skill will

for all time to come earn the noblest and undying praise. On the single fronts, single artists, rivalling each other, have undertaken single parts to adorn and embellish them—Leochares, Bryaxis, Scopas, *Praxiteles*; some also say Timotheus; and their excellent artistic perfection has raised the fame of this work to that of one of the seven marvels."

We know nothing of Satyrus, the first of the two architects; though perhaps another Satyrus, who, under Ptolemy Philadelphus, built a new town, may have been a relation of his. The name of the second differs in the manuscripts, so we cannot speak of him with absolute certainty. It is, however, more than probable that he is identical with the famous architect of the temple of Priene, whom we have already mentioned. That temple, as will be seen from the drawings in the first volume of the *Ionian Antiquities*, published by the Dilettanti Society, has points of most striking similarity to the architectural portions of the Mausoleum. The time also corresponds, since it is known from an inscription that Alexander dedicated the just-finished temple, an event which took place hardly more than ten years after the Mausoleum was finished. Then Vitruvius states that the architect of Priene published a volume on his work, and so did the builder of the Mausoleum. Finally, we may suppose that the care of so complicated and difficult a construction would be trusted to the most scientific architect at hand; and this, Pythius undoubtedly was. With these considerations in view, the difference in the two names (which we find written as *Phiteus*, *Pithios*, *Pythios*, *Pythius*) is scarcely sufficient to controvert the identity of both men.

Four of the six sculptors mentioned by the above writers came from Athens; of two of them (viz. Pythis and Timotheus) the native country is unknown. Leochares, more than ten years before the commencement of the Mausoleum, enjoyed celebrity; since Plato, in a letter to the younger Dionysius, mentions that he himself bought from him, as from a young and good artist, an image of Apollo. His principal work was much admired even during the imperial era: it was "Ganymede carried to the heavens by Jupiter in the form of an eagle." Besides his reliefs on the Mausoleum, he also wrought the colossal statue of Mars, in the temple of that divinity on the acropolis of Halicarnassus; and even after the time of Alexander we find him in full activity. Bryaxis, like him, was a young man, as he too was afterwards employed in works illustrative of the Macedonian period. Scopas, on the contrary, when working at the Mausoleum, was very old, as Pliny fixes the date of his principal successes considerably earlier. To us he is the most interesting of all, as hitherto

no work of his has been fully ascertained as an original, although antiquity placed his amongst the very first names. His "Mænad holding the hind quarter of a slaughtered buck or goat in one hand and brandishing the knife in the other" has been repeated in several reliefs, two of which are in the British Museum; of his "Niobe" it is more than doubtful whether the group still existing is really the original; "Venus of Milo," the most beautiful of all the well-preserved female statues of antiquity, is an original unquestionably; but we can only guess, not prove, her to be a work of Scopas. If, therefore, we could confidently assert that originals from his hand have been preserved amid the rubbish of the Mausoleum, this would be an invaluable addition to the history of art.

Pythis, the sculptor of the colossal quadriga surmounting the pyramid, was hitherto a mere name in the catalogue of Grecian artists: now, judging by unexceptionable works from his hand, he is placed at once amongst the stars of the first magnitude.

Finally, as to Praxiteles. Did he, or did he not, work for the Mausoleum? It is not in his favour that Pliny does not even mention him; and it is no less suspicious that Vitruvius after him names a fifth artist,—viz. Timotheus,—whom Pliny, with great decision, puts in the place of Praxiteles. Yet both authors assert, that of the four sides of the building each was undertaken by one artist; which leaves no room for a fifth. Praxiteles was a name of such note, that people, knowing the Mausoleum had been built in his time, could not fancy his hand to have been unemployed in it, as many connoisseurs in Rome ascribed to him the group of Niobe, and other works, which different (and better) authorities attributed to Scopas. Now the sculptures of the Mausoleum do not fall within the limits of the tasks that Praxiteles selected; and being an artist at the time of immense and early-acquired fame, he had plenty of orders, and no reason for undertaking works not congenial to his mind. His single figures of Apollo and Venus, his Cupids and Satyrs, represent the highest and most graceful finish of individual human types; any thing colossal he avoided, and kept his creations within the small compass of the human form, or even below it. Neither were battles, wild movement, dramatic agitation, within the sphere of his talent; he never represented an athlete, and but once a Hercules. His task it was to embody the sweet repose of youth and beauty, either smiling in the sense of happiness, or anticipating happiness in waking dreams. Such a mind found no field for its activity in the subjects of the Mausoleum, neither in the portrait-statues ten feet high, nor in the frieze, with its wild and rude

Amazonian battles, in angry action and overwhelming motion. The very height at which they were seen by the spectator must have deterred an artist who strove after the most delicate finish, and whose works required a close inspection; and accordingly we find that his "Venus of Cnidus" stood in a small sanctuary, where the visitor first saw her in front, and was then led by the priestess to the back entrance, in order to enjoy the other view. We may add another point, though it is a strictly technical one. The frieze of the Mausoleum inclines strongly to that measurement of the human proportions which became the fashion in Alexander's time: a fashion which makes the heads very thin, the bodies very slender, and the extremities tapering. This is not bad for the purpose of a grander effect; but it is in sharp contrast to the spirit of Praxiteles, who by the study of the most surpassing models had accustomed himself to the strictest observation of the real proportions, and would never have sacrificed his leading principle for the sake of producing any striking effect.

Thus we feel justified in clinging to Pliny: the pteron was adorned by Leochares, Bryaxis, Timotheus, and Scopas; and to the latter fell the eastern side.

The most difficult question connected with the Mausoleum is the construction of the building. An eye accustomed to the proportions of the Grecian temple is bewildered by the strange form of a pyramid, rising in steps, and surmounting a rectangular building with columns. Nor can it be denied that in all attempts to draw the Mausoleum, either from the descriptions of the ancients or from its real remains, this pyramid will be found repugnant to occidental taste. Yet it is quite conformed to the spirit of the East. Asia Minor, along its coasts, was a Greek country; the interior remained Semitic, Phrygian, Carian, or Lycian; and in the whole East, beyond the pale of Greek influence, the pyramid is a primeval and a sacred feature. From Egypt to Babylon, from the pagodas of Hindostan to the tombs of the Lydian kings, this form rules the architecture of Asia. All Phrygia is full of such tombs; the high barrow erected by King Gyges over the ashes of his mistress, a monument of such elevation that its point could be seen from any part of Lydia, is of the same shape. Quite in the neighbourhood of Halicarnassus, at Mylasa (the first residence of Mausolus), we meet with a building where twelve Greek columns boldly support a lofty pyramid rising in steps. Even 200 years afterwards, when Simon Maccabæus erected a monument at Modein in honour of his parents and brothers, he adopted the same plan: a tomb surrounded by monolithic columns and cased in white marble, from which seven pyra-

mids rose adorned with trophies and ships. Nay, the taste of Italy itself at last yielded to this outlandish form. When the Emperor Hadrian, whose buildings, indeed, imitated every foreign model, planned his own monument, he fell back on the most celebrated model, and Castle S. Angelo in Rome still preserves in its outline the basement of this imperial pyramid. Even the name of this building proves its being an imitation; as Pausanias, who wrote soon after the completion of this monument, relates that all splendid tombs were called Mausolea, after their common type at Halicarnassus.

A difficulty felt by all editors of Pliny is his *measurements of the single parts in the building*. He gives to the pteron 25 cubits, or $37\frac{1}{2}$ feet, which was also the height of the pyramid, including the marble quadriga. Now these two together would be 75 feet; yet the same writer fixes the whole height of the Mausoleum at 140 feet. Thus it is evident that he omits a third dimension, or a third part of the building; a mistake which can only be corrected by the evidence now obtained from the real remains.

The proportions of length and width are even more startling. Pliny states the pteron to have been 63 feet in length; the two sides in front and behind, however, to the west and east, were somewhat shorter. Thus the whole circuit would, at all events, remain under 250 feet; but Pliny winds up by stating that it was 411 feet. This difficulty may, indeed, be got rid of if we refer the smaller measures to the interior kernel of solid masonry (which in a temple would be called the cella); this being surrounded by 36 columns, the large circuit of 411 feet seems to belong to the circumference of the colonnade. The distance between columns and cella would in this way come to about 25 feet, which is not out of keeping with the usual construction of a Greek temple.

At all events, the construction of this building has proved marvellously solid, as there is satisfactory evidence of its having been in existence for at least 1500 years. In the fourth century after its erection, Vitruvius and Pliny described it. 150 years after Christ, Lucian praises the groups of horses and men, as closely imitated from nature, and carved in the finest stone, such as one would hardly find even in a temple. In the fourth century A.D., Gregory bishop of Nazianzus, in the tenth, Constantinus Porphyrogenetus, in the eleventh, Eudocia,—mention it; the latter authoress, however, states that it was built in a pond. The last witness among the Byzantines is Eustathius, who in the twelfth century can still use the significant words: "The Mausoleum has been, *and still remains, a marvel.*"

On this coast of Asia Minor the duration of a monument so artificially constructed, and piled up to such a height, is almost in itself a miracle, as there is no spot in the old world more exposed to the most violent earthquakes. In the immediate vicinity of Halicarnassus, the Rhodian Colossus, which was erected one generation after the Mausoleum, was hurled down after fifty-three years' standing. Another most horrible convulsion of the earth shook the same island from March to December 1481; and at this moment Rhodes, after the last catastrophe of 1856, is a complete ruin. What is more strange, to the north of Halicarnassus another circle of concussion comprises the whole of Bithynia. At Broussa, the mosques erected by the first Ottoman sultans, though only 600 years of age, were completely scattered by the earthquake of 1855. On this point, however, we obtain from another ancient writer a piece of information which is interesting in more than one way. Like those spots in Peru which the natives call *bridges*, because they always remain unshaken although situated between two circles of concussion, the peninsula of Halicarnassus, for at least 2000 years, seems to have been completely exempt from this scourge. At the time of Tiberius (so Tacitus, *Annals*, iv. 55, writes), eleven cities of Asia Minor competed for the honour of a new temple, one of which, Halicarnassus, boasted of a temple that had stood on the native rock of their place for 1200 years without ever having been shaken by an earthquake. The very position of the Mausoleum, which likewise stood on a platform cut out of the natural rock, gave it a greater safety; for it has been noted that houses on a rocky ground are safer from shocks than any edifice constructed on a soft soil. At last, however, a catastrophe came for this, as for all other works of the hand of man. If we may believe, from the words of Eustathius, that at his time (1175) the Mausoleum was still erect, then within the next two centuries some natural accident must have hurled down the quadriga and the statue of Mausolus, in order to preserve them from destruction for our generation. For it was shortly afterwards, about the beginning of the 15th century, that the contests of the Knights of St. John with the Turks commenced in these parts, which turned Halicarnassus into a fortress of that order, and the Mausoleum into building stones.

"At the downfall of the Roman empire," says Claude Guichard in the year 1581, "after so many powerful, rich, and populous towns had been sacked and destroyed by the inroads of the Mohammedans and Persians, the splendid old city of Halicarnassus was also laid in ruins, and changed into a small village or hamlet; depending on the mercy of the corsairs and

pirates; which exists up to this time under the name of *Mesy*. When the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem retreated to Rhodes, they found this spot (which you see first on sailing from the island to the main) to be excellent for defence and most commodious for commanding Asia, drawing supplies from all those countries and preventing the inroads of pirates from Turkey and Egypt. So they built on the right (*i. e.* eastern) side of the harbour, where formerly the Temple of Venus and Mercury had stood, a castle still existing, which they fortified and called *the Tower of St. Peter*. Although the opposite point offered a stronger position, they were, I hold, enticed to construct the fortress on the other side by the convenience of the fine crystal fountain Salmacis, that streamed forth in this place."

From another writer, who saw those parts as an eye-witness, we learn a great deal more about the foundation of this castle. The Knights of St. John occupied Rhodes in 1309; and just at that time their power was greatly increased by their inheriting many of the large estates of the Knight-Templars, which extended over all realms of Christendom. Among the so-called *tongues* or nations in the Order, the German tongue always held a distinguished position. As the so-called Turk-thrasher (*Turcomastix*), which means general of the cavalry, was invariably an Englishman, so the Great Bailli was always a German knight. The bailli had the superintendence of all the fortifications of the order; and thus the construction of the new castle at Halicarnassus was intrusted to a German.

The celebrated Jacobus Fontanus, in his book on the Rhodian war, written immediately after the last siege of the island by the Turks and its evacuation by the Knights (this event took place January 1, 1523, and the book was published at Rome, 1524), narrates as follows: "During the siege, when soldiers and provisions began to fail in the town, reinforcements and provender were brought by sailors from the surrounding islands, and from the fortresses of Lindus, Mauolitus, Feraculum, and *Petrea*, the last of which a German knight, Henry *Schlegelholt*, commenced to build from the ruins of Halicarnassus and the pyramids of the tomb of Mausolus (which was very celebrated among the seven wonders of the world), about the time when Tamerlane attacked Asia, and laid in irons the Turkish sultan Bajazeth, who beforehand, in the famous battle of Nicopolis, had beaten the Hungarians and Duke John of Burgundy." The battle of Ancyra, in which Tamerlane conquered Bajazeth, was fought in 1402; so the fortress of St. Peter must have been built in the first years of the 15th century. The family of *Schlegelholt* seems to have been in

close connection with the order; as, during the same century, from 1459-1466, the office of great prior for Germany was held by another knight, *Johann von Schlegelholz*.^{*} The name of Petrea (or, as the original edition of Fontanus has it, *Aræ petrea*) is the Latin form for the Italian *Torre di San Pietro*; and it is very likely that the present name of *Budrum*, by which the town as well as the fortress is now called, originated in a spoilt pronunciation of the same name. The mediæval denomination of Mesy seems totally to have disappeared.

The site of Halicarnassus was, in the year 1472, visited by an expedition from Venice, under the admiral Pietro Mocenigo; and under the walls of the town they had a skirmish with the surrounding Turkish villages. The Castle of St. Peter was at that time a strong fortress; and as the Christians maintained no other fortress on the continent of Asia, it was to this place that all runaway Christian slaves tried to escape. If we believe the Dalmatian Coriolan Cepio, who accompanied and described the expedition, the inhabitants of Halicarnassus would turn out of the town-gates more than fifty hounds every night, to protect themselves from the encircling enemies; and these animals were stated to be so sagacious that they would tear to pieces any approaching Turk, whilst they received the Christians very blandly, and conducted them to the city-gates. Cepio, who in many other instances shows himself a keen observer, visited also the Mausoleum, the remnants of which he found still discernible amidst the ruins of the ancient town.

Now, however, we approach the time when the threatening of the last siege of Rhodes by Sultan Soliman obliged the knights to strain every nerve. The year 1522 saw the final destruction of the Mausoleum and the downfall of the order.

Claude Guichard, LL.D., from Lyons, published in that place, in 1581, a book of much learning, under the title, *Funérailles et diverses manières d'ensevelir des Romains, Grecs et autres Nations, tant anciennes que modernes*, Lyon, 1581; in which he gives the following graphic description of the discovery of the grave of Mausolus, which forms a proper sequel to our above quotation from the same book: "In 1522, when Sultan Soliman made ready for the attack on Rhodes, the master of the order, knowing the importance of this place (Halicarnassus), and that the Turks would not fail, if possible, to occupy it at once, sent some knights thither to repair it and to arrange all things necessary to beat off the enemy; amongst whom was the commander De la Tourrette, of Lyons, who subsequently was present at the conquest of Rhodes,

^{*} Cf. *Falkenstein, Geschichte des Johanniter-Orders*, ii. 132.

and came to France, where he related the following story to Monsieur d'Alechamps, a person sufficiently known by his learned writings, whose name I merely give that people may know whence I have got so memorable an event. [D'Alechamps is a well-known editor of Pliny.] On their arrival at Mesy, the knights immediately set about the fortification of the castle; and finding neither in the neighbourhood nor in any commodious place any better stones for burning lime than certain steps of white marble, rising in the shape of a flight of stairs from amidst a field close to the harbour, where once the great square of Halicarnassus had been, they had them broken down and used for that purpose. Finding the stone suitable, the small wall above ground having been finished, they went on digging, with a view of finding more. In this they were very successful; for they soon found that the building extended deeper and wider, and it afterwards furnished them with stones not only for the kiln, but even for building. Four or five days after this, having uncovered a large portion, they one afternoon found an opening, as if you were to descend by it into a cave; so they took candles and scrambled down, where they found a beautiful four-cornered hall, decorated all round with marble columns, whose bases, caps, architraves, friezes, and cornices were all carved and moulded in half-relief. The interstices betwixt the columns were cased with stripes, bands, or veneers of many-coloured marble, moulded with ornament and sculpture in harmony with the remainder of the work, and beautifully relieved on the white ground of the wall; where you saw nothing but carved histories, and all sorts of battles in half-relief. After having first admired this, and estimated in their imagination the remarkable features of the work, *they broke and destroyed it for the same purpose as they had used the remainder.* Besides this apartment, they afterwards found a very low entrance, leading to another in the way of an antechamber; here was a sarcophagus *with its vase* and stamp (*tymbre*, which in heraldry means a certain portion of a coat-of-arms) of white marble, very beautiful and shining marvelously, which, as they had no time, and the sign for the retreat had already been sounded, they did not uncover. On their return the following morning, they found the tomb rifled and the ground all around strewn with a large quantity of small bits of gold cloth and scales of gold (*paillettes*, small circular plates perforated by one hole, through which the thread goes for using them in embroidery). Thus they guessed that the corsairs, who were then skimming all that coast, having got a clue to this discovery, got up to it during the night, and lifted the cover; and people believe that they found in this place a

vast amount of riches and treasure. Thus this splendid monument, which was considered one of the seven wonders of the world, after having escaped the fury of the barbarians and stood erect, or at least hidden in the ruins of Halicarnassus, for a period of 2247 years [this calculation is wrong, and ought to be 1875], was discovered and used for the repair of the Castle of St. Peter by the Knights of Rhodes, who were, however, soon afterwards expelled from this place by the Turks, and subsequently from all Asia."

This is the story. Once more, after nineteen centuries, human eyes saw this splendour; they gazed at it during half an hour's leisure, and then sent it to the kiln. Certainly, manifold as is the energy of man, individuals are limited by one-sided purposes. These knights knew but one object in life—that of chasing the Turk. This object was no doubt worthy of gallant men; and they adhered to it like true heroes. What was Mausolus to them? what to them was all this old heathenish magnificence?

Barbarous as this destruction was, there must have remained in the hearts at least of some of these warriors a feeling of beauty. It was either then, or perhaps at the first construction of the castle, that some slabs of the frieze were saved by immuring them, by way of ornament, in the walls of the fortress. But we must not suppose them to have been identical with the reliefs from the interior of the tomb, which Guichard mentions as having been destroyed; a single look at the friezes now in our Museum proves them to have been intended *for outside sculptures*. Most of them from that time adorned the inner ward of St. Peter's castle; two were placed on the outside of the principal tower, which rises boldly from the sea. Besides the tablets, several busts of lions were used for the same purpose; and in this state the sculptures passed into the hands of the Turks, when Rhodes and all the territory of the order was evacuated. Their jealous fears seldom allowed modern travellers to see the slabs in the ward; those on the outside, however, were still seen *in situ* by Professor Ludwig Ross, from Athens, in 1844, when he visited the Greek islands along this coast. To obtain a view of them, he had himself rowed below the great tower; at a considerable height four slabs were fixed, surmounted by two fine lions' heads; and from another side of the tower two other lions looked over the sea. Ross then solicited the Prussian government to take steps for securing these antiquities; but they had already changed hands. Sir Stratford Canning, now Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, obtained them from the sultan, and presented them to

the English nation. In 1846 eleven slabs from the frieze were detached from the walls of Budrum castle, and placed in the British Museum. As one may conceive, they had suffered most fearfully, and the heads of the figures were almost all wanting.

There being at the time of the order a very spirited intercourse between Italy and those much-contested shores, we must not wonder that at least one single slab of the same frieze should have strayed to Genoa, where it is now in the pavilion of the Villa Negroni. The practised eye of a German antiquarian lady, Mme. Mertens Schaffhausen, of Bonn, discovered the identity of this tablet with those in our Museum; and a cast of it, now deposited here by the side of the other originals, puts that identity out of doubt. The Genoese fleets, for war and commerce, perpetually visited the Eastern seas; and in Italy, about the year 1500, people valued antiquities very highly.

After the tomb had been rifled in 1522, the site of the Mausoleum remained unexplored; and there were even doubts as to the exact place where the ruins should be sought for. Budrum is a Turkish town; all the space between the port and the volcanic hills to the north is occupied by modern houses, surrounded by extensive gardens or fields. The walls, both of the houses and gardens, are full of large blocks of marble; the fields are mostly planted with figs. The surface of the soil, moreover, has been signally changed by natural agencies; the rain brought down large masses of detritus from the northern hills, filling up the lower parts of the city. It is only by a few feet that the large terraces, on which the principal structures rested, raise their natural walls of rock or their artificial ashlar constructions above the levelling alluvium. In one place, the excavations reached the antique pavement only after removing a depth of twenty feet of mould. Thus the speculations on the site of the Mausoleum might easily run wild. Captain Spratt, who many years ago devoted himself to the investigation of the place, supposed the Mausoleum to have stood on a platform due north from the castle, a little east of the harbour. Ross, on the contrary, decided for a higher situation on a platform just north of the harbour, between the two volcanic hills on which the ancient citadels had stood; the more so, as on the surface Ionic columns in fragments were still lying. Both scholars were mistaken; Spratt's platform once bore another palatial building, and Ross's platform the Temple of Mars. The Mausoleum had a lower position, quite below the southern declivity of the last-mentioned platform. This place hardly any body could have guessed, as no other part had

been to the same degree obliterated by alluvial deposits; the whole circumference was so completely filled up that no eye could discern a platform or terrace within it. Yet the ancient topographers indicated no other place; the Mausoleum, so we hear, stood between the harbour and the Temple of Mars. Mr. Charles Newton, therefore, faithfully clinging to the veracity of the "old ones," just because he had not been led astray by ocular inspection, fixed the spot with perfect exactitude *as many as ten years ago*; and as he himself, in his last despatches to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe and the ministers, not once mentions this merit of his own scholarship, we must be allowed to state it here, and to add that his paper on the Mausoleum, published in the *Classical Museum* of 1848, is a *true masterpiece of complete, careful, and cautious investigation*, to which all subsequent writers on this subject will owe the better half of their argument. Certainly there was no man better qualified than Charles Newton for conducting these excavations, which he at last commenced eighteen months ago, being at present her Majesty's vice-consul at Mitylene. The glorious results of his labours are now before us in the sculptures partly exhibiting in the Museum, and described in two parliamentary papers, communicated to both Houses in the spring of 1858, and containing Mr. Newton's despatches and accounts of the progress of his discoveries.

The Government supported their vice-consul in a noble and liberal spirit. Three of her Majesty's ships, the *Gorgon*, *Desperate*, and *Supply*, were employed for carrying over provisions and bringing the fragments to England; their crews did the main work of the excavation. The expenses were considerable; a number of Turkish houses were to be bought and pulled down, and in some places, where this could not be done, mines were driven below the fields of the proprietors. Not only the covetousness, but also the prejudices of a Moslemic population were to be conquered; but at last the sailors employed in digging and the Turks at Budrum lived together on very friendly terms.

We shall but briefly touch upon all such discoveries on the site of the ancient city as have nothing to do with the Mausoleum, though they are of high interest, as proofs of the richness of Asia Minor in antiquities. They were obtained on occasion of the many experiments to find the site of the Mausoleum. Amongst them we notice an incredible number of small terracotta figures, from five to eight inches in height. Numbers of them were quite uniform; so that they appear formed in a mould. Close to them a heap of unglazed Roman lamps were found lying. The little figures were found in lots, the equal

ones together, as would be the case in a factory or a shop. More than 200 of them are now in the cellars of the British Museum. Although they belong to the Roman period, and are not remarkable for beauty, at all events their large numbers are startling. To the same period, viz. the time after Hadrian, belongs a building of a late and inferior Doric style, which Professor Ross had already attributed to an era posterior to the Mausoleum. It has been completely excavated by Mr. Newton; and its rich mosaic pavements, extending over an area of more than 118 feet in length and 89 feet in width, prove it to have been a Roman villa or mansion. Many rooms had suffered, so their mosaics were only preserved in coloured photographs; but such pavements as were still complete were removed and sent to England. Amongst them is a whole room, forty feet in length and twelve in width. They likewise are deposited in single boxes, as they arrived, in the cellars of the Museum, awaiting a grant of Parliament for the construction of a new building to exhibit them. Most of these mosaics imitate the well-known Roman patterns; but there are a vast number of images inserted between the borders. As far as we could see them in their present state, they are by no means superior in design or workmanship. A few rooms, however, are stated to have been paved with older Greek patterns; so it seems that the Roman villa was partially engrafted on the foundations of an older structure, and that all rooms still in good preservation then remained untouched.

Below this Roman pavement, in a place where it was broken through, a *dancing female figure* was found, broken in two pieces, which, along with a quantity of rubbish, had only been employed by the Roman architect for filling the substratum of the pavement. It is, however, a pretty work, although quite different in its style from the sculptures of the Mausoleum. The statue is only life-size, and represents a young girl dancing. The bosom is left free by the upper garment, which round the neck has a strange and outlandish cut. Both arms were stretched away from the body; the right foot steps forward, the left follows, hovering in the air. The dress flutters round the ankles in a large and heavy mass of folds, badly conceived and badly designed. Yet there is merit in it: the violent movement, the flying dress, the slender and juvenile form, at once recall to our mind the celebrated Naiads, or *danseuses*, from the monument of Harpagus, now in our Lycian room; though the latter are a great deal nobler and finer. At the moment we write this, the figure stands by the side of the colossal female figure from the Mausoleum, with its noble drapery and dignified repose; and comparing the two works, we shall easily understand

how this native school of Lycia, to which the dancing girl belongs, must have sunk into contempt before the accomplished works of the Athenian foreigners.

On the 1st December 1856, Mr. Newton began digging on Spratt's platform. Here fine mosaic pavements of pure Hellenic taste were found, along with thin marble veneers, which had been used for casing the wall. This would agree with the description of the palace of Mausolus; but the latter edifice was situated close to the sea, most likely on the western point of the harbour, whilst this platform lies inland, and to the north-east of the port. We know besides, from inscriptions, that the Ptolemies of Egypt, who ruled Halicarnassus for a long time after the dismemberment of Alexander's empire, erected there several splendid buildings for the use and comfort of the public.

After Spratt's platform, the highest terrace of all, supposed by Ross to have been that of the Mausoleum, would have had its turn, had not its Turkish proprietors been so extravagant in their demands. Thus Newton, in January 1857, commenced digging on the southern foot of this terrace, in a place where Professor Donaldson many years ago had seen the remnants of a splendid Ionic structure. A little labour with the pickaxe and spade on this spot at last solved the question. This, as Newton had rightly guessed so many years before, was the right place. Fragments of the frieze, a colossal arm, and a lion just like those in the castle, left no doubt of it. Fragments of columns, having at the base a diameter of three feet nine inches, and round the neck three feet one inch, showed in their ornament a striking approach to those of the temple at Priene, built by the same architect. Soon followed the first truly important discovery, *a colossal equestrian statue of marble*, the horse rearing. The trunk of the latter is well preserved. The huge mass of marble, of course incapable of standing on the hind legs only, rested upon a marble pillar, whose traces are still visible under the belly of the animal; just as we see such pillars supporting the two colossal horses of Monte Cavallo in Rome. The head of the horse and the whole upper body of the rider have gone; the legs of the latter are covered with Persian trousers; yet it is not an Amazon but a man, as may be seen by the bony and sinewy left hand, which, pulling back the horse, makes him rear. Notwithstanding its awful mutilation, this group, as the horse has now again been placed in rearing attitude, breathes the warmest life. The epidermis of the sculpture is preserved almost without a parallel, and under the chest and belly of the horse every stroke of the chisel remains traceable.

The removal of the rubbish soon brought the diggers to the very foundations of the building. The natural rock had been

quarried away by the ancient mason, so as to form a regular area and serve as a bed for laying the walls. An enormous regular square is carved into the rock, so as to be at present from two to sixteen feet below the level of the surrounding fields. In a few places, where the rock must have been deficient, it is replaced by colossal longitudinal blocks, completing the square. Nor did this terrace afford the means of shaping it completely to the same level. Some places, therefore, have a deeper level; but each level is kept strictly horizontal, and the lower levels are filled up with one or even more courses of flat paving-stones, one foot in thickness. A large number of these flags were removed for the building of the castle; but wherever they still remain, they are kept together by iron clamps. Below these gigantic foundations the rock is perforated by a large number of narrow passages, cut irregularly all around the building, and interrupted here and there by deep wells, being probably nothing but drains. Over the pavement masses of rubbish are lying, in which the fragments of sculpture were for the most part imbedded. Already on the 3d April 1857, after having cleared this platform, Mr. Newton was able to measure it. The western side was 110, the southern 126 feet in length; so that the whole circumference of the foundation-bed of the Mausoleum is 472 feet.

On the western side of this bed they found a *flight of twelve steps*, likewise carved out of the live rock, and leading down from the declivity of the theatre-hill to the Mausoleum. All the steps were concealed by a layer of earth, washed down in the course of centuries from the hills lying to the north-west. Between the foot of these stairs and the western edge of the Mausoleum several alabaster jars were found, such as the ancients used for nard and costly ointments, together with votive figurines of terra-cotta and bones of oxen, subjects connected with sacrifices offered up or deposited in honour of the deceased. The steps down the rock served, it would seem, to carry the royal corpse in funeral procession from the theatre-hill to his resting-place; for here, *on the western side of the Mausoleum, lay the main entrance to what we must properly call the tomb.* Here a *stone of gigantic proportions* is still kept in its place by unusual precautions. Mr. Newton attributes to it the tremendous weight of ten tons. It is furnished with grooves on its sides, which fit in projections of the neighbouring stones; and it seems to have been lowered by machinery to its place, and wedged in like a portcullis. Once in its place, they fixed it with bronze bolts, fitting in bronze sockets set in blocks of marble. Similar contrivances for securing from the robber the last resting-place of the dead are also met with in Egyptian

tombs. Behind this stone, immediately over the foundations of the whole structure, was then the burial-chamber of the king; and the great stone, once lowered before it, for ever secluded his sarcophagus from the outer world. This would not exclude the possibility of a second access to it from the interior of the building, which perhaps was known only to a few relations of the departed; and some such mysterious passage may have been the way by which the Knights of Rhodes penetrated to the very coffin in the year 1522.

There are some other points of evidence for the situation of the chamber in this lowest part of the building. When in this place, it was to be guarded against destruction from the percolating rain; and just under the big stone a drain was discovered, which through a grate found *in situ* discharged into the main outlet of the water. This grate is now in the Museum; a bronze plate deepening in a sort of bowl, which, like a sieve, is pierced by small holes. Still more convincing is the circumstance, that just behind the stone was found the finest and most remarkable of all alabaster vases, broken in a few pieces only, with a double inscription, one in hieroglyphics, enclosed in the well-known oval ring that always encompasses the name of an Egyptian Pharaoh, the other in cuneiform characters. (This important relic is now exhibited in a glass-case of the bronze room, in the Museum.) The last of the two inscriptions contains three lines, engraved in very small characters, which, as Sir Henry Rawlinson reads it, are, *Khshayarsha-nagawazarka*, "Xerxes the Great King." Now what has a vase of the time of Xerxes, which was then a hundred and fifty years old, to do with the tomb of the Carian dynast, unless we presume it to have been in that royal family a time-honoured "Luck of Edenhall;" perhaps a gift of that Xerxes to the elder Artemisia, who had saved his children after the frightful catastrophe of his fleet? And how could the widow of Mausolus have parted with such a treasure, unless it were for the purpose of comforting the departed soul of the beloved consort and brother by the most valuable of all gifts? It is strange, at all events, that the Knights of Rhodes are stated *to have seen a vase* standing by the marble sarcophagus; and is it not very likely that the robbers who followed their track, when rifling the tomb in a wild night of hurry and fear, should have overlooked or simply smashed this vessel, leaving it in its place as they saw that it contained no coins?*

* This vase is, however, not unique; there are two other vases with double inscriptions: one, the vase of the Comte de Caylus, of the same Xerxes, a trilingual cuneiform writing (Assyrian, Chaldean, Persian), accompanied by a translation in hieroglyphics, in which the Persian legend is exactly the same, "Xerxes

The rocky bed of the Mausoleum, as we stated before, had been cleared of rubbish. Within the same, but mostly along the margin, *parts of friezes and colossal statues* were found. Thus it stands to reason that the Mausoleum itself, to the outside of which these sculptures were attached, must have been somewhat narrower on all sides than its bed, or else the images would have fallen outside of the latter. This circumstance might perhaps be made available for explaining the odd phrase of Eudocia, that the Mausoleum was built in a pond, which, in the way she expresses it, is indeed nonsense, for no water was ever intended to surround the structure; but her notice might be a conclusion from the state in which the Mausoleum really was at the time when she penned this sentence. All the drains below and around the building Mr. Newton found filled up with accumulated earth. As soon as this state of things commenced, the rain-water may have gathered in pools on the platform between the foot of the building and the margin of its foundation-bed, till at last the alluvium completely levelled these spots. So much is certain, that several statues from the east and south side must have lain in water for a long time, as their surface is scaling off very fast.

Most of the friezes newly obtained are in a much better state than the corresponding pieces from the castle of Budrum. Amongst them are four slabs, found lying in one line, *along the east front of the building*, and representing a continuous subject, so that two or three of them originally fitted together. So well are they preserved, that no doubt they were never moved again from their place after having tumbled down from the pteron. Now, as Pliny asserts with such distinctness *that on the east front Scopas* was the adorning artist, we have here an unexceptionable (and the first unexceptionable) work of that great master. The subject is, as on all the friezes, an Amazonomachia; but the figures far surpass all the others wrought by his competitors. We shall describe these slabs at the close of this essay.

All discoveries hitherto commented upon were made within the rocky bed. But a most unexpected piece of luck was still in store beyond its precincts. When Mr. Newton extended the excavations to the north, out of the square, he came upon a wall built of the finest ashlar of white marble, running just parallel to the northern edge of the bed. The same wall was

the Great King;" the other in the treasury of St. Mark's at Venice, an Egyptian vase of gray porphyry, containing again a legend in the three species of cuneiform writing, with the simple inscription, "Artaxerxes the Great King." "It is an interesting fact, that Sir Gardener Wilkinson, without any aid from the cuneiform translation, has already read the name Artaxerxes from the hieroglyphic inscription." Vaux, *Nineveh and Persepolis*, 3d edition, pp. 417, 418.

afterwards laid open along the eastern side, and found to be an enclosure encompassing the whole structure, or what Hyginus had called its peribolos, stating the same to have been of 1300 feet in circumference. To later generations this wall, of course, offered a far easier quarry than the solid masonry of the main building, and that is the reason why this peribolos is in no place complete; it would seem, however, that its height was about ten feet.

Not satisfied with this, Mr. Newton went on even beyond the peribolos; and here, on a sudden, they came upon a large heap of finely cut flat blocks of white marble, interspersed with broken statues. Just at the place where this heap was lying, the peribolos had bulged outward, as from a violent shock. The flat blocks were at once recognised as steps of the pyramid, the statues as fragments of the big chariot-and-four which once crowned the top of the same. Here, close together, they laid bare *one colossal horse*, in two pieces (or, as is now evident, two pieces of two different horses); several hoofs; the head of the horse in two pieces, each of which still had the bronze bit and a piece of bronze trapping attached to it; fragments of the spikes of the wheels and of the pole of the chariot. The tail of the colossal horse was recovered a short time afterwards, being immured in the garden-wall of a Turkish house, close to the great heap of fragments.

Next to the chariot and horses they got *several lions*, almost complete and well preserved; and the trunk of a *colossal leopard*, from the shoulder to the tail, equal in size to the lions. This animal has on its right side a projecting piece of marble, by which it seems to have been joined to a group. The spots are marked in a strange way by lozenges formed by deep-cut lines intersecting each other, and it may be presumed that it was formerly speckled by means of real paint. Traces of red colour were still visible on the tongues both of the horse and one of the lions. Mr. Newton observes that the leopard is similar in treatment to the big horse, so as to justify the supposition that both are from the same hand. As neither these lions nor the leopard have as yet arrived at the Museum, we must leave this point in abeyance.

At last *two colossal human figures*—a female standing, in splendid drapery, without head or arms; and a head of a man, quite perfect, but separated from the occiput, which also, in the nostrils and corners of the eye, still showed traces of paint. Every body would at once have guessed this to be the head of Mausolus, belonging to his colossus on the quadriga; and so it really turned out.

In order, however, to prove that other fragments besides

those of the uppermost group had been hurled outside the peribolos, it is right to state that, near the same place, some column capitals and several ornamented lions' heads were found; the latter not belonging to whole figures, but being the usual ornaments of the cornice in the Corinthian, and sometimes the Ionic order. Now these were all parts of the pteron, not of the pyramid; and yet they had come down on the outer side of the marble enclosure.

Some of these fragments lay no less than forty-four feet from the northern edge of the foundation-bed; and what is stranger still, *on the opposite or southern side*, at the distance of thirty-two feet from the edge, large pieces of one of the wheels were found; horses and wheel, that once nearly touched each other, now being separated by a space of 150 feet! Thus we see that a rocking movement must have hurled down the quadriga, along with a large piece of the pyramid, to the north; there the weighty mass knocked against the marble peribolos, making it to bend and bulge, and was then imbedded on the outer side of it. One wheel kept in its place, but was then or subsequently dashed down along the southern slope of the pyramid. This event must have come to pass before the castle of Budrum was erected, anterior to 1400 B.C. A rich alluvium, which following generations quickly turned into fields and gardens, spread over the marble heap; and as surely nobody ever sought for treasures or stones beyond the peribolos, this heap remained unexplored to our time. Mr. Newton, deeply convinced of the importance of this particular discovery, gathered even the smallest splinter of marble, and sent them over in separate boxes. To this care we owe the almost miraculous success which attended the restoration of the principal and most important figure of the whole group; out of more than fifty pieces, the portrait-statue of Mausolus has been re-composed in a state nearly approaching completeness.

What, then, was the moving power that hurled the quadriga from its lofty situation, and scattered it to north and south? Either Neptune Ennosigaïos or Jupiter Tonans punished the pride of the mortal. Mr. Newton suggests an earthquake; we should say that a stroke of lightning, to which no doubt the lofty pyramid was much exposed, might have produced the same result. On the 6th August 1809, in a house near Manchester, lightning removed a wall three feet thick and twelve feet high, between a cellar and a cistern, so that one portion was shifted four feet, the other nine feet, out of its proper situation; 500 cwt. of bricks had thus been moved: yet this was a solid structure, not a loose and lofty group of statues.

Returning once more from this event to the recital of

Claude Guichard concerning the year 1522, it will be seen from his words that then the better half of the pyramid was still standing; for when they began quarrying away the marble rising above the ground the steps grew wider, which can only refer to the pyramid, not to the cella of the pteron. At that time, then, the remainder of the pyramid disappeared; so it was surely fortunate that, before this systematic destruction began, the upper part of it was preserved. For it is this upper part which makes it possible to obtain a certain measurement of the pyramid's height, length, and width; and these dimensions again furnish us with a new rule for the reconstruction of the whole pile.*

All the blocks of the pyramid are of the same height of eleven and three-quarter inches; the width differs, some are two, others three feet; the length also differs, but mostly approaches four feet. One of the long sides in each block is completely polished, being the step itself; the adjoining long side is only half polished, the polished part being the tread of the step, whilst the rough portion served for laying on it the next step. Grooves cut in them with great neatness, in which projecting parts of the upper step fitted, secured the connection of the single steps; whilst the blocks lying side by side, and forming the same step, were tightly fixed together by means of copper bolts. A simple but very ingenious contrivance prevented the rain from penetrating between the edges. Now as some blocks had a width of two, others of three feet, the former formed a tread of twenty-one inches, the others of seventeen inches. The reason of this difference was, that two sides of the pyramid were a little shorter than the others; thus the steps on the longer sides mounted faster, and their treads were of course less wide. This is proved without a doubt, as several corner steps were found, where the tread is wider on one side than on the other. The steps being less than one foot in height, but twenty-one inches and seventeen inches in width, the pyramid rose far more gradually than a common flight of stairs; on a sure-footed animal it was possible to ride up to the top. At all events, one might ascend it on foot with perfect ease and safety; and it is very likely that, by means of stairs in the interior of the pteron, people reached the foot of the pyramid, and then mounted up to the platform, so as to view the group at the top quite closely.

Now if we could fix what the length and width of this

* For the following details, concerning the dimensions, we are mainly indebted to Lieutenant R. M. Smith, whose letter from Budrum, June 1, 1857, is printed in the first parliamentary paper on the Mausoleum. His drawing of the restored Mausoleum is artistically deficient, but the mathematical part most ingenious.

platform, and again what the height of the quadriga was, the three dimensions of the pyramid would be calculable to an inch.

The big horse in the Museum is ten feet long; and from the size of the wheel from the chariot, we may conclude the whole group to have had a length of twenty feet. Adding two feet on each side, so that the room might not be painfully narrow, the length of the platform comes to twenty-four feet. As the horses in similar antique groups stand all in one row, eighteen feet will not be too much for the width of the platform. The height of the group we know with certainty, since the statue of Mausolus has been put together by the artists in the Museum. The wheel having a diameter of seven feet seven inches, the feet of Mausolus standing upon the axis were three feet eight inches from the ground, allowing a little for the thickness of the bottom of the carriage. The figure is about three inches below ten feet; but ten inches must be added for the marble basis on which the whole group stood, and of which a piece is preserved attached to a hoof. This gives to the quadriga a height of fourteen feet three inches above the point of the pyramid.

The treads on both the narrow sides of the pyramid being twenty-one inches, this gives on either side, when multiplied by the number of twenty-four steps, a length of forty-two feet, or together eighty-four feet. Adding to this the length of the platform on which the quadriga stood, being twenty-four feet, we see the length of the pyramid to have been 108 feet. The same calculation applied to the width of the steps on the long sides (which is seventeen inches), with the addition of the platform's width (which is eighteen feet), makes the width of the pyramid eighty-six feet. An addition of the four sides of the pyramid gives for its lowest step, wherewith it rested on the pteron, a circumference of 388 feet. Now for the height. Each step being eleven and three-quarter inches in height, we have for twenty-four steps a total elevation of twenty-three and a half feet, and with the addition of the quadriga, the height of which we found to be fourteen feet three inches, we obtain a total elevation of thirty-seven feet nine inches; which in a most remarkable way agrees to Pliny's most decided assertion, that pyramid and quadriga together were twenty-five cubits, or thirty-seven feet six inches in elevation.

This number assists us likewise in fixing the height of the pteron, as the latter part of the building, according to Pliny, rose to the same height. Already ten years ago our great and learned architect Mr. Richard Cockerel had come to the same result (as will be seen from his letter to Mr. Newton, in the above

essay of the latter, in the *Classical Museum* of 1848), by calculating from the size of the frieze the dimensions of the Ionic order, to which it belonged. As we are at present provided with architectural fragments from every part of the building, we can reconstruct all its details; and here the calculation comes again to the same point, viz. that the pteron, from the foot of the column to the cornice, had an elevation of $37\frac{1}{2}$ feet.

Both dimensions together are thus about 75 feet; but as Pliny states the whole height of the Mausoleum to have been 140 feet, there remains a third dimension of 65 feet to be found out. This space, no doubt, was occupied by a massive basement of solid masonry; for such basements recur quite regularly in Ionic constructions of Asia Minor, especially when they are intended for monuments. The elegance and delicacy of the Ionic order seems to demand such a substruction, that the light column may not appear to rest only on the natural ground: we find it in the monuments at Xanthus and Mylasa, and in the Ionic temple of Wingless Victory at Athens; even the monument of Lysicrates, in the same place, with its elegant Corinthian columns, shows a similar tripartition, though differently applied—a solid substructure, then a (round) cella with elegant Corinthian columns, at last the basis for the tripod. Applied to tombs, this system was also recommendable for safety; for just as was the case at Mylasa, so was likewise in the Mausoleum the burial-chamber situated in this impenetrable basement, and by no means, as people ordinarily think, in the cella of the pteron. The basement consisted of large blocks of green stone, but was most likely cased with white marble.

On this basement stood the pteron, rising with 36 columns from its upper edge; and over the entablature of these columns the lowest step of the pyramid rested. The pyramid, as we have shown, had a circumference of 388 feet. Suppose the columns of the pteron to have stood 3 feet inwards from the upper edge of the basement, the circumference of the latter would have been 412 feet; which again corroborates Pliny's assertion that the whole circuit of the Mausoleum came to 411 feet.

It is hard to believe that a Hellenic architect should have left such a huge block of stone as this basement must have been without any sculptural ornaments. From this consideration, it has become a prevailing supposition that the celebrated frieze with the battle of Amazons surrounded this basement. This is impossible. There must, at all events, have been a frieze above the columns of the pteron. That spot, where

sculpture is most beautifully encompassed by the frame of architrave and cornice, so that the ancient architects called it the *zophoros*, or image-bearer, must have been sculptured in a building which in all other parts exhibited such a profusion of images. Besides, as pieces of every architectural part have been found, how could this frieze, which had a length of nearly 400 feet, totally disappear? Supposing even it had consisted of blank marble tablets, we should have found some of them. The dimension of the frieze with the battle of Amazons, as Mr. Cockerel has shown, agrees most accurately with the total height of the Ionic order in the pteron. True, these reliefs were then about 100 feet in the air; but they remained visible from below, as they were painted, which will be seen in the inner side of a shield on one of the newly discovered slabs, where a red colour is still traceable.

Thus, denying this frieze to have surrounded the basement, we nevertheless maintain that a second frieze, of larger dimensions, belonged to the basement, of which also fragments, with horsemen, war-scenes, and chariot-races, were discovered. These fragments are not numerous; for it stands to reason that this lower frieze suffered more than the upper one. The destruction of the monument, for obtaining stones, may have commenced earlier than we think; and people with such intentions will have begun at the most convenient place, taking first the marble casing of the substructure, whilst the high frieze of the pteron was protected as long as the whole building kept together.

We mentioned a number of colossal statues, either sitting or standing, which were found all round the building. To place them is not difficult: they stood on the upper edge of the basement, between the columns of the pteron; an arrangement repeated, along with a second frieze, in the monument of Harpagus from Xanthus. The height of the Mausoleum statues, from 8 to 12 feet, bears a fair proportion to the length of the columns surrounding them, which was little more than 20 feet. But it is more difficult to place the numerous lions. Their workmanship is good, but bears more the stamp of the handicraftsman than the artist; and their very numbers prove that they served as an ornament, not as individual parts of groups. Mr. Cockerel favoured the Royal Academy's exhibition of 1858 with an imaginative representation of the Mausoleum. His general arrangement has not been borne out by the discoveries made known through the letters of Mr. Newton; but in his detail, as we might expect from Mr. Cockerel's fine taste, there were many beautiful hints. He arranges the lions on small pedestals, half project-

ing from a kind of balustrade or attic, which in his drawing surrounds the foot of the pyramid and surmounts the entablature of the pteron. Some of the lions, however, and the colossal leopard, as they were found amongst the ruins of the pyramid, and different in treatment from the remainder, seem to belong to the grand crowning group, and may, as royal companions, have stood by the side of Mausolus' car, as we find them in Egyptian art by the side of images of Pharaohs.

Thus there is only one of the constructive questions remaining: *How could the pyramid rest with safety on the pteron?* The latter, when we distribute the 36 columns in equal distance around the width of the substructure, had 11 columns on either of the long sides, 9 columns in the fronts. These columns, in single rows, surrounded the solid cella; and to the latter Pliny's figure seems to relate, that the length was 63 feet, the width somewhat smaller. Thus the heaviest central part of the pyramid, together with the crowning group, rested quite safely on the solid cella, and through it on the massive basement; whilst the columns and the ceiling of the space between them and the cella had to bear only the lowest steps of the pyramid. But how such a ceiling between columns and cella was secured from the pressure of a weight which even under this supposition remains considerable, must for ever remain a matter of speculation. Lieutenant Smith, considering the somewhat similar construction of the monument at Mylasa, supposes a support by means of a pointed vault (a wagon vault, pointed at the top), which, indeed, takes away a great portion of the weight, as the last steps of the pyramid would have, as it were, a hollow behind them. We must leave it to practical architects to decide whether or not this construction could have been safe. Considering, however, the architect of the Mausoleum to have been a man of extensive knowledge, which undoubtedly was the case with Pythius, the supposition is by no means improbable that the whole pyramid, together with the cella, was hollow, and constructed upon the principle of a sugar-loaf vaulting, like the treasure-house of Atreus at Mycene, and the so-called Pelasgian buildings in Italy.

Thus, raising the splendid pile once more before our inner eye, we see a height not much exceeding the length. Within a marble wall, surrounding a wide area, on the colossal blocks of the foundation-bed, rises the immense rectangle of the basement, in size and proportions like a small palace, but massive, compact, planted with perpendicular walls upon the living rock, like a block that continues it: only round the upper edge, under a projecting cornice, a painted frieze of white

marble speaks of action and combat. From this basement the slender Ionic columns shoot up, the flutings deepened by colour; the caps, cornices, cymations, and flat stripes of the entablature covered with light ornament in blue and red, green and gold. Between the columns, titanic female forms, folded in rich and elaborate drapery; riders, in rich Persian attire, tearing back their rearing horses from the deadly leap: these too in full rich colours, as though they lived and walked down the lofty colonnade, and paused to look out between the shafts to the northern hills, to the sunny port in the south. Above the columns, on the crown of the cornice, the royal animals, with open mouths, their tongues outstretched, looking far out to the country, in various attitudes, just as the traveller still sees them standing on the heaps of Babylon's ruin. Hereupon the pyramid, not steep or tower-like, as former draughtsmen conceived it, but flat, rising with steps hardly perceptible from below, much in the shape of a roof. At last the crown of all, the ruler himself, steady, calm, upright, in a dignified Grecian garb, his head uncovered and slightly raised, with a friendly expression; and, quite as steady, bridled in by his quiet strength, the standing horses; leopard and lion, like royal bloodhounds, near the wheels of the war-chariot. Thus, under the sun of Ionia, below the blue sky of the Mediterranean, floating in the open air, shining in white marble, but approaching nature by milder tints, stood the glorious group on the top of its artificial mountain.

It is painful to descend from the imagination of what once this work has been to the poor broken fragments now exhibited, without order and connection, in a humble glass shed within the outer colonnade of the British Museum. As a great many of the sculptures are still unpacked, we shall, in the remainder of our essay, not even aim at completeness, but give a description of the most prominent pieces only.

Just in passing, let it be once more stated that *all the architectural and sculptural parts of the Mausoleum were painted*, whilst at the same time they afford a new explanation for the great number of monumental statues in the European collections that actually show no colour. Mr. Newton expressly states that one sitting figure, from the eastern side, had her garments all covered with two tints; which, however, rapidly faded away on being exposed to the air. This figure had been lying in very wet soil, and its surface had a tendency to scale off.

Amongst the numerous *lions*, there are six, besides the fore part of a leopard, that were taken out of the castle-walls in March 1857. The knights had used the busts only; but

Newton found five hind parts in the Mausoleum, besides numberless pieces of legs, tails, and claws. Thus it happened so strangely that some of these beasts, after a separation of four centuries, regained their hind quarters; and they look quite pleased with this good luck of theirs, for their faces, though very natural, are mild and gentle in expression. Some complete lions, however, were found in the Mausoleum, one of which has a Γ , the other a Δ , engraved on the shoulder. The larger lions and the colossal leopard, belonging to the uppermost group, have not yet arrived.

Proceeding to the human figures, a signal difference of style strikes us on comparing the friezes with the round statues. The *slabs from the upper frieze*, which had been detached from the walls of the castle in 1846, stood in the British Museum for many a year on the ground, below the frieze of Phigalea, in the Phigalean room. Thus you looked on them from on high, by which they lost the better half of their effect, as they were intended to be seen from a great depth. At present they are united to the newly-found tablets of the same frieze; and as they now stand in the line of the human eye, it is astonishing to see how much they have gained. The subject, as every body knows, is a fight of Grecian heroes, in helmets, but otherwise naked, with Amazons on horseback, in their light and short military tunics. That legend was not only flattering to the Greek mind, as one of so many mythical victories of Europe over Asia, but it was no less connected with the national memories of Caria. The same Amazonian battle-axe which Hercules had taken from their queen Hippolyta, he afterwards gave to Omphale, queen of Lydia; and from the Lydians it was taken in battle by the Carians. For this reason its well-known form occurs over the gates of Mylasa and on coins of Mausolus. The whole style of this upper frieze, for proportion and movement, shows evidence that its makers calculated on its being seen from a great distance, as it was placed rather more than 100 feet above the ground. Seen from that distance below, the human form will appear considerably foreshortened; and for this reason all the men are extremely slim, arms and legs tapering very much; and the effect of the composition is enhanced by the position of the bodies, which, advancing or reclining in violent motion, cut the tablets diagonally. The battle-scenes are very various and very wild, all attitudes passionate, and bordering on the theatrical. The effect of colour was likewise not despised: red paint is traceable on a shield; the horses have a small round hole in the cheek for fixing the bronze bits and reins; similar holes appear in the loins of the warriors, intended to

hold metal belts, and the blades in their hands were in several instances made of brass and really projecting out of the holes in the hilts. On the whole, however, these friezes do not fulfil the promise given by the fame of their artists, as in style and execution they approach the frieze from the monument of Lysicrates at Athens, which was executed shortly afterwards (334), and is considered as an instance of the decline of Athenian art.

Much higher, however, than the slabs known from 1846 rank *the new ones from the eastern side*, which with good reason we attribute to Scopas. Warriors and Amazons on them are of the same size as on the former ones, only the horses are slightly larger. The execution is finer, though hardly more powerful, as will be seen by comparing two mounted Amazons now exhibited close together, although belonging to different masters. They are very instructive, standing as they at present do side by side, and being moreover in nearly the same attitude. There are four of these new tablets: first, this mounted Amazon, whose antagonist is now destroyed. Second, an Amazon on a rearing horse, but herself as straight in the stirrups as a pillar, hits an enemy, who is again invisible; a youth, stricken to the knees, his helmet gone, tries to shield himself from an Amazon dealing him a death-blow. Third, continuation of No. 2, a glorious group; a bearded Greek, with a brute face, attacks with lance or sword a standing Amazon, who, bending backwards, brandishes the battle-axe in both hands for a most determined stroke. Her face is grand, flashing with the most beautiful animation. We see her from behind; her short Spartan tunic, only held by a girdle round the waist, has slipped, and, by a turn of artistic effect equally new and bold, we see her bosom, neck, and thighs quite uncovered. Her right leg, which you see from behind entirely, stretches the knee deep into the background of the group; and the heel comes boldly out, protruding in such strong relief that between her foot and the ground the leg of a warrior intervenes without touching her ankle. For this is a great characteristic in the whole frieze, that entire parts of the bodies,—heads, legs, hands,—come out of the level quite detached and worked round; although we must confess that the same characteristic has been to a great extent the cause of the fearful mutilation. On the same slab stands a Greek, intending to kill an Amazon fallen in a supine position. Finally the fourth slab, again a continuation of No. 3: on a horse, running wild, and madly galloping to the right, with extended nostrils and uplifted head, an Amazon has jumped, and sits on the horse, looking towards the tail, fighting backwards

in Parthian fashion : but she can hardly be drawing a bow, as the right arm extends, whilst the left hand comes close to the body. In the middle, a Grecian, in a fine helmet, bending back very anxiously, as a fierce Amazon, on foot, rushing on from the right hand, with flying cloak, seizes his shield with her left hand, and tries to lift it, in order the more formidably to hurl her tomahawk (by means of the stroke which a fencing-master would call a tierce) against the right temple of her antagonist : a movement, indeed, very complicated, but wonderfully comprehensible. The axe itself is indicated in the marble ; but the handle was of brass and detached from the background, for the axe has evidently a hole in which it must have fitted.

It seems a characteristic—or, may we say, a weakness—of Scopas, that his figures are too much occupied with their dress. In his group of "Niobe and her Children," the garments held for protection over the heads of the figures recur rather frequently. Even his Mænads, although the type of such a figure ought to be carelessness as to outward appearance, *e. g.* his "Mænad with the quarter of a slaughtered Goat," and the one drawn by Flaxman in his *Lectures on Sculpture*, hold their dress so as to form an elegant drapery with it. In his very "Apollo Musagetes," the Roman poet Propertius was struck by the long feminine garment. Supposing the "Venus of Milo" to be his work, even she displays a little of this propensity : her drapery is laid round the hips so that it would just slide down, did not the left thigh, with a slight inward bend, give some support to it. Can it be by mere chance that in these friezes from the Mausoleum the old artist fell upon that strange shifting of the tunic which afforded to him a motive at once quite new and very bold ?

The stone of these friezes appears of larger grain and more bluish than the shining white marble of the large sculptures. The number of figures along all the four sides must have been enormous : whole basketfuls of broken arms and legs, more than twelve heads, and many half figures, that were sent over by Mr. Newton, still give melancholy evidence of how much is lost to us for ever. The frieze is 2 feet 5½ inches in height ; so the figures are about one-third of life-size.

A special interest is commanded by the *few remnants of the lower frieze* which surrounded the basement. Four fragments of it are now exhibiting in the colonnade of the Museum, two with combats (as it seems), two with female figures racing on chariots ; some more pieces we noticed among the marbles in the cellars of the Museum. Let us remember that this frieze, being much lower than the frieze of the pteron, could be seen much better ; and there can be no doubt that it was much finer

than the other, although of course it suffered much more. It is wrought in a low relief, just for this reason, that it came closer to the eye. One tablet, representing a female bending over the edge of the car, with four horses at headlong speed, is by far the finest of all reliefs from the Mausoleum; the drapery, the head, the delicate ear, are not chiselled, but really engraved, like a cameo. This frieze has a height of three feet and some inches, and its figures are half life-size.

There is in the round statues nothing of the outstretched proportions of the figures in the frieze; on the contrary, they are in the purest proportions of the Athenian school, as full and blooming in form as the Caryatides of the Erechtheum. So we must not maintain that the Mausoleum shows the influence of the somewhat later fashion of stretching the human figure and diminishing the size of the head. This was a novelty introduced in round statues by Euphranor and Lysippus, for the purpose of rendering their images more stately. In the round figures of the Mausoleum we find no trace of this fashion; and thus we must conclude that in the frieze the proportions were thus stretched merely because it was in so lofty a position.

Amongst these round figures, the *rider on horseback*, in Persian trousers, is a figure of wonderful animation; also the horse, if it were complete, would show a most remarkable and artificial movement. It is just tumbling over its left side; the right hind-leg seems to have hovered in the air. Only the left hind-foot was still firmly planted on the ground; but as the rider pulls the animal's neck powerfully backwards, it tries to keep its footing, and rears with such an effort that, notwithstanding the different move of the hind legs, the left hand rises higher than the right. The fore legs are broken off near the chest; but are likely to be restored, as large fragments are preserved. The creases of the skin and the veins on the belly are carefully executed, the muscles treated very broadly. The rider's hand is coarse, bony, and distinct, so as to show every vein; his dress, as far as it remains, excellent of execution. Mr. Newton asserts that the Greek letter Σ is marked on the croupe of the horse, but we were not able to discover it.

There are several female torsos: one a *sitting female* of colossal proportions, by Scopas, as it was found on the eastern front. It represents a lady enthroned on a chair with a cushion, and is probably intended therefore for Artemisia. The garment is covered with two tints, one approaching ochre. That it was ochre, however, we should think doubtful, as it spreads not only over the surface, but over the fractures also; but the blue is unquestionable, since we see it cover the dress on the lap of

the figure in masses so large that it would easily admit of a chemical analysis. This blue colour indicates the royal purple, a tinge which in antiquity tended to the violet and even to the dark blue. The drapery is uncommonly full; but down the back its folds are rough and unsightly, showing that this part was never intended to be seen: the handling approaches that of the colossal statue of Bacchus from the monument of Thrasyllus, now in the British Museum. A cloak falls with great bulk down from the right shoulder, leaving the whole arm uncovered; then coming up again below the fore arm, it spreads in large deeply-cut folds over the lap. Like the arm, the leg is below the knee naked, which seems very strange in a female figure thus sitting in state. Head and hands are wanting, which of course detracts much from the truly grand effect which this figure must once have produced.

There is also a *female head*, only a little above life-size, with pretty features; the hair is strangely arranged, surrounding the head in three circles formed of round and crisp curls. It has suffered much from fire, since a Turk had immured it in the chimney of his house; but there is the fragment of another female head, which seems to be an exact repetition both as regards the features and the arrangement. A fine *bearded male head*, well preserved, but only life-size, has been temporarily deposited, together with the above-mentioned alabaster vase, in a glass-case in the bronze room. The number of fragments still lying in the cellars of the Museum is immense—heads, colossal hands of great beauty, and fragments of drapery. The broken tails of lions alone fill a whole box. Having cast a rapid glance over them, we believe that we may calculate all these fragments at more than 2000 pieces.

From the large heap of marble found along with the upper steps of the pyramid on the northern side of the peribolos three colossal figures have been restored: a female standing, one of the horses, and the portrait-statue of Mausolus. *The female figure* is the finest of them, though the head is lost; there are but few draped statues within the whole range of Grecian art that will stand the comparison with it. The lady was completely robed; only the arms and the fine right foot, which is preserved, were naked. The under dress, in many small folds, is visible only round the ankles and over the bosom, as the cloak covers the whole back and the large part of the front, held by the uplifted left arm; the right arm bent downwards along the thigh. The form is grand and queenly, the dress in the purest style, reminding you of the "Pallas" of Velletri. This statue lay close to that of Mausolus. Could it have stood by his side on the chariot? It might then be Artemisia. Certainly, according to

Greek notions, a woman could not have participated in such warlike honours; but the Carian queen, who followed Mausolus not only as his widow but by her birthright, whose rule was martial and victorious like that of her husband-brother, why should she not share his war-chariot? Moreover, as she died but two years after him, it cannot have been during her lifetime that the pyramid and chariot were finished; after her death, however, why should the fair conqueror of Rhodes not have been deemed worthy of such an apotheosis? Yet we will not deny that this figure is almost more colossal than Mausolus himself. This would lead to the belief that she represented a deity accompanying her favourite to the battle. However, it is neither a Victory nor a Minerva; and Juno has nothing to do with battles.

Now as to the *colossal horse from the quadriga*. Mr. Newton supposed the two great fragments to be pieces of one and the same animal; but they undoubtedly belong to two horses, as they are not exactly equal in size. The fore part of a larger horse is broken at the withers, and this animal probably was made of one block of marble; but the hind quarters of the other horse had been joined by its artist already to a lost fore part by metal clamps, of which the sockets are still traceable in this piece, but not in the corresponding fore part of the other horse. This hind part had likewise, like the rearing horse of the equestrian statue, an artificial support under the belly. Two hoofs still extant belong to the bigger animal, but the tail to the smaller; the tail is much broken, as it had been immured in a Turkish garden-wall. The large fore part belonged to a horse standing on the right side of the pole; for the body, as is also seen in the movement of the head, bends slightly to the left. So it seems that two horses of larger size stood on either side of the pole, two slightly smaller ones on the outer sides. Resting on this evidence, the two pieces in the Museum have indeed been combined so as to form one body, but a gap is left uncemented between them. What is wanting of the legs, they are now restoring in plaster. The chest shows a band, which is attached to another running over the withers: so it is undoubtedly a chariot horse, which may also be gathered by its breed; without being heavy, it is fuller in the limbs than most riding horses in Grecian sculpture. The bronze bit, with a piece of the trapping of the same metal and a fine *rosette*, is still between its teeth; so we may suppose that the reins likewise were made of brass. Comparing the head with the celebrated horse-heads from the Parthenon, the difference is striking: those from the Parthenon are ideal, that from the Mausoleum imitates nature. Instead of the large, flat, and as it were skull-like levels on the

head of the Athenian horse, that of Pythis has the round outlines of life. Again, when we draw a parallel with the colossal horses from Monte Cavallo, which belong to the somewhat later Macedonian period, their movement is stronger, their striving after effect more violent, but in faithfulness to nature the horse of Pythis beats them. The treatment is withal very broad and masterly; the execution of the surface of the marble, as was quite convenient for statues seen at the height of 140 feet, is less polished and elaborate than in the human statues destined to be seen from a less distance.

Finally, the *statue of Mausolus himself*, in tunic and cloak, standing upright in a quiet and dignified position, has been reconstructed out of upwards of fifty pieces, and is now complete, excepting the hind part of the head, the arms, and one foot. The bearing of the arms, however, may be fully ascertained. Down the right hip the garment lies round the body in uninterrupted folds. The right arm was uplifted, and held the reins not without some effort; for the body rests on the right leg, and the left knee bends a little. A cloak of a heavy stuff (a *ἰμάτιον*) is fixed over the left shoulder; descending from the back to the right hip, it covers the chest and abdomen like a Scotch plaid, and is gathered under the left arm, which seems to have held it tight to the body; at last the cloak falls down the left hip, its end being indicated by a small knob. The piece of drapery, as a whole, with its bold broad folds, challenges nature herself.

This statue combines with admirable skill an ideal tendency with the truthfulness of a portrait. It is a handsome and intelligent countenance, but not distinguished; no doubt a true portrait. The hair rises from the middle of the forehead, as we see it in the heads of Jupiter; but the forehead itself remains low withal. The long curls, coming down in such profusion that no ear is visible, have lost their lower points. A beard, complete, but cropped very short, shades the cheeks and chin; only the moustache is full and uncut. As this statue was wrought about the year 350, it is perhaps the oldest of Greek portrait-statues extant. Standing in a fearless attitude upon the giddy top of the quadriga, the man must have appeared exactly as he is characterised in the proud words lent to him by Lucian,—“Handsome and tall I was in life, and valiant in battle.” Not great in mind and character, and exercising no influence that lasted through centuries, his name has yet become immortal through the love of a woman.

ART. IV.—WOMAN.

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THE influence of women on modern European society, Mr. Buckle tells us, has, on the whole, been extremely beneficial. We presume the influence of men has also, on the whole, been extremely beneficial. Yet it would seem odd to urge this. What is the origin of this curious habit, by which we so often speak and think of women as something outside of general humanity, or at least a lesser distinguishable part, whose relation to the whole may be made the subject of estimate? Are they not in reality human society as much as men are? If one looks at the subject with a fresh sudden glance, it seems as strange to speak of women exercising a beneficial influence on society as of the branches and leaves exercising a beneficial influence on the tree. Yet a mode of speech so universal, and of antiquity so undated, must have some true basis. "Man" cannot mean both men and women for nothing; and mean it in all times and all languages. Does this expression imply that the nature of the man comprehends, includes within it, that of the woman? Not this probably; but it does imply that society ever since the world began has received its characteristic nature and distinctive impress, not from the women, but from the men who helped to compose it. It does imply, and the world's history confirms it, that the collective body of men are in their nature more strong, more vigorous, more comprehensive, more complete in themselves, than the collective body of women. It is of no use screaming about it; the irrefragable fact remains. It is idle to say it is all owing to the defective education you give us. Why not have secured a higher education? It is no answer to cry, it all depends on your advantage in mere physical strength; for to say so admits the fact, and gives an inadequate reason for it.

Why tell us of Semiramis and Maria Theresa, of Vittoria Colonna and Mrs. Browning, of Mrs. Somerville and Miss Martineau, down to Brynhilda who tied up King Gunther and Captain Betsey who commands the Scotch brig Cleotus? These great names, which shoot so high, serve but to measure the average growth. Against the great fact of subordination of place in the world's history, however, is to be placed another fact not less marked and important, that the upward progress of the race has always been accompanied by a commensurate increase in the influence of women. The fact to which Mr. Buckle calls attention, that in the palmiest days of Athens the influence of women was at a minimum, is strictly in accordance with the purely intellectual, and therefore narrow, though brilliant civilisation to which alone the Greek mind attained. It serves to show how large a part of intellectual cultivation may be independent of the woman, and how incomplete in such independence are its loftiest achievements. Mr. Buckle, with his narrow theory of civilisation, rests the matter too purely on considerations of intellectual conformation; yet it can scarcely be denied that the influence of women is less at the present day than it was before the advent of what may be called the scientific age, that our material civilisation is the result of effort and mental activity of a more specially masculine kind. Both our forms of thought and our habits of industrial life have become too narrow and engrossing: and this defect may fairly be attributed (in some degree at least) to the fact that the quick advance and strong leaning in one direction of the men's minds has separated them by a sort of chasm from the women; and depriving them of the softening and enlarging influence of the closer companionship of the latter, has left these too with inadequate resources for the full development of their faculties and natures.

It is the women themselves who have first become conscious of this; who have felt their wants and their comparative isolation. They have been moved, indeed, by a practical pinch. A denser population, a keener competition for the means of livelihood, thence marriages later and proportionably fewer; the disuse, through superior manufacturing facilities, of a large mass of domestic industry,—have at once limited their home avocations and cast them more upon their own resources. They cry for larger opportunities of employment, for means of subsistence less precarious than those they now possess: but they ask also for an enlarged education, for freer scope for their powers, and for a closer interest and sympathy in the intellectual pursuits and practical concerns of men.

It has been pointed out by the author of *The Industrial Condition of Women*, that this gap prevails more in the middle,

especially the manufacturing and commercial classes, than in the higher or lower ones ; and this is consistent with the hypothesis of its being connected with the rapid development of what may be called our material industry.

The defects of our present social condition with respect to the education and position of women, are real and important ; the suggestion of remedies most difficult. The question is so complex, casts its fine and intertangled roots so deep into the groundwork of all our political, social, and domestic *status* ; the elements it deals with are so fundamental, and the region is one in which it is so impossible to prophesy the results or limit the consequences of the changes,—that to approach it at all is disheartening to any mind capable of perceiving the mere outline of its bearings ; and thoroughly to investigate it would require a comprehensiveness of grasp, a delicacy, and a patience in the intellect attempting it, which is rarely granted to the children of men. The collision of many minds, and still more the experience wrung from many misdirected efforts, will doubtless eventually educe a more or less complete and successful solution of the problem. Meanwhile it is not surprising that most minds shrink from it ; and that men especially, not perceiving how deeply their own interests are engaged, and urged by no immediate practical stimulant, for the most part push the whole question impatiently aside, and, with a dim impression that their domestic comforts are endangered, hold by the old maxim, *quieta non movere*.

“For points obscure are of small use to learn,
But common quiet is mankind’s concern.”

They tremble at the bare suggestion, that the delicacy, purity, and self-forgetfulness which shine about them, and restore and console them in their coarse and sharp conflicts with the world and circumstance, are about to be lost to them. When they are told that women are like men, they know too surely that it is otherwise, and feel deeply that nothing more fatal could happen than that they should become so. The wiser women, too, see the extent and difficulty of the subject, and prefer to occupy themselves with practical effort directed to the outlying portions of it which lie within their reach. Thus the matter, as is usual with a new and complex subject of reform, falls into the hands of the more shallow and *doctrinaire* minds of either sex ; wild projects and untenable theories are vented, and met on the other side by indiscriminating sarcasm and ridicule.

It seems strange at first sight that women themselves, and their warmest advocates of modern days, should rather choose to urge the contest for extended freedom and a larger scope in the management of the world’s affairs from the basis of the false idea

of woman's equality with and similarity to man, instead of the inexpugnable position of her real nature, and the claims which it gives her and the duties it demands from her. The reason, however, is pretty obvious. The advance from the latter position would be too slow: progress thence must be made not by the demand of assent to sweeping assertions and all-embracing principles, but step by step, as practical wants, proved advantages, and safe means prepare and open the way. It is far more tempting to be a brilliant intellectual pioneer, levelling the hills and making straight the ways, than one of those quiet engineers of the world's progress who make roads bit by bit, as the occasion for them arrives, and never care to lay them down until there is a certainty that they will be used, and profitably used. The rights-of-woman question is in much the same position now that the rights-of-man question was in the days of Tom Paine. Society reconstructed on the basis of the rights of woman as urged in their full extent, would be in a yet worse position than if we framed new schemes of government on the theory of the natural equality of men.

It is a pleasant exercise of the imagination to rearrange the world on an hypothesis of what woman would be if her course of training and mode of life were entirely altered. The effect of this some bold assertors maintain would be so complete, that (except during her confinements,—if she should foolishly expose herself to such an impediment to her usefulness) she would be in every respect identical with man. Others hold that she would be distinguished from him by retaining all her own superiority, while she absorbed all his special attributes. She would be more chaste, more refined, more virtuous, more religious; not less bold, persevering, thoughtful, and comprehensive. These are engaging speculations, and we will not be rash enough to discuss what the future may have in store:

“Heaven from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
All but the page prescribed,—their present state.”

All we wish to call attention to is the fact, that the main object for our attention is women as they are, not women as they are not.

That hitherto women have ever been different from men, has not been very seriously disputed; and the vast number of instances in which their several characters approach, intermingle, and even interchange, has not been held either by profound thinkers or agricultural labourers to efface, or even to obscure, the permanent distinctions of sex:

“If black and white blend, soften and unite
A thousand ways, is there no black and white?”

Probably the agricultural labourer has the best of it in the clearness of his conviction as to the reality of the distinction: the

thinker, in trying to eliminate what is common, and appreciate the exact nature of the differences, gets hopelessly bewildered among the grays, and loses all clear perception of the two original colours. Meanwhile the labourer knows from daily experience that he is not the same sort of creature as his wife.

Are the minds of women, however, different from those of men? The indignation with which this is so often denied seems to indicate a deeply fixed impression that the male type of mind, or what passes for such, is the higher in order and the most to be desired. We are not quite sure that this is so; and, on the other hand, we are pretty confident that there are real and deep-seated distinctions between the two classes of minds. Mr. Buckle says women have more deductive intellects than men. Whether they more often reason deductively than inductively depends a good deal on the vexed question whether it is by induction they get their general ideas. But few will be disposed to deny that they resort to general ideas more readily and generally than men do, and lean upon them with greater confidence.

The most obvious characteristics of the feminine intellect are delicacy of perceptive power and rapidity of movement. A woman sees a thousand things which escape a man. Physically even she is quicker sighted. A girl is a better bird-nester than a boy: a woman marks a thing which passes over a man's eye too rapidly for him to perceive it. Mentally she takes in many more impressions in the same time than a man does. A woman will have mastered the minutest details in another woman's dress, and noted all the evidences of character in her face, before a man who has been equally occupied in examining her knows the details of her features. And the "fine and nimble minds," as Mr. Buckle eloquently calls them, of the other sex, not only note rapidly, but with not less swiftness of movement they work out results. Mr. Buckle is no doubt right in the kind of influence he ascribes to the intellect of women, and has done them no more than justice in the wide scope he has given to its range, and the high place he has assigned to its importance. It may be questioned, however, whether he is very correct in saying that the value of the female intellect to the advancement of knowledge springs from its deductive character. It is not as deductive reasoners that women have advanced the conquests of thought. They have never signalised themselves by a methodic and skillfully executed inroad on the surrounding realms of ignorance such as those of Newton or Liebig. Of the three constituent processes which Mr. Mill describes as making up the deductive method, it is in its contributions to the first (if that be a process) that the female mind is best calculated to be of service. It is valuable not so much in conducting deductive operations as in

furnishing and suggesting the materials for deductive thought. It is an inexhaustible fountain of those general ideas (whether derived from induction or not) on which deductive reasoning is based; but it rarely employs itself in an exhaustive inquiry as to the operation or consequences of that general idea. Its habit is to use it for the elucidation of some particular simple case within it, and then to cast it aside. A woman's mind is probably not less occupied in induction than in deduction. It is constantly ascending with rapidity from few facts to a general idea, and coming down on a particular. A man's mind ascends slowly through many particulars; but having gained the broader platform, he endeavours to master all that can be seen from it. The question of the extent of women's inductive exercise of mind depends upon the vexed question how far the ideas they strike out with so much fecundity are the result of unconscious induction or simple insight: but either they have a marvellous lightning-like faculty of induction, or a perhaps still more inexplicable one of direct mental insight. Whatever range, however, we may ascribe to this latter faculty, it still remains certain that women are incessant and rapid generalisers, and also often hasty and rash ones. The nature of their imagination tends in the same direction. It is not perhaps so comprehensive as that of man; it has not the same power of at once presenting a subject vividly, and holding it steadily and continuously before the mind; it is not perhaps so searching: but it is much quicker in its movements, and in much more constant operation; it is far more of an every-day working faculty, and far more universally used by women than by men as a ministrant in the operation of thought. Hitherto, however, the former have rarely, if ever, struck out by its aid any of those brilliant theories by which men of genius seize a truth yet hidden from and undreamt of by common minds, and cut with one fine bold stroke many a Gordian knot of knowledge. They use it to inquire what they are to do to-day and to-morrow,—to read the hearts and to calculate the actions of those around them.

If we were called upon to indicate the most marked and deep-seated distinction between the minds of men and women, we should say that the minds of men rested in generals and were stored with particulars, and that the minds of women rested in particulars and were prolific in general ideas. Men, it is said, are occupied with facts, and so they are; but it is the characteristic of the highest and most typically masculine intellects always to be pressing through facts on to the principle which binds them together, and to base their lives and practice on the results thus attained. Women, it is said, are always rushing into general ideas; so they are; but it is as a way to particular facts, and they

move from and are guided by the special relations thus educed. The women, we repeat, base themselves on the general ideas, but move from the deduced fact; the men base themselves on the facts, and move from the deduced principle.

And the mind of a woman is more fluid, as it were, than that of a man; it moves more easily, and its operations have a less cohesive and permanent character. A woman thinks transiently, and in a hand-to-mouth sort of way. She makes a new observation and a new deduction for each case, and constantly also a new general idea. A man, less quick and less fertile, accumulates facts, collects them in classes, and combines them by principles; a woman's mind is a running stream, ever emptying itself and ever freshly supplied. She takes a bucketful when she wants it. A man's mind is a reservoir arranged to work a water-wheel. Women are scarcely less steady and persevering than men in the pursuit of practical ends: they are more full of resources and expedients; they have a greater appreciation of, and a far greater power of wielding, small and indirect influences—they have tact; but they do not discuss practical matters efficiently when met together; they become discursive, set larks and run hares; each is occupied with her own idea, and several speak together. They do the work excellently: they do not shine in the committee-room.

Connected with these distinctions is the fact that the knowledge of women is for the most part direct, unreferred, and unclassified; they differ from men in having far more varied, subtle, and numerous inlets to knowledge; and they rely upon these, and do not care to remember and arrange previous experience, as a man does. A lady will look a servant who comes to be hired in the face, and say he is not honest. She cannot tell you why she thinks so. She says she does not like his expression, she *feels* he is not honest,—no consideration would induce her to take him into her service. He has the best of characters, and you engage him: he robs you,—you may be quite sure he will do that. Years after another man comes: the same lady looks him in the face, and says he too is not honest; she says so again fresh from her mere insight, but you also say he is not honest. You say, I remember I had a servant with just the same look about him three years ago, and he robbed me. This is one great distinction of the female intellect; it walks directly and unconsciously, by more delicate insight and a more refined and more trusted intuition, to an end to which men's minds grope carefully and ploddingly along. Women have exercised a most beneficial influence in softening the hard and untruthful outline which knowledge is apt to assume in the hands of direct scientific observers and experimenters: they have prevented the casting aside of a

mass of most valuable truth, which is too fine to be caught in the material sieve, and eludes the closest questioning of the microscope and the test-glass; which is allied with our passions, our feelings, and especially holds the fine boundary-line where mind and matter, sense and spirit, wave their floating and indistinguishable boundaries, and exercise their complex action and reaction. Women, acting faithfully on their intuitions in such things, and justified by the event, teach men also to rely upon them in their lives, to give them place in their philosophy; and incalculably widening, ennobling, and refining is the influence they have thus had upon what the world calls its knowledge. But their influence, like their knowledge, has been direct, immediate, applied to particular cases; and it has never, therefore, been very generally recognised, or moved in us the gratitude that is due from us.

The characteristics of the moral and spiritual nature of women are closely allied with those of their intellect. Their superiority in all that depends on intuition; their higher apprehension of and fuller life in personal relations, as distinguished both from material things and abstract ideas; their deeper power of influencing and greater dependence on individuals, as contrasted with a wider power exercised over numbers,—are too obvious not to have been often made the subject of remark.

It is an idle question which is the higher in creation when each is in an equal degree supplemental to the other; but if the point must be mooted, perhaps the following consideration may indicate the true solution:

If we glance through the various divisions of the animal kingdom, we shall find that the most perfect forms of each division are not those through which it passes into the class next above it. It is not the horse or the foxhound which treads on the heels of man, but the baboon; it is not the rose or the oak which stands on the verge of vegetable and animal life, but the fern or the sea-weed. Something is lost of the typical completeness of each class as it approaches the verge of that above it. The same is true of man; it is not necessarily the most healthy and highly developed specimen which is nearest a higher order of beings; and in the distinction of sexes, if man be the more perfect creature, woman is nearer to the angels. Woman is higher than man in her nature; she is less noble in the degree of self-control and independent responsibility imposed upon her. To man, with instincts less pure, intuitions less deep, sensibilities less fine, and a heart less faithful and unselfish, has been given a weightier charge—to be more entirely under his own control, to be more completely master of himself. Often has human existence been compared to the wide ocean, over which each winged

ship of individual life struggles forward through storm and sunshine. Man sets the sail and leans over the wheel, bends his eye on the compass and the chart, questions the heavens of his place, and considers with anxious revolving mind what port it were best to seek and what course to make; asks even whether there be an ultimate haven and a pathway across the deep; and, bent on knowing rather than trusting, questions the silent unresponsive stars, and casts his lead in the fathomless ocean. But woman bears a load-stone in her breast, and, standing on the prow, gazes forward over the waves, and is drawn heavenward by some strong attraction. Devious gusts of passion blow her astray; and losing once her track, sudden and utter shipwreck on sunken rocks or sand too often awaits her; but originally she has but to be true to her highest instincts, and needs not nor cares to distract her mind with questionings of the event. Her nature is higher than man's; but man is set higher above his nature. To speak thus is of course to express, in unmodified language, the extreme tendencies of either sex. We do not mean that men have no instincts, or women no consciences, only that each is stronger and fuller in one direction than the other. And the differences between male and female consciences illustrate the same thing. The sense of duty, the instinct of right, has in itself no discriminating power; it simply asserts in its very action, whenever called into exercise, a higher claim to the obedience of the will than any other of our moving impulses. But it does not itself decide on a course of action, any more than hunger tells us what to eat. Conscience is the reason brought to bear on the sense of duty, rather say it is the verdict of the reason (using the word in its large sense) enforced by the sense of duty. In men destitute of judgment and force of character we sometimes see strange vagaries of the instinct of duty; and in women, in whom the reason is less comprehensive and less distinctly supreme over the impulses, the conscience is not less binding, but it is certainly less consistent than in men. It yields to personal considerations, it falls under the sway of the affections. You may see one woman morbidly conscientious in the discharge of some remote duty; and not only neglecting, as a man often does, others more near and more important, but incapable of being convinced that they are duties. You may see another in her ordinary intercourse with those around her utterly disregard all the claims of sincerity; yet there shall be some one whom she loves to whom she is as clear as day, and in intercourse with whom she would not only not conceal, but think it wicked to conceal or distort the least circumstance. Where women do feel a duty, however, they are generally more exact and scrupulous in the performance of it than men. Their sins are for the most part sins against higher impulses, the simple

permission of a lower impulse to outweigh a higher one where the collision is so simple that the judgment has no place. A man feels more deeply a sin against his deliberate convictions; he throws the sins of impulse aside more lightly, especially if the temptation has been strong and sudden; but they weigh heavier on a woman, and they degrade her the more because her character does depend more on the unbroken strength of her higher impulses. Again, compassion to the individual is the woman's virtue, justice to all the man's. But there is no need to point out the familiar operation of the more instinctive nature of woman finding its life among personal relations; suffice it that out of these spring her gracious prerogative and happiest attribute—the power to live in others, through the affections to enjoy self-sacrifice, and, high above these, the faculty through love to discern and rest upon a personal God. We do not say that the influence of women has kept personal religion alive in the world; yet the truth lies not far from this; and certainly there are thousands of men who owe it to her alone that they have ever soared above a cold and stoical conscientiousness. This is a higher office than preaching, or legislating, or “inculcating ideas,” or rivalling men in any of the more general but less profound influences they exercise over their fellows. In religious life, as elsewhere, the highest of all is not that which is specially masculine or feminine, but which unites the best of both, which is based on the most conscious and deliberate self-surrender of the will to the highest claims,—which vivifies conscience by love, and loves God because he is good.

There is a vast deal which women have taught men, and men have then taught the world; and which the men alone have had the credit for, because the woman's share is untraceable. But, cry some of our modern ladies, this is exactly what we wish to avoid; we can teach the world directly, and we *insist* on being allowed to do so. If our sphere has been hitherto more personal, it is because you have forced seclusion and restriction upon us. Educate us like yourselves, and we shall be competent to fill the same place as you do, and discharge the same duties. With extreme deference, we do not think this is quite so; we cannot believe, what is nowadays so broadly asserted, that the difference between the male and female intellect is due entirely to difference of education and circumstance, and that women, placed under the same conditions as men, would become men except in the bare physical distinctions of sex. If the education and lives of women have been so utterly obliterative of such important qualities, it seems strange they should have retained what they have got. No influences have succeeded in making them stupid, in destroying the spring and vivacity of their minds, their readi-

ness, their facility, their abundant resource. Yet their education has been little, if at all, directed to foster these qualities more than those of reflection and comprehensive thought. Reverse the question. Do not men in innumerable instances develop the characteristic masculine intellect in all its force, totally irrespective of any training whatever: and is it supposed that any care, however sedulous, would make the mass of men rivals of the mass of women in those qualities which we have indicated as specially belonging to the latter? But it is fighting with shadows to combat such an assertion. The evidence of facts against it is scattered, minute, appealing in varied form to individual minds and experiences; but it is overwhelming to all but the most prejudiced minds. On the other hand, none will deny that much is due to education; nor can any limits be assigned *à priori* to the intellectual achievements of which a judicious training might make the female mind capable. We only say that men with equal advantages will go further in their own direction. The same pains bestowed on an average boy and girl, will not make the girl so patient and accurate an investigator as the boy; but neither will it give the boy so quick and suggestive a mind as that of the girl. There can be no doubt, however, that our modern system of female education does great injustice and injury to the subjects of it; part of education at least ought to be directed to preserving the balance of faculties. In saying this, we do not urge, as some have done, that its office is to create and maintain an equilibrium of powers, and that those which are naturally the most strong should be allowed to rest in the vain endeavour to place the weaker ones on a level with them; that because a boy has a taste for languages you should confine him to mathematics, or because he is a soldier by nature try to make him a clergyman by profession: the true rule probably is, to give by education the strongest propulsion in the direction in which a man naturally leans, provided it be a desirable one, and at the same time sedulously to guard against absolute deficiency in any other direction; to preserve an impetus, and to guard against an overbalance. We shall make nothing of attempting to make men of women; but there remains much to be done in opposition to a system which hems them so closely within certain limits of range, and urges them so exclusively along the distinctively feminine path. All honour to those who, without losing sight of insurmountable and ineffaceable distinctions, bend their practical efforts to giving a broader and completer character to the education of girls, and insist that they shall not be debarred from studies, and, above all, from modes of study, which strengthen and invigorate the reflective powers.

Those modern Amazons who insist upon setting up their sex

as a separate class of beings, naturally at enmity with man, and by him unjustly subjugated and ignorantly tyrannised over, are fond of speaking of us as if we either followed a Machiavelian policy in keeping our wives and daughters ignorant, or as if as a matter of taste we preferred to associate with ignorant females that we may rejoice in our superiority. This is a mistake. No doubt Lieutenant Smith, skilled only in horses, does dislike a young lady to mention Dante; and Jones, who has contracted all he once knew into a familiarity with the prices and quality of cotton, trembles to be asked what Kepler's laws are; but it is an error to suppose that educated men prefer the society of uninformed women. Perhaps, indeed, there is no intellectual exercise so delightful, or so highly appreciated on either side, as the interchange of ideas between cultivated minds of the different sexes. From a female mind on a level with his own a man gathers much more that is new and interesting to him than from conversation with a fellow-man; he sees a new side of old ideas, and is presented with a thousand delicate suggestions beyond the reach of his own faculties; nay, often when his mind is saturated with knowledge which yet forms a turbid incoherent mass, the touch of a woman's mind, some hint—vague perhaps, but far-reaching—will make it shoot into sudden crystalline harmony. It is idle to say that men, whenever they are worthy of it, do not appreciate this sort of intercourse, that they do not consider it one of the highest pleasures of their lives. But they hate, and most justly hate, women who parade their knowledge and their cleverness for the gratification of their own vanity, who are so narrow-minded that they can talk nothing but information, and so indifferent to the sufferings of others as to obtrude it on them without regard to the occasion. Bores are selfish, callous, pachydermatous animals; and these qualities are peculiarly disagreeable in women. This is a class all agree to avoid; but that intellectual culture of the very highest order to which they can attain is not as good and as desirable for women as it is for men, none but those who are either narrow-minded, or themselves ignorant, will care to deny. Of course the pursuit of intellectual excellence must not in women interfere with higher and nearer duties; but neither must it do so in men; and the only real difference which exists is, that the natural pursuits of men make a severe training of the intellect and a complete stocking of the mind more universally and necessarily a duty with them than with women. Do any women complain of this? Much more justly might men regret that the arrangements of society and the necessities of life leave them so much less opportunity than women for the cultivation of the heart. The greatest deficiency in female education is, and ever has been,

the absence of means for forming trained habits of thought ; and it is impossible to say how much of the rash and desultory reasoning of women, and their want of amenableness to logical proof, is the result of their defective education. An opinion of female tact, insight into character, and instincts of management formed in the harems of the East, would not differ widely from one formed in the drawing-rooms of London ; but the estimates of intellectual capacity made in the two places would vary as if made of two different kinds of creatures. The highest development of the human mind lies on the verge between the sexes ; and though the main distinctions are permanent, it can scarcely be doubted that in the progress of civilisation they will be ever growing less marked and prominent : only we are apt to make the great mistake that all the improvement is to be in one direction, that the minds of women are always to be elevated and strengthened by making them more like those of men ; whereas the fact is, that a great deal remains to be done for the intellects of men by making them more like those of women.

What is most needed in female education is not so much a change in the subjects towards which it is directed, at least in its better forms, as a change in its whole method. Men are taught books too much, and things too little ; but women infinitely more so. The notion is still common that the most important part of knowledge consists in knowing what other men have said about things ; to be familiar not with what is, but with what is printed. But girls are never taken past this step. The idea is never suggested to them that there are subjects of inquiry in the world, things about which the truth is to be found out, actual existences of which correct ideas are to be formed by the imagination and memory and reasoning powers. They are encouraged in the idea that history is what Mr. Hume has said, instead of being led to look back into the actual past, and to gather from every possible source an insight into its forms and conditions : they think geography lies in Butler's Atlas, and consists in being able to name rivers, or put your finger on a town in the map, instead of scanning the real physical contour and character of a country : they are left unacquainted with the most attractive aspects of science, or taught only a few particulars by rote : they can name the parts of a flower, and talk of calyx and corolla ; but are they taught to study botany in their gardens, and to examine for themselves how plants live and grow ? In astronomy a few perhaps can tell you the distance of the sun, or explain how the moon is eclipsed ; but where will you find one, without some special advantages, who has looked on the heavens themselves, is familiar with the apparent motions of the sun and stars, and has some idea of the sort of reasoning by which the mighty results of the science have

been obtained? If women (and men too) were taught to look straight at the subjects of inquiry, and not exclusively at their reflections in books,—if they studied less, and inquired more,—their minds would be in a very different state from what they are, their attention would be far more deeply engaged, the interest aroused would be much more profound and lively, and we should have fewer complaints of vacuous hours and destitution of mental occupation. It is much to be regretted that, for the most part, the education of girls ceases just at the time when the intellect is most alive and impressions the most deep and lasting; when the whole mind, first conscious of its real powers, is eager to test them, and presses with freshness and vigour into the realms of thought. Then we say, you have learned music and French; it is now time you should practise dancing and dinner-parties. Most of them cheerfully acquiesce in this new course of instruction, others of a higher bent grasp at some degree of wider cultivation. The aids for attaining it are certainly greater than they were, but they are still defective and very limited in their operation: it is only extraordinary minds which, when thrown on their own resources, have the perseverance and energy necessary for self-education, and it is next to impossible that any should perceive the necessity for, and observe the conditions of, strict intellectual training. Something has been done to remedy this defect by the higher ladies' colleges, which, if they be worked with a patience and wisdom worthy of the idea in which they originated, will prove the most remarkable and valuable educational feature of these times, and the highest possible boon to the women of the middle classes.

Another advantage of studying realities, and emancipating ourselves to some degree from the enervating prostration before print now so universal, would be, that individual minds having something of their own, there would be something to impart and gain in the intercourse between mind and mind. Conversation still exists, but only among those who have experience or ideas of their own. What is the use of hearing a person's disconnected and confused recollections of what you can buy all clear for a shilling? We think it easier to get information from a book than from a neighbour; but if the neighbour has information of his own it is different. Common subjects of intellectual interest make far better subject-matter for conversation and mental intercourse than reading a book together. The "art of conversation," we all know, has perished,—that is an old story; but all oral interchange of ideas seems likely to go after it. We amuse ourselves with the pains taken to converse well by our forefathers, and think we have improved on all that; but the fact is, we have improved it away altogether; and after asking where you drove

to-day, and what that fellow got for poaching, we "join the ladies." If we say any thing there, we ask them if they have seen A lately, or if they know B. But we need not say any thing. We knew a gentleman in past days who, when the company were gone, would draw his chair to the fire, and say, "Now let's be jolly, and not talk." Nowadays he might have been jolly all the evening. If a man will ask for our ideas on a subject, we put him off as briefly as possible: we have them, but we cannot be bored to explain them; it is a process we are not accustomed to. Even the young ladies are becoming brusque and monosyllabic. They say "ha, ha!" like the horse in the book of Job, and go on dancing. More is lost in this way—in readiness, accuracy, and what we may call general handiness of mind—than we think for. We have many more avenues to knowledge open to us than our fathers had; but the floating mass of thought and general activity of mind in modern society is certainly less proportionately to the ground which our research has covered than it was in the reign of George III. Both men and women of that day obtained much more intellectual exercise out of far more limited materials than we now possess. The ladies of that day had narrower educations, and were more engrossed in household details, than those of our own; but they had more activity of mind in proportion to their acquirements, and freer intellectual intercourse with men. We dare say nothing of our wives; but we cannot help thinking our mothers were more agreeable, more social, and enjoyed a more lively and genuine interchange of thought with the young fellows of their day, than our daughters do. Charming clever women, thank Heaven, still exist; but there was something very delightful about our grandmothers. Witness gentle Anne Elliot, and sensible spirited Elizabeth Bennet. One thing we may notice; there seems to have been a better balance than we now see between the mind and the feelings. Women indulge their feelings too much. They always were in danger of that; but now they ponder upon them. In the absence of external subjects of real interest, they employ their thoughts on their feelings, which are of real interest. They turn their nice observation and their imagination to the contemplation of the aspect and working of character viewed almost exclusively in this aspect. The justly-celebrated efforts of modern female novelists are all studies and representations of passions and sentiments. Characters are drawn and distinguished with exquisite discrimination and felicity, but only one side of human nature is developed. Above all, there is in many writers an exacerbation of moral sentiment, against which there must be a reaction, and which we fear will end in a return to the perusal of Dr. Franklin.

The theory of female education is somewhat perplexing, to

say nothing of the practice. On the one hand is the idea, now somewhat worn out, that girls should be taught only what will make them useful in their homes, and agreeable to their husbands. The other extreme is represented, if not in its best, yet in its most exaggerated form, by Miss Bessie Rayner Parkes. She is extremely desirous that all young women should be taught every thing, and that immediately. She is urgent about it. "It appears most necessary," she says, "to open all subjects of thought to young women, and to facilitate their pursuit of all and any even to the farthest limits." There is often a confusion between learning and teaching. It is quite true that we have no right, even if we had the power, to limit by any arbitrary standard the mental activity and studious research of women; still more do we do them injustice if we attempt to cramp their stature with the idea of forming them so as to minister most perfectly to the supposed wishes and happiness of man. This is but a refined remnant of the institution of female slavery. The idea is as false as it is unjust that the best interests of the sexes are not compatible with one another, and of equal importance. The highest possible cultivation of the faculties of women ought clearly to be subjected to no artificial hindrances, either of law or conventional restraint. But education is a complex matter. We not only educe the powers, as Miss Parkes tells us, we direct them to ends; and, to a certain extent, we not only develop, we mould the character. If we find a little girl given to telling fibs, we do not foster that tendency; if we find her always poring over her books, or gossiping with Anna Maria in the corner about possible lovers, we send, or ought to send, her out to play. And if we attempt to mould character, and to educate the various powers, we must be guided by some notion of the conditions in which the former is to be placed, and the objects to which the latter are to be directed. And here arises a strong divergence of opinion. We say the sphere of woman is home, and her influence personal. Man, we say, finds his activity in the world, and moves minds in masses and from a distance. But while we acknowledge that it is good for men to cultivate the home affections, and draw closer his personal relations with others, we do not so readily acknowledge that it is well for women to have a sufficient field for their energies, and to exercise comprehensiveness of mind. This is a truth which would be more readily admitted if it were not so constantly distorted; if the claim made were for an extension of the woman's field, rather than one to usurp the field of man. When we see women urging their right to be attorneys, legislators, and militiamen, we sometimes wonder that the other sex are so patient of their deprivations, and so slow to urge claims which are surely as

much founded in justice. Why have we not "Man's Right to the Nursery," by a Lieutenant in her Majesty's Foot-guards; or "A Claim to Lie-in," by a Templar? An Esquimaux gentleman once suckled a baby; it is but habit and neglected education which debars us all of this privilege.

The truth is obvious enough: women, as a class, can no more become men than men can become women. Doubtless there is for both sexes a common ground of thought and intellectual activity, a common ground of moral sentiment, and a common ground of practical work. It is there that human nature assumes its most perfect aspect; and the upward progress of mankind will probably continue to be marked, as it has hitherto been, by an increasing assimilation between the characters of the sexes and a closer approach to identity in their pursuits. But because the happiest land lies on the confines, it is the more necessary that the one should not pass over to the other. And there is no bitterer satire passed, or graver injustice done to women, than by those of their own sex who assume so passionately that every thing that is masculine must be desirable for women, and better than what they have of their own; and who quit the pleasant glories of their own seats, to sally out and snatch the most rugged and outlying bits of the territory of their neighbour man. Women must be true to their own high qualities and important duties, if they are to draw men up to themselves in those many points in which we are inferior to them; and men must cease egotistically to assume that they hold an incontestably higher place, and learn that it will benefit themselves in many respects to become more of women, and that the more they approach women on the higher side of their characters, the less danger there will be of their becoming effeminate, *i. e.* approaching them in their weaknesses. "Men," says a Westminster reviewer, "cannot retain manliness unless women acquire it." It is true, feeble women make feeble men, and *vice versâ*; but it is not true that the reverse of a feeble woman is a manly woman. A manly woman is a very feeble man, a feeble man is a manly woman. But a strong man is a strong man, and a strong woman is—strange as it may sound to the reviewer—a strong woman, and not the less a true woman, and very different from what we call a strong-minded one. A great deal of the false extreme to which the claim for women of male functions is pushed arises from its having sprung from the real wants of a certain class, and having been argued too exclusively from the position and point of view of its members. It is the common, though unexpressed, assumption of this body of female-right vindicators, that unmarried women and unprotected females constitute the sex; and that to meet their wants they have a

right to demand that the arrangements of society shall be upset and remodelled. They have a right, and a very fair right, to demand that room shall be made for them in our social organisation, and may justly, to some extent, complain that, under our present arrangements, the avenues to occupation and the gaining of an independent livelihood are too much choked against them ; but they have no right whatever to judge of the nature of all women, and the field of circumstance best adapted to them, according to the wants and ideas of this section of them. It should be remembered that of women these are the least truly women, and that it is most misleading to assume them as representatives of their sex. There are two ways in which women and men approach and modify one another. The one is where they are drawn together by the affections, where mutual sympathies, moral and intellectual, are aroused : "*Les goûts se communiquent, les sentimens se repandent, les idées deviennent communes, les facultés intellectuelles se modèlent mutuellement.*" Yet so far are they from being merged in one another by this union, that each sex acquires from it its most complete and characteristic development ; each gains from the other, and strengthens what it has best of its own ; they approach not by abnegations, but by additions, each from the other, of what is necessary to raise either man or woman to the fullness of the perfect creature. Tennyson has said it the best :

" For woman is not undevelop't man,
 But diverse : could we make her as the man,
 Sweet Love were slain : his dearest bond is this,
 Not like to like, but like in difference.
 Yet in the long years liker must they grow ;
 The man be more of woman, she of man ;
 He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
 Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world ;
 She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
 Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind ;
 Till at last she set herself to man,
 Like perfect music unto noble words."

The other mode of approach is the reverse of this, where men brought up apart from women, and women debarred more or less from the society of men, lose not only the benefit of what each can give the other, but something of the truest characteristics of their own sex, which are not developed in their fullness and beauty except when the affections and sympathies, aroused by free intercourse, have their full play. These men and women approach on a sort of neutral ground. Such women are more of men than the others ; but it is because they are less of women : the two grow like one another by respective loss, not by respective gain. Many things which these more neutral women may dare

and do without injury, are not fitted for more real women. Many circumstances which will suit the one will not suit the other. If society can be arranged,—and doubtless, as far as the defectiveness of human arrangements will allow, it both can and ought to be,—so as to give free scope to both, this is what is most of all things to be desired; but if the two come into competition, it is clear which ought to receive the advantage. Yet almost invariably it is the position of the neutral class which is specially had in view, and to whose supposed wants changes are to be adapted. We do not say this is exclusively so, but we do say that the great mass of thought and disputation on this subject is imbued with this idea, and that many arguments professing to be adapted to the wants and position of all women are in reality only applicable to this portion of them; and often it is plainly said, “we do not care for wives and mothers—they are well provided for, they have husbands and children;” but husbands and fathers take an interest in this class of women, and they will naturally continue to look at the question almost too exclusively from this side. The real difficulty is, as to the influence to be brought to bear upon young women whose destiny in life is as yet undecided, of whom none can tell whether they are to encounter those perils of matrimony over which decadent virgins sigh so affectingly, or are to enjoy what has been indulgently or ironically called the state of single blessedness. Are women to be brought up to be wives or unmarried independent women, or can an education be devised which will adapt them equally well to be either? If there can, this is the thing to be aimed at; but is this the thing which the more enlightened reprovers of what are pleasantly called female wrongs do aim at? Doubtless the education of girls has hitherto fallen short of both these aims, and confined itself in great measure to teaching them, not things most advantageous to themselves either in the married or unmarried state, but things adapted to get them married. Still the whole mass of social opinion about women, the conventional influences which surround and mould them, are mainly adapted to their position as wives and mothers. We are by no means disposed to deny that both the direct training of girls and the environment of opinion in which they live, might advantageously be in some degree altered so as to leave them with fuller resources to meet the demands and face the privations of unmarried life. But an excess in this direction is most of all things to be deprecated; and there is undoubtedly a growing body of opinion which favours this excess. It is constantly asserted, or implied, that all women ought to be educated as if they were men and were going to live as men, nay more, that the life of man is necessary to their complete education; you must, it is said, shut no avenue of knowledge to

women, and debar them from no occupation through any false fear of soiling their purity or hardening their nature. Now if the woman is to be educated to fight the battle of life in the same ranks and under the same discipline as the man, she must no doubt learn early to fit herself for the roughnesses of the campaign; but if to the normal condition of a woman's life the freshest bloom of delicacy, the grace and depth of unvulgarised emotions, and a nature unhardened by the keen pursuit of selfish interests, are not only the highest crown, but the most necessary conditions of her highest function and influence, is it wise to endanger these at the outset? Two replies are made. It is said, woman is an earthly creature; and it is idle to strive after supermundane purity. Most true, only let us have a *quid pro quo*. If women are to be exposed to a larger extent than hitherto to the ruder and coarser influences of life, let us take what care we can that they lose no more than is necessary, and nothing without an adequate countervailing benefit. Again it is said, if woman be that pure and lofty being you describe her and would fain have her remain, raised by a holier and finer nature above the man, she may be fearlessly exposed to the same influences as he is, and will pass unsullied through them. But this is by no means so certain as it is assumed to be. Doubtless the innate delicacy and modesty of women is greater than that of men,—from this axiom we all start; but experience seems to prove that their finer bloom is more easily rubbed off. The stronger nature of man is better fitted for the ruder trials it has to undergo; contamination neither stains it so deeply nor leaves so permanent a mark. He is, as we have said, less dependent in his nature than woman, and daily we see men retrieving themselves from impressions and habits which must permanently have degraded a woman. Of course the man suffers loss; he can never be what he might have been had he been true to himself and placed under happier conditions; but undoubtedly he has more power of casting his slough than the woman has; and things which rub off his rough outside, sink into and decay the softer nature of a woman.

Let us not be misunderstood. We are not speaking of the contact of a higher nature with extraneous misery or debasement. When the divine affection of pity, or the yet higher resolve of duty, inspired by Christian charity and Christian patriotism, lead the way, Florence Nightingale and her band of nurses may walk with ministering hands through the loathsome hospitals of war, or Elizabeth Fry visit to redeem the vicious and polluted inmates of the prison; and a stain shall no more touch them than water cling to polished steel. It is of the evils of a competitive struggle we speak, with its temptations to selfish-

ness, to dishonesty, to untruthfulness, its not easy reconciliation with modesty and self-forgetfulness; it is of the dangers which must necessarily, and undoubtedly do, hang about many of the avenues of knowledge. Ought women rashly to expose themselves to these? And there is danger that they venture rashly; extremes have a charm for them. There are signs enough of this in what advanced women write on education. They don't like the commonplace difficulties of the beginning, the patient training of intellect, which is what they most want. They prefer something easy and *outré*. Miss Parkes does so. We have cited her before as the advocate of teaching all things; we may cite her again to show that she really means to exclude all discrimination. She does, indeed, give Euclid a condescending half-contemptuous nod of approbation in passing. It is not, however, mathematics that she urges as a discipline for the tender and discursive intellect of young girls, nor the exact study of one of the completer languages, nor the methodic pursuit of some branch of natural science (indeed, these things do seem poor beside all knowledge); but she thinks that the subject of the relation of the sexes, which we are told includes in it "the passionnal influences of women," should certainly engage the attention of young women, and that it ought to be pursued with entire thoroughness; that granting this, it is preposterous to debar girls from "Chaucer and Dryden, Ben Jonson and Fielding," and they must be well grounded in "George Sand." We cannot help saying this is not only nonsense, but nonsense of a very unpleasant sort. It is difficult to say why Dryden and Jonson are named, except from a sort of wanton love of pushing the theory beyond all the limits assigned by decency and common sense. There is nothing in either of these authors that bears on the relations of the sexes, except perhaps some of the most unmitigatedly indecent parts of their plays; and to read these parts for the sake of the knowledge to be derived from them, would be as if a well-dressed woman should insist on wading up a sewer to secure a pin. Knowledge may be bought too dear, and we daily and most justly sacrifice the acquisition of it to higher considerations. Still it may be true that no research should be denied to a woman who is genuinely drawn towards it, self-responsible alone, and of mature mind. It may be true that the pure thirst for knowledge may carry her safe through even such a path; but the idea of *teaching* young girls to study the sexual relations with these works for text-books is excusable only under the assumption that the lady is a theorist who has not realised the working of her vague ideas. Practically her recommendation is not a very dangerous one. Few people would send their daughters to attend the lectures of the Professor of the Passionnal Influences who proposes to

read George Sand with his pupils; instinct and experience have alike made plain the ruinous effect, to boys and girls alike, of stimulating feelings through the imagination before they have met a legitimate natural development and practical object.

Difficult as well as dangerous knowledge has a charm for Miss Parkes; any thing that is not simple and dull. "There is," she tells us, "one branch of education so important in itself, so admirable as a method of exact training, and so calculated to supply that lack of interest in large subjects for which women have been hitherto reproached, that it must receive specific mention,—it is the study of the Science of Social and Political Economy." We are desired to "take the three reasons for the pursuit of this study by women separately: Firstly, it is most important to that sex who are expected more and more to undertake the application of detailed relief for social ills. . . . Secondly, another important reason consists in its excellence as a means of training the mind to attain power as an instrument, for which we so often hear the less daily applicable science of mathematics commended. . . . Thirdly, this study is perhaps the most thorough help in developing the minds of young people. . . . Once imbued with the theoretical principles of social welfare, women would soon learn to feel an active interest in the special application of those principles daily treated of in the public papers," &c. Much more of the same sort. Miss Parkes, however, is not responsible at first hand for the idea of teaching social science to the young. To us it seems a caricature of beginning at the end. That science which is of all others the most complex, the most difficult, and the least ascertained, is recommended as a whetstone to the intellects of boys and girls. The real fact is, that you may get them to learn its more obvious principles by rote, but that not one in a hundred of mature minds is competent to appreciate even its difficulties and shortcomings. To recommend it as a training for young people, is as if the ascent of Mont Blanc should be recommended for teaching babies to walk. First, it is important to children who will be expected to walk up-hill; secondly, it is excellent as a means of training the legs as an instrument of progression; thirdly, it is perhaps the most thorough help in developing the bodies of little people. We are not saying that women ought not to study political economy and social science, that they are incapable of comprehending it as far as it is settled, and of furnishing new ideas for its greater fixity and extension; we do not say that minds, though young, should not, if already trained to steady thought, occupy themselves with its difficult problems: we only say that it is of all things the most preposterous to attempt to use it for either sex as an instrument for

early training of the intellect instead of such things as arithmetic and geometry. The preponderating place assigned to it, and the idea of its serving as a substitute for mathematics, indicate truly the feminine tendency to give the slip to those duller things in which girls really most want training, and to substitute for them something which shall be immediately interesting and admit of endless discussion.

It is not our object here to enter upon the question of non-domestic employment for women in its economical bearings. It is enough to say in passing, that the objection based on the tendency of their interference to lower the wages of male labour is untenable. The social and educational influences of such employment has, however, received an elaborate treatment in one of the books before us; and may properly give occasion for a few remarks in pursuance of what we have said above. The author is in earnest; but is too apt to think that this entitles him to be prosy and interminable. He sometimes over-states his facts, and often over-strains his arguments; but he has patiently and carefully gathered his subject-matter together, and treats it with vigour and not without occasional eloquence. Many of his observations commend themselves by their truth and appropriateness; but we cannot help thinking that his main views are pushed to an extreme which deprives them of truth and value. He complains, and justly, of the distinction which so early takes place between the studies of boys and girls, of social conventions which limit their free intercourse, of the ever-widening divergence of intellectual culture, especially in the middle classes, and of the too-frequent perishing of all mental sympathy and intercourse of thought through pure inanition or want of common grounds of interest. But he is not less eloquent in his description of the evil than he is confident in his proposal of a remedy. The women must join the men in their work. Men and women of the higher classes, says our author, lead a life of leisure, and sympathise on the common ground of their amusements; men and women of the lower classes meet on the ground of their common labour. The men of the middle classes stand apart from the women; they are wrapped up in industry; all their ideas and their whole life are bound up in it; and before the women can enter into their feelings and share their thoughts, they too must be absorbed in industrial occupation. For this purpose it is that woman is to be educated, that she is to study science, that she is to mingle in the struggle of life; that she may be able to talk shop to her husband; that she may share the narrow-mindedness from which in reality it is her sphere to elevate him. His idea is that this is an industrial age, and that until the women are industrial too

they will have no sufficient common interests with the men. He thinks if women thronged the markets and the exchanges, overlooked the mills, navigated the ships, they would have something to talk about to their brothers and husbands, and that men and women would cease to occupy different corners of the room at evening parties. He thinks public spirit would increase; and that there would be fewer bankruptcies if ladies made up their husbands' ledgers. If young people would discuss the price of stocks and the prospects of the iron-trade, there would be less idle flirtation, and proposals for marriage would be based upon more solid grounds of preference than "a fascinating manner or a taking look," which he assumes to be their sole foundation as things are now arranged.

Man, we are told, comes in jaded and harassed with the cares of the day, and wearied by incessant occupation in practical affairs. What does he want? Rest. Yes; but rather intellectual relaxation. Strange remedy, to provide him a wife and daughters who shall be able to discuss with him the chances of Great-Westerns recovering, or calculate the price at which it is safe to invest in leasehold houses: there being ladies too who, it is to be remembered, ought to come in equally jaded with himself.

Strange compliment to the woman is the tacit assumption which prevails throughout the book, and which we have before censured for its injustice, that the most flattering tribute to her capacity is to assume that she can do all that man can; and that the very highest elevation of her destiny is to be permitted to share in his functions, and to go down and partake the vicissitudes of his worldly career. Is this her place and her function? Is this sort of common labour the true ground of union? It is true, many men of the middle class are entirely devoted to "industrial occupation," by which the writer simply means the industrious pursuit of wealth; true that their whole activity, physical and mental, is apt to become absorbed in this occupation, and that they allow themselves no room for relaxation of mind, scarcely even for rest. The writer states it still more strongly, more strongly perhaps than is true: but it is true that there is a tendency to excessive engrossment in "business;" and this not only among those with whom it is a real and necessary struggle for existence, but among others with whom it is only the gratification of ambition or the adherence to habit. And it is, we are told, because the women do not join in all this that there is a want of sympathy between them and the men, isolation, and so on. But, we may be allowed to ask, is this a state of things in itself desirable; or is it a danger, to contend against which we should jealously preserve every influence we possess? Is it not

rather to be wished that men should aim at a scope of thought beyond the details of their daily avocations; that they should be familiar with higher interests, and think them worth some sacrifice of small ambitions; and that they should seek their relaxation from the unavoidable labour of earning a livelihood, not in talking over their pursuits, or in a state of mental stupefaction like that of an over-gorged boa-constrictor, but in a change of mental pursuits which may give increased width and power to the mind, and may at once refresh and animate? If it be unwise for a lawyer to associate only with lawyers, priests with priests, and women with women,—if college dons grow dull and narrow, and tradesmen ineffectually muddle their brains in their clubs,—then it surely must be unwise to carry into our homes the atmosphere of our shops.

Then the old idea is still true, that it is just in her position, aloof in some degree from the sweat and turmoil of life, from the harassing and exhausting struggles of daily bread-winning, that the woman finds her truest sphere. The deeper the man is drawn into the strife, the more important it is that the woman should stand outside it: then, when the day's work is over, she helps him to rise into a higher atmosphere; then it should be his endeavour to draw near to her. But to profit fully by the opportunities which intercourse with women affords for clearing our mental weather and elevating and refining our tone of thought, we must strive on our side to approach them, to gain something of their facility of apprehension, their power of holding the thought lightly in hand, of using the intellect readily and gracefully, and on subjects close at hand and not necessarily either immediately useful or immensely important; we must get rid of the notion that they are always wrong when they move too fast for us, and that they were created to be defeated in argument and to be reproached for not seeing they are defeated. We must cease to claim a superiority for having once known and since forgotten Greek and Latin, and learn how much food for discussion and intellectual intercourse is to be found in the literature of modern Europe. Women perhaps study accomplishments too much; men—Englishmen at least—certainly study them too little. It is all very well for Thompson to think he is solid, and above that sort of thing; the wife of his bosom knows and assiduously conceals the real fact that he is stupid and unequal to it. Brown is a reserved Briton; that is, he is totally incapable of conversation. Most Englishmen are disgracefully ignorant of music. It is not because they have no time that married women give up "playing;" it is because their husbands are quite unable to appreciate it, and take no real pleasure in it.

The fact is, that in the industrial classes of the middle rank

education is equally defective among the men as among the women; and it is the want of cultivation and width of mind on both sides which narrows their intercourse. It is urged, however, that the men have an education in their industrial lives, that their thoughts and ideas must be rooted in their practical occupations, and that it is only through these that they will or can ascend up to a wider range; and that the women should have the same experience, and walk step for step with them. The former part of the proposition may be true, and doubtless often is true, of self-raised circumstance-taught men; but it decidedly *ought* not to be true of men who have, or possibly can have, secured to them the advantage of external education. Such men ought to possess and tenaciously to keep their hold upon intellectual resources and interests apart from the groove of their daily occupations, and perhaps as widely as possible contrasted with these; and it is in the society of women (not necessarily, as it is too apt to be presumed, those of their own family) that they will most naturally seek and most effectually find support and assistance. Nor is it necessary even for the discussion of business itself, when occasion calls for it, that a sensible woman should ever have been familiar with its details; still less is this necessary to the exchange of thought on questions of social economy or politics, in which, though women will rarely broach wide views of their own, they will often suggest considerations which will very much widen the views of men. It is said that the habitual intervention of women in business would soften its asperities and raise its morality. We don't the least believe this. *A priori*, we should say that the disposition of women to give too high a place to the personal interests with which matters are interwoven, and to attach an exaggerated importance to the aspects of things immediately before them, would make them less scrupulous in pushing advantages, and less constantly open to the claims of justice and the interests of long-sighted prudence. And does not experience prove the same thing? Do not business-women as a rule exaggerate the defects of business-men? Are not fishwomen worse than fishermen,—female lodging-house keepers worse than male ones? Widows are bad; but if you would not be stripped alive, avoid a female orphan. Is not what is called a clever woman of business the most difficult and most disagreeable person to deal with in the whole world? Is not the whole position of antagonistic relations and contest for advantage with the other sex the most perilous to delicacy and simple-mindedness into which a woman can enter? The scolding of the house is bad, but that of the market is worse; the coquetry of the ball-room is more fashionable than desirable, but what shall we say of the coquetry of a bargain and sale?—

Fanny using her fine eyes to sell sea-island cotton to advantage, or Georgy offering you a very white hand to seal terms which, but for the sake of pressing it, you would never dream of accepting! A well-principled upholder of the rights of woman says of course, Fie! such things are impossible. We grieve to say they are not; and what is proposed is not only that elderly creatures with peaked noses and coal-scuttle bonnets should join in the struggle, but that the world of industry should be equally open to, and frequented by, all women as it is by all men, with one single exception, made by the less thorough-going advocates of the change,—the case of mothers with large families of small children and no nursemaids.

We are strongly of opinion, then, that there are many phases of the life of industry totally unfitted for women to enter on; and that, so far from its being to be desired that she should mingle in and understand by experience the difficulties with which many men have to contend, it is to be wished that her atmosphere should be as serene and her growth as unwarped as the conditions of humanity will allow. On the other hand, we yet more strongly deprecate any thing in the nature of a cloisteral seclusion or an enforced idleness. We believe practical life, employment in affairs of some kind or other, to be essential to the healthy condition and just development of every individual, male or female; and we do believe that the number of unmarried women in modern society requires a wider field of industry than the middle classes at least have hitherto had opened to them. To discuss what this field is to be, would be a long and not very profitable task. It is a question which will decide itself. The advantages seem to point in the direction of some of the many branches of manufacturing occupation, especially those which can be carried on at home, and with the least exposure and publicity. For we do assert, and most strongly, that there is a multitude of avocations which, in the present condition of the world, are totally unfitted for woman; and that it will require a nice discrimination and cautious judgment to select those in which she is most competent to succeed, and which are most in consonance with her nature as it is, not as it is presumed it may become, and with what, notwithstanding Amazonian sneers, we still with Mr. Tennyson believe to subsist,—her “distinctive womanhood.”

They are happiest, and will ever remain so, who can find a place for their activity in administering, or helping to administer, a household; and we do not hesitate to say, in spite of the most enlightened remonstrance, not only that this occupation is more healthy and natural to a woman, but that it is in reality a broader field, calls forth more faculties, and exercises and disci-

plines them more perfectly, than ninety-nine out of a hundred of the industrial avocations out of doors. It is only in the higher branches of superintendence and conduct of business that any thing like it can be obtained. Women are in a position to suffer much less than men by the excessive division of labour and the narrowing influence it tends to exert. The greater part of them have a sphere in their own homes which calls for more varied faculties and higher powers than the unvaried task of the factory or the workshop. Every woman must govern more or less in her own house, or ought to do so; and to govern is not an easy thing, nor are servants and children the easiest things to govern. But the nature of women specially adapts them to govern; not, indeed, by a wise and far-sighted application of general ideas, but by choice of able ministers or immediate contact with the persons governed. Many women, even those whose minds are entirely uncultivated, show a power and a breadth of capacity in administering their households, and controlling into harmony difficult tempers and unruly wills, which few men could rival.

Something we had proposed to have said on the "political rights of women;" but have left ourselves too little either of time or space. Yet we will not conceal our conviction, that if there be two functions for which women are less specially fitted than any others, they are those of the judge and the legislator. If women are indeed only men a little weaker in the body, as "*Justitia*" maintains in a dogmatic little pamphlet on this subject adorned with a singular apparatus of false logic, then we can understand their entering into direct competition with us, and that the right to vote and legislate is one they may justly claim. If, however, they be really different, and adapted to a sphere of life and action mingling indeed with ours but essentially differing from it, then the question is a more difficult one. It depends upon whether the exercise of such functions would aid the woman's more complete development, and be consistent with the best interests of the whole society. The argument on these questions cannot be compressed into very short space. All we can say is, that women seem to us to have more to lose than to gain by entering in their own right into the political arena; and that, constituted as they now are, and before they have passed through the great transformation they promise us, a large admission of the female element into legislation would probably carry further than any society has yet experienced the special evils of democratic government,—its hasty impulsiveness, its rash action, its discords, its unscrupulousness, and its instability. And yet who shall be bold enough to say that the English constitution shall not, with its slow all-assimilating power, find some safe practical method of including by degrees a portion of direct feminine action? As

far as representation goes, it is certain that women possess, from their personal relations permeating all classes, an absolute security that their ideas and wishes shall be taken into account. If in some respects they continue in a position of social disadvantage, it is because they have themselves chosen to acquiesce in it and fostered the conventional tone of thought and feeling in which it is based. The sincere desires of any large number of the real women in the country necessarily secure immediate attention, and certainly exercise at least their full share of influence over the action of the men. For women to say they are unrepresented, is as if the sugar in the tea should complain that it was not tasted.

Our observations have been directed not to any attempt to discuss the particular claims made for extension of the sphere of women's action; but to draw attention to the false ideas on which such claims are based by what may be called the more neuter members of the sex and their adherents. Two of these ideas may be selected as most commonly put forward, most evil in their results, and most intrinsically untrue. These are, the idea that women are to be considered as forming a distinct class in society, which ought to possess a distinctive class action and a peculiar class position; and the idea that if they are not men, it is only by some great injustice which demands instant remedy, and that the object of their highest ambition should be a successful rivalry in the masculine career.

ART. V.—RUSSIAN LITERATURE AND ALEXANDER PUSHKIN.

Sotchinenia A. Pushkina, izdanie Anenkov. (*The Works of A. Pushkin, edited by Anenkov.*) 7 vols. St. Petersburg, 1854-1857.

Gedichte von Alexander Pushkin, übersetzt von Friedrich Bodenstedt. (*The Poems of Alexander Pushkin, translated into German by F. Bodenstedt.*) Berlin, 1854.

Du Développement des Idées révolutionnaires en Russie. Par Alexander Herzen. Deuxième édition. Londres, 1853.

THE time has now certainly arrived for the English public to become better acquainted with Russian literature and its most prominent representatives. During the reign of Nicholas, the Russian empire was so entirely shut out from the Western world, that its presence was scarcely recognized in Europe save

by the constant pressure of its foreign policy. It was little known how far the development of an inner intellectual life amongst the Russians had proceeded. But a few years have elapsed since two or three books on Russia, and a few translations of original Russian works, told us for the first time that such a literature existed. Since that period, or in other words since the death of Nicholas, Russia has made rapid progress; and her institutions, habits, and peculiarities begin to be almost as familiar to us as those of any other European state. Her literature alone is still almost unknown to us. Very excellent translations of some of its masterpieces have been rendered into German, others into French, and some few into English. The world, however, and particularly the English public, require a more detailed knowledge of the authors themselves, of their chief intellectual characteristics, of the position they occupy in the estimation of their country, of the nature of their works, and of the links which connect them with the history of their people.

The development of modern Russian literature dates from the second half of the last century; and in the period that has elapsed between that time and the first half of the present century, we may distinguish three different stages. The first stage is marked by the separation of the Russian book-language from the clerical Slavonian idiom. The chief promoter of this important work was Lomonosoff, a man of almost universal genius. It is due mainly to his efforts that the exclusively learned character of the language, and the multitude of foreign expressions introduced by the foreign culture of the eighteenth century, were assimilated with a more national element, and harmonised into a language in which, for the first time, the Russians learned to enjoy their native idiom. Even this, however, was not exactly the living language, not properly and typically Russian; and the Russian literature of the eighteenth century was still the monopoly of a few cultivated men, and had not yet acquired a marked influence upon society. It was reserved for Karamsin to reconcile the two till then hostile elements found in the books and in the popular tongue. His writings mark the second period in the development of Russian literature, particularly his grand work, in twelve volumes, on Russian history, which, beside this influence on the form of the Russian language, had also the intrinsic merit of drawing the attention of the people to the history of their country. Yet even in this second stage literature was still exclusively dependent on the throne; Russian poetry sang the glory of the Russian monarchs, and the cultivated social circles, more or less closely connected with the court, alone enjoyed it. The year 1812 changed not only the surface of society,

but introduced new elements of action, feeling, and expression into the very depths of the national life. The national enthusiasm which in that year inspired despotism and serfdom with equal ardour against the common foe, which found its most appropriate expression in the flames of Moscow, and was strong enough to pursue the invader to his own hearth even after it had secured its immediate aim,—altered the condition of every class except that of the poor peasant, who returned to his slavery under the knout. Every other section of society had undergone a great change; new aspirations, new ideas were fermenting in the minds of the Russian youth. Secret societies with liberal tendencies, and, in the end, the conspiracy of 1825, were the result. Literature could not remain uninfluenced by the fresh current of ideas thus introduced; and we see it, in fact, henceforth develop itself upon a new and a larger basis.

So far as we know, the literature of no other country has ever evinced so strong a desire for a strictly national expression, so great an anxiety to catch and preserve local tones and local forms,—in short, to become a literature of characteristic national tendencies,—as the Russian. This does not at first sight seem in accordance with the fact that Russian society chiefly received its culture from that of Western Europe. But it is easily explained when we remember that literature was the only asylum in which the awakening passion for national independence and personal freedom could find refuge: every other outlet for such feelings was closed, and even this was limited in the narrowest way by a severe censorship. A censorship, however, it was possible to evade by a thousand disguises, which enabled poets, in whose minds the grievances and wants of the people were reflected, to find for them a more or less adequate expression. Hence the predominant feature of bitter satire and irony which in literature always characterises epochs of political oppression, and which is significant of the revenge that genius takes on the brute force under which it groans. Hence too the tone of melancholy which pervades almost all the productions of Russian literature. At the beginning of the third epoch, to which we have alluded, we meet with the man who is even now, we may say, the poet of the Russian people, the most universal and at the same time the most national of its writers—*Pushkin*. It is of him that his countryman, A. Herzen, says: "As soon as he appeared, he became necessary; as though Russian literature could never again dispense with him. The other Russian poets are read and admired; Pushkin is in the hands of every civilised Russian, who reads him again and again all his life long. His poetry does not come from him as an essay, a study, or an exercise; it is his vocation, and it is with him an art that has reached maturity. The civilised

part of the Russian nation found in him, for the first time, the gift of poetical expression."

Alexander Sergejewitch Pushkin was born on the 26th of May 1799. He was the descendant of an ancient family, whose name figures in the history of his country; and he himself introduces it among the *dramatis personæ* of a historical play. On his mother's side he was the descendant of a Moor, by name Hannibal, whom Peter the Great had bought when a young boy and trained for the army, in which he finally became a general. A daughter of this Hannibal married the great-grandfather of the poet. In Pushkin's face—if, at least, we may judge from the evidence of a bust—there is a distinct trace of this Moorish descent, which gives to the noble head a very peculiar character.

During his early education in his father's house, we are told that he showed capabilities of the first order. In 1811 he entered the Lyceum at Tsarskoe-selo. Here his application to the regular sciences was not very great, but he was distinguished by his general ability and his excellent memory. Dupont says, in his account of the life of Pushkin :

"All his comrades, even those who cared little for literature, loved him for the vivacity, openness, and frankness of his character, and for the acknowledged superiority of his intellect. A chivalric honour from early youth predominated in all his actions, and continued to do so up to the day of his death, in spite of all the changes and trials to which he was exposed in life. Nature had given him, besides poetical talent, an acute intellect and a rare memory. A lecture, a conversation, a remarkable observation, once heard, was for ever engraved upon his memory. Notwithstanding his carelessness and inattention, he derived more profit from the instruction of his masters than his more diligent comrades.

But his brilliant capacities, his elevated ideas of the duties of a citizen and the destination of men, could not preserve him from errors, which hindered his success as a poet. He gave himself up too easily to useless (not to say unworthy) distractions. He had not that habit of perseverance in labour, that concentrative power, nor the resolution to devote himself absolutely to a high and distant aim, by which the favourites of the Muses generally distinguish themselves from the multitude. He was too much governed by the moment, and lost his time too often in aimless pleasures."

How far the faults thus attributed to him are ascribable partly to a disposition observable in the national character, partly to his education,—which seems, after all, to have been rather superficial,—or how far they originated in his own nature, we will not venture to decide. Among his early poems, written while yet at the Lyceum, is one in French, in which the poet gives the following humorous description of himself :

" Vous me demandez mon portrait,
 Mais peint d'après nature ;
 Mon cher, il sera bientôt fait,
 Quoique en miniature.
 Je suis un jeune polisson
 Encore dans les classes ;
 Point sot, je le dis sans façon
 Et sans fâdes grimaces.
 Or il ne fut de babillard,
 Ni docteur en Sorbonne,
 Plus ennuyeux et plus brailard
 Que moi-même en personne.
 Ma taille à celle des plus longs
 Ne peut être égalée ;
 J'ai le teint frais, les cheveux blonds
 Et la tête bouclée.
 J'aime le monde et son fracas,
 Je hais la solitude ;
 J'abhorre et noises et débats
 Et tant soit peu l'étude.
 Spectacles, bals me plaisent fort
 Et d'après ma pensée,
 Je dirais ce que j'aime encore—
 Si je n'étais au lycée.
 Après, mon cher, il te suffit,
 L'on peut me reconnaître.
 Oui ! tel que le bon Dieu me fit
 Je veux toujours paraître.
 Pour la malice un diabolin,
 Vrai singe par la mine,
 Perdant son grec et son latin—
 Ma foi—voilà—Poushkine."

Certain it is that his poetical talent had already developed itself at this time with so much power, that Dershawin, a celebrated poet in the reign of Catharine II., who was among his teachers, at an examination, when Pushkin recited one of his own compositions, laid his hands with enthusiasm on the young poet's head and gave him his blessing. Pushkin has immortalised this scene in his grand poem, *Onegin*, by some verses, of which we attempt only a literal translation in prose: "In the happy days of youth, whilst I still sat in the Lyceum, and was far from fond of Cicero, but read with pleasure Apuleius, the Muse appeared from time to time in the court that was enlivened by fountains, or else transformed my room into her temple, and called forth into light all that stirred my heart, sang of the glory of old times, and transmuted into melodies all that lived, burned, and aspired in me. I met with the kindest sympathy, was encouraged by early praise and fame, and Dershawin, the aged singer, already near the grave, gave me his blessing." Among his other teachers at

the Lyceum, Kunitzin and Shukowski, both eminent men in their time, exerted a great influence over him. The poet always spoke with admiration of the former; and the second was destined to be a witness of his death, and to survive his beloved pupil. After all, the time which he passed at the Lyceum seems to have been a very happy one for Pushkin, to which his mind often reverted with unalloyed pleasure.

When hardly eighteen years old (1817), Pushkin left the Lyceum, and entered the civil service. He obtained a situation in the department for foreign affairs, and found himself at once in what most men regarded as a most enviable position, amidst the gay and brilliant circles of the northern capital. An aristocrat by birth, already distinguished for his poetical endowments, and patronised by Dershawin and Shukowski, the most celebrated poets of the time, he found himself received on all sides with marks of distinction, and exciting the most flattering expectations. With respect to the reproach, before alluded to, that he yielded too much to the temptations and distractions of the society by which he was surrounded, he says, in his great poem, *Onegin*: "Passion became my only law in the tumult of the world; with others I shared my emotions, and led my Muse, light as she was, into noisy festivals and into the circle of guests too bold. She became, when she raged and laughed, the fear of the night-guard; she grew mad and noisy, like a bacchanal; she sang and rejoiced at the full glass, enraptured and enrapturing, so that all the youth were full of enthusiasm, and I, full of pride, delighted at the incense which was offered to her." It may be said, in his excuse, that he was then very young, and that he was full, not merely of the ardour of youth, but of a fiery poetic temperament. His poems written at that time sufficiently show, however, that deeper influences were even then at work in his inner mind, and that he knew the distinction between work and pleasure.

When one-and-twenty years old, Pushkin finished a larger poem, entitled *Ruslan and Ljudmila*, to which we shall hereafter refer. This poem, a real work of art, created a general sensation. The critics attacked it, because it was new to them and out of their line; the public devoured it with eager interest. It may be considered as the first great poetical work published in the Russian language. Shukowski, then the highest authority in æsthetic matters in Russia, sent the young poet, who was just about to leave St. Petersburg, his portrait, as a token of remembrance "from the conquered master to the conquering pupil." We have before mentioned that the minds of the cultivated youth of Russia were at that time in a state of ferment, and full of revolutionary tendencies. Pushkin of course felt the influence; and he owes his great popularity

and sudden fame for the most part to the songs expressing his ardent love of liberty which he wrote at that time, and the greater number of which, even now, have never found their way into print. One of these, an *Ode to Liberty*, was seen by the emperor; in consequence of which Pushkin was exiled to Bessarabia, where he lived from 1820 till 1825. Herzen says of this epoch: "Separated from his friends, far from political agitation, in the centre of a magnificent but wild nature, Pushkin, preëminently a poet, gave himself up to his lyric genius. His lyric productions give us the phases of his life, his mental autobiography. Here are to be found the traces of every thing which moved his soul of fire; truth and error, the passing attractions of the moment, as well as the objects of profound and eternal affections."

Perhaps this sojourn was the turning-point of Pushkin's poetical career. Here, in the quiet and intimate communion with nature and the common people, his poetry necessarily lost the character of bacchanalian wildness and license which it had contracted in the *salons* of the fashionable world. Perhaps it was here, so near the classic soil, and amidst natural beauties which closely resembled those of Greece, that the element ripened in him which, in the later stages of his career, caused him to resemble Goethe even more than he resembled Byron.

Many poetical works, serious studies taken from history or from the people amongst whom he lived, filled up the time of his exile till 1826; when the Emperor Nicholas, on occasion of his coronation at Moscow, not only pardoned him, but received him most graciously. He then returned to St. Petersburg, where he no longer found the society he had left. His friends were partly in exile, their very names might not be uttered; the liberal party was kept down by a *régime* of terrorism. The emperor made him the most flattering advances; he was nominated historiographer of Peter I., with an annual salary of 6000 roubles, and subsequently the title of an imperial chamberlain was bestowed upon him. The alternative seems to have been that of sharing in some measure the fate of his former friends, had he rejected the imperial favour. He chose the latter. The suppressed revolutionary party, who had looked upon him as their poetical mouthpiece, and had, as such, prepared his first triumphs, now considered him as a traitor to the cause of liberty. Others thought that his poetical talent had at least suffered from contact with the court; because in the earlier part of this new epoch of his life he was more occupied with historical studies, and found little time for poetical productions. Herzen explains this fact in another way, by saying that Pushkin was exclusively patriotic, that he

was neither a courtier nor an adherent of the government, but that the vast physical power of the State gratified in him that patriotic instinct which feels a sort of barbarous delight in seeing objections answered by bullets and cannon-balls. Whether this be true or not, it is a fact, that there are minds so preëminently poetical, whose specific work is so imperatively urged on them by their constitutional temperament, that they can undertake no other. It is probable that if Pushkin had remained at St. Petersburg during the events of the 14th of December 1825, he would, like many others, have been involved in sedition; and would perhaps have ended his days in Siberia, instead of inaugurating a new epoch of literature for his people. In his Caucasian exile, the poet had been exclusively developed in him; lonely hours had chastened his youthful ardour: he came back, and found a great historical event already in the past—the party to which he formerly belonged hopelessly crushed; on the other hand, a career opening upon him in which he might become the leader of his nation in the new world of thought and creative literature. He saw an immortal work before him; he felt himself capable of accomplishing it, and he chose his part. In this aspect of his life he resembles Goethe. How bitterly has Goethe been reproached, and how bitterly is he still reproached, for having preferred the task of the poet to that of the patriot! He too was conscious that he could guide his nation, but only in other fields than that of politics. He knew that he could create a new literature, that he could restore ancient types of beauty, that he could solve high critical problems. He chose the retirement of a poet's life in preference to the stormy world of political passion; and he bequeathed to his nation immortal monuments. He was preëminently the poet. So was Pushkin. And who will blame them for adhering to the only sphere of activity in which they were sure that they could excel?

In 1827, several poetical pieces were published from the pen of Pushkin, and the first-fruit of his historical labours, a history of the insurrection of Pugatsheff, also appeared. His mode of life at that time was nearly as follows: He rose very early, worked incessantly till two or three in the afternoon, then took exercise, either walking, riding, fencing, or gymnastics, of which he was very fond; dined, and afterwards spent the evening with friends, or went into society. Sometimes he broke the monotony of this life by a stay in the country, or at his favourite town of Moscow. He was particularly fond of autumn, which suited him best for poetical production, as in general he preferred gloomy and bad weather to a clear sky and full sunshine. He passed the season of autumn usually at his country-seat Michailowsk, in the

province of Pskoff, and in the greatest solitude, with no other company than that of his old nurse, whom he regarded as a mother, and to whom he read his new works. Among his descriptions of nature, the representations of autumn are the most beautiful; as, for example, in *Onegin*: "How sadly the dawn of morning rises from out the cold mists! the wolf and his mate, lurking for prey, emerge from the thick bushes; the steed, feeling the enemy near, prances about, snorting and trembling for fear. The horseman prudently turns round his horse, and rides to the mountains. No longer is heard the horn of the shepherd leading the cows from the village; every body stays at home. The spinning-wheel rattles, the girls sing at their work with cheerful faces, the pine-torch flickers instead of the candle."

Pushkin had an excellent library at his country-seat, which he continually enriched with new treasures. In 1829, he published an historical poem, *Poltawa*, and a new edition of his smaller poems in two volumes. His dramatic composition, *Boris Godunoff*, was at the same time prepared for the press. He was very much annoyed by the mutilations which his works suffered from the censorship, and for a while almost entirely ceased from publishing; until, as it is said, the Emperor Nicholas, having heard the reason of the poet's silence, took it upon himself to exercise the censorship on his works, and was found less severe than his officers. In the same year, 1829, Pushkin followed the triumphant march of the Field-marshal Paskiewitsh to Erzeroum. He saw again those beautiful countries of the Caucasus, Georgia, and a part of Armenia, which he had known before, and wrote a masterly description in prose of this expedition.

The summer of 1830 he passed at his country-seat Boldino, in the province of Nishni-Novgorod, whither he retreated to arrange his private affairs, as he had made up his mind to marry. These occupations, however, did not affect his literary activity. He was, on the contrary, busier than ever. He finished the two last cantos of his greatest poem, *Onegin*; wrote a poetical tale, *The Little House at Kolomna*, a series of dramatic scenes, *The Avaricious Knight*, *Mozart and Salieri*, *A Festival at the Time of the Plague*, besides about thirty smaller poems and five tales in prose for the journal of a friend. In February 1831, his wedding took place at Moscow. In a letter he wrote shortly afterwards, he says, "I am married. My only wish is, that nothing in my life may now change. I am so little accustomed to this new position, that I feel as if in a new life. The remembrance of Delwig" [a friend recently dead] "is the only shadow in this existence of otherwise heavenly light." From Moscow he was intending to go back and pass

the summer at Tsarskoe-selo; and, anticipating the pleasures of this sojourn, he writes to the same friend: "I shall then pass the summer and autumn in my enchanting solitude, not far from the capital, with the recollections of former and the enjoyment of present happiness, and surrounded by all the blessings of married life. I shall see you and Shukowski every week. St. Petersburg is so very near; living is cheap; I need not have a carriage. What is left me to wish for?" This summer, indeed, was one of the happiest in Pushkin's life; Shukowski also passed it in Tsarskoe-selo, and the two poets lived in the greatest harmony and mutual enjoyment of each other's works.

Several poems, and the beginning of Pushkin's *History of Peter the Great*, date from this time. Unfortunately, the latter was never finished. He worked at it till the time of his death; but the many minute details which such a work required tired him thoroughly out. His lively mind could not fix itself for any length of time on the same pursuit; he liked the study of history only so far as it fertilised and enriched his poetical genius. In the course of the year 1833, he again made a journey into the interior of Russia, to see the scene of the insurrection of Pugatsheff. As a literary result of this journey, he wrote the charming novel, *The Daughter of the Captain*. On his return, he took an active part in the publication of a periodical called *The Reading Library*, and in 1835 published a volume of new poems. Some of his most finished works—*The Brazen Horseman*, *The Stone Guest*, *The Sylph of the Stream*, *Galub*—appeared in 1836. Towards the end of this year he lost his mother; and when he followed her to her last resting-place in the convent of Swätigorski, he ordered, as if with some presentiment of the near approach of his own death, a burial-place to be reserved for him by her side.

On the 27th of January 1837, the unfortunate duel took place in which the hand of a foreigner (Von Dante, or more properly Van Heeckeren) put an end to the life of the greatest Russian poet in the prime of his manhood and the meridian of his genius. Pushkin's wife was the unhappy occasion of this duel; but the details of this sad affair are too little known for us to venture to pass any opinion on the subject, and we prefer, therefore, merely to present our readers with the account given by Shukowski of his lamented friend's last moments in a letter to the father of the poet:

"I have had no courage until now to write to you, my poor Sergei Swowitsh. What could I say, stunned as I was myself by the misfortune that has come down, like an avalanche, to crush us all? Our Pushkin is no more! It is but too true, impossible as it seems. The idea that he no longer exists can scarcely force itself into the current of our daily common thoughts; we cannot yet free ourselves from the

habit of looking for him continually. It is still so natural to expect him at the usual hour; his voice seems constantly to mingle with our conversation; his childlike cheerful laugh seems still to be heard where we were daily used to hear it. Nothing is changed, there is no other mark of the sad loss; every thing takes its wonted course, is in its place; he alone is gone, gone for ever. It seems incredible. In an instant this strong life was extinguished; this fullness of genius and of brilliant hope had vanished. I say nothing of you, his afflicted father; I say nothing of us, his mourning friends; but Russia has lost her poet, her favourite poet. She has lost him at the very moment when he had attained his full maturity; the turning-point at which the mind takes leave of the turbid unruly forces of youth, and, guided by genius, gives itself up to the clearer creative power of manhood, which is as fresh as the former and more prolific, though not perhaps so exalted. Where is the Russian whose heart has not been bereaved of something dear to it by his death? The present glorious reign has lost its poet. He belonged to it, as did Dershawin to the glorious reign of Catharine, and Karamsin to that of Alexander. . . .

At six o'clock in the afternoon Pushkin was brought home by Lieutenant-Colonel Dansas,* in the most terrible state. The valet-de-chambre carried him from the carriage up the staircase. 'Am I too heavy for you to carry?' asked Pushkin. He was brought into his cabinet; he asked for clean linen, changed his dress, and lay down on the sofa. Just as they carried him to bed, his wife, who knew nothing of what had happened, wanted to come in; but he exclaimed with a loud voice, 'Do not come in, I have some one with me.' He was afraid of frightening her. She did not come till he was in bed. The doctors were sent for. Arendt was not to be found. Scholz and Sadler came. Pushkin asked to be left alone with them. 'Is my case dangerous?' said he, tendering his hand to Scholz. They examined the wound, and Sadler hastened to fetch the necessary instruments. When alone with Scholz, Pushkin asked, 'What do you think of my state? Speak openly.' 'I cannot deny that there is danger.' 'Say rather that I must die.' 'I cannot conceal it; but we must first hear the opinion of Arendt and Salomon, for whom we have sent.' 'I thank you: you have acted like an honest man with me,' said Pushkin. He put his hand to his forehead, was silent for some moments, and added, 'I must arrange my affairs.' 'Would you not like to see some of your friends?' asked Scholz. 'Farewell, my friends!' said Pushkin, while his looks fell upon his library. Of what friends he took leave at that moment, if of the living or the dead, I know not. Shortly afterwards he asked, 'Do you think, then, I have not more than an hour to live?' 'Not at all; but I thought you would like to see some of your friends. Mr. Pletneff† is here.' 'Very well; but I should like to see Shukowski also. Give me a glass of water, I feel ill.'

Scholz felt his pulse; he found his hand cold, his pulse weak and

* His second in the fatal duel, and who had been his friend ever since his school-days.

† Professor at the University of St. Petersburg.

quick. He went to fetch him something to drink. I was sent for. . . . When Arendt came, he saw directly that there was no hope. They put ice on the sufferer's stomach, and gave him cooling drinks. These produced tranquillity. As Arendt was leaving him, Pushkin said, 'Ask the emperor to forgive me.' . . . His wife's state of mind is scarcely to be described. She glided like a shadow from time to time to the room where her dying husband lay. He could not see her, but each time he felt her presence. 'Is my wife here?' said he; 'let her go away.' He was afraid of allowing her to approach him, because he did not wish her to be a witness of his sufferings. 'How is my wife?' he once asked Spasky, the doctor who stayed with him during the night; 'the poor creature suffers innocently, alas, and the world will condemn her!' He bore his sufferings with astonishing fortitude, except two or three hours during the first night, when they passed all human endurance. 'I have been present at thirty battles,' said Dr. Arendt; 'I have seen a great many people die; but no one like him.' In the moments of his greatest physical suffering he did not scream, but only groaned, being afraid that his wife might hear him. When, towards the morning, his sufferings had a little subsided, he asked to see her.

I cannot describe this farewell scene. He next asked for his children. They were asleep, and were brought but yet half awake. He fixed his looks silently on each of them, laid his hand on their heads, blessed them with the sign of the cross, and ordered them to be taken away. 'Who is here?' he asked the doctors. They named me and Prince Wjäsenski. 'Call them,' said he with a faint voice. I approached him, took the hand, already growing cold, which he held out to me, and kissed it. I could not say a word. On his waving his hand, I stepped back. But he called me to him again. 'Tell the emperor,' said he, 'that I am sorry that I must die; I have been entirely his. Tell him that I wish him a long, long reign, and joy in his son and in Russia.'

He said these words in a low voice, with pauses, but quite intelligibly. He then took leave of Wjäsenski. At this moment Count Wielhorski arrived, approached him, and received a last clasp of the hand. It was obvious that the dying man was in haste to settle his account with the world, and that he already felt the presence of death. He twice felt his pulse himself, and said to Spasky, 'Death is coming.' When Turgenieff approached him, he looked at him twice with an expressive glance, as if wishing to say something; but only waved his hand and whispered, 'Karamsin!' She was immediately sent for, and soon arrived. He looked at her for a minute. When she stepped back from his bed, he called her and said, 'Bless me!' then he kissed her hand."

His sufferings still continued through the following night, but were somewhat ameliorated. He was as much master of himself as before, and helped to carry out the directions of the doctors; although he wished for death as a relief to sufferings

so dreadful, and repeatedly said, "Please, quicker: is my last hour come? O, please quicker!" He heard with satisfaction how general was the sympathy people felt in his fate. It was like a national misfortune. Persons, known and unknown, thronged to the house to inquire how he was, and to express their deep concern. Every face showed grief, many wept. At last, about three o'clock in the afternoon (on the 29th of January 1837), he expired. Only for a few moments during the last struggle was the clearness of his mind obscured; but shortly before death his face became quite serene, he opened his eyes, and said: "It is over with life; breathing becomes difficult, it suffocates me." These were his last words. Shukowski adds:

"When all had left the room, I sat down and looked at his face. Never had I seen any thing like the expression left upon it in these first minutes after death. His head was a little inclined; his hands, a few moments ago moving as in cramp, lay now stretched out as if reposing after heavy labour. But the expression of his face I cannot describe. It was so new to me, and yet so well known; it was that neither of dream nor of sleep; it was not the intellectual expression which was formerly habitual to it, nor was it a merely poetical thought; but it seemed to be some deep and thrilling insight, which gave the characteristic expression now visible—the discovery of a divine secret, a state of profound spiritual content. Whilst I thus looked at him, I felt as if I ought to ask him, 'What is it that you see?' And what would have been his answer, could he have come back? These are the moments of life which deserve to be called great. I may say that in this one I saw the face of death itself,—the sublime, mysterious, unveiled face of death. What a stamp it had left on him! how the secrets of death and of his own inmost nature were written on these features! I assure you that I never before saw on his face any expression of such deep, solemn, sublime thought. Surely this thought must have pre-existed in his mind, and belonged to his noble nature; but it came out in this perfect purity only when, at the touch of death, all earthly things had vanished from him."

The two following days, while his coffin was yet unclosed, more than ten thousand persons came to take a last glance at him. On the 1st of February he was solemnly buried in the vault of a church at St. Petersburg, from which, a few days afterwards, the coffin was taken to the convent where his mother was buried, and where he had wished to repose likewise.

Having thus completed our hasty sketch of the exterior life of the Russian poet, we have now to look somewhat more minutely at the workings of his mind, and to give the reader a general idea of his most important works. His life as a poet presents three periods; distinguished from each other by the

character of his poetical activity and the class of subjects on which he wrote. The first period begins with his poetical essays at the Lyceum, and ends with *Ruslan and Ljudmila*; its general character being that youthful wildness and excitement, of which, as we have seen, he was himself fully aware. The second period is characterised by a tone of disappointment, scepticism, and at the same time a leaning towards social revolutions; it begins with the *Prisoner in the Caucasus*, and terminates with *Eugene Onegin*. The third period finally shows us the accomplished artist, who has retired from the struggles of political life; and to it belong all the productions of his later years, among others the epic poem *Poltawa*. His education in the Lyceum was but superficial; it does not seem to have been worthy of his abilities, and it was only by the richness of his genius that he could in any way compensate for the deficiencies of his early training. His first models in poetry were Dershawin and Shukowski, whom he regarded as his teachers. He expressed his admiration for them in many verses, particularly in the *Recollections of Tsarskoe-selo*; but nevertheless he soon outstripped them. He afterwards felt the influence of Batushkoff and Kriloff, two other Russian authors of that age. From the first he adopted the plastic form of thought and verse which we inherit from the old classic poets; and adopted it with so much success, that, without being acquainted with the Greek language, he wrote several poems, *The Muse* and others, which are really Hellenic. From the second he borrowed the national element; and developed it so fully, that even at this early period he proved himself a thoroughly national poet in *The Drowned* and several other poems. Later he became the most national of the national school.

Russian influences, however, were not the only ones that wrought upon him. He himself, in his *Priests of Parnassus*, enumerates his favourite writers, chiefly from the French school of the eighteenth century, above all Voltaire and Parni. It can be easily understood how these authors must have worked upon the fiery imagination of the youth who, without having received any very careful moral education, found himself at his first entrance into the world in the midst of an idle and dissipated society. He acknowledged his debt to these poets in a number of poems, in which again he frequently surpassed his models, as, for instance, in his *Proserpine*, suggested by Parni's *Les Déguisements de Vénus*, but greatly surpassing it in beauty. All his poems written about that time have a tone of forced mirth and voluptuousness; and although he freed himself more and more from the influence which these writers exerted over him, its traces were long visible, and are even

discernible in some of his later productions. The intellectual infection of the French school of the eighteenth century had at one time spread almost over the whole of Europe, and was especially prevalent in Russian society, Catharine II. herself being the personal friend of Voltaire and Diderot. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that even so original and independent a genius as that of Pushkin should have passed through a phase determined principally by the same school. He bade it farewell, however, in his first larger poem, *Ruslan and Ljudmila*, a tale in verse in the manner of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*. The subject is taken from the old traditional legends of Russia before Peter the Great. This poem produced a very strong effect, and dates an important crisis in Russian literature. By its bold neglect of the traditional rules it gave birth to a sharp contest between the young and old generation; and while it drew down on him the severest criticism of the elder school, it secured for him the most enthusiastic admiration of the young, and the flattering attention of all.

The French Revolution opens a wide and abrupt chasm between the writings of the eighteenth century and those which bear the traces of its influence. It was altogether a new human nature that showed itself after this second deluge had subsided, —a deluge not of water but of blood. The world seemed for a time plunged into the chaos of a new creation. The ruins of the old universe encumbered the progress of new ideas. The renewed life had not yet found a shape. Mankind hesitated between the irresistible longing for liberty and equality to which the revolution had given expression, and the recoil of terror which the dark deeds of the same revolution had produced. Hence the twofold character of the prominent writers of the new epoch, who hesitated between the traditions and the still mighty influences of a departing society which they despised and rejected, and the new tendencies which were as yet nowhere realised. Hence too the passionate gloom and the sad ironical undertone of their writings. We need not say that the chief representative of this epoch was Lord Byron, whose powerful genius paints for us this chaos of breaking and forming worlds, without giving any but the most distant glimpse of that new social order which was the desire of all nations. His influence was felt in almost every civilised country, in every literature, and by every prominent poet. Goethe, then already far advanced in the second stage of his career, was deeply impressed by Lord Byron's power, and paid an immortal tribute to his memory in the second part of *Faust*; where the character of Euphorion, if not exclusively intended to represent Lord Byron, was, as Goethe himself tells us, suggested by the bril-

liant genius of the young English poet. How, then, can we wonder that Pushkin, at that time still in the impressible stage of immature genius, should have been so much influenced by Lord Byron that the second phase of his literary life may be said to have been entirely determined by him? His *Prisoner in the Caucasus* begins the series of poems written at that time. Several larger poems belong to it, as *The Fountain of Bachtshis-sarai*, *The Robber-Brothers*, *The Bohemians*, and others; all of which betray strong traces of an intimate acquaintance with Byron. They have a similar form; their heroes and heroines resemble those of Lord Byron's poems; the gloomy colouring, the mysterious connection between guilt and fate, are the same. Nevertheless we do not at all believe that Pushkin was a mere imitator of Byron. Even in the above-mentioned poems, which bear the strongest resemblance to their models, we find this marked difference, that Byron took his subjects from a foreign world, where the power of imagination had to supply the place of actual observation, while Pushkin took them from places and a society with which he was thoroughly familiar, and consequently was enabled to give them a distinctly local tone and colour. This is particularly striking in the *Bohemians*, where the "Tabor" and the restless life of the poetical vagrants are delineated with masterly effect. The realistic element which is prominent in Pushkin's heroes offers a strong contrast to the idealistic vagueness with which the Manfreds, Conrads, Giaours, &c. of Byron are designed. This realistic element develops itself still more strikingly in Pushkin's later productions (as it seems, indeed, to be a chief feature of the Russian national character); and we think that in this the difference between Pushkin and Byron consists, far more than in the causes referred to by a Russian critic whom we now have before us. This critic affirms that Pushkin did not in the least understand the struggle, the grief, which desolated the heart of Byron, because Russian society had nothing in common with the deep social questions which tore to pieces the whole existence of civilised Europe; and that consequently the characters of his poems at that time were nothing but poor and faint copies from Byron. Let us hear what Herzen, undoubtedly the most skilful of Pushkin's critics, says about him in this respect:

"People have supposed that they see in Pushkin an imitator of Byron. The English poet has, in fact, exerted a great influence on the Russian poet. No one can form a close intimacy with a strong and sympathetic character, without retaining traces of its influence, and having his own mind ripened in its warmth. The confirmation of that which is hidden in the heart, the confirmation which is received in every echo from a mind which is dear to us, gives us new strength. But

the difference between this natural influence and imitation is great. After the first poems of Pushkin, in which the influence of Byron was clearly pronounced, had appeared, he became in each new production more and more original; and though full of admiration for the great English poet, he was neither his dependent nor his parasite, neither *traduttore* nor *traditore*. Pushkin and Byron diverge widely towards the end of their career; and this for a very simple reason. Byron was thoroughly English, and Pushkin thoroughly Russian—a Russian of the epoch of St. Petersburg. He had experienced all the pain incident to high culture; but he had preserved a faith in the future which the poet of the West no longer possessed. Byron, with all his grand and free individuality, from isolating himself in his independence, and gradually wrapping himself up in pride and in a haughty and sceptical philosophy, became more and more gloomy and implacable. He saw no near future; oppressed by bitter thoughts, disgusted with the world, he devotes himself to a people of Slavo-Hellenic barbarians, whom he mistakes for the Greeks of the ancient world. Pushkin, on the contrary, becomes more and more calm; he dives into the study of Russian history, gathers materials for a monograph of Pugatsheff, composes a historical drama entitled *Boris Godunoff*, and has a firm faith in the happy future of Russia."

This period of Pushkin's poetical activity closed with *Eugene Onegin*, the greatest and most remarkable of his works. This poem satisfactorily proves that his imitation of Byron was merely a *phase* of his literary development, from which he stepped forth into entire artistic independence and nationality. The subject is briefly the following: Eugene Onegin is a young lion of the aristocratic Russian world; having received a very superficial education, living without an aim, without a worthy occupation, in the centre of an idle and dissipated society, having at an early age drained the cup of pleasure to the dregs, existence becomes a burden to him, and the very richness of his nature becomes his torture. He leaves a society which has nothing more to offer to him and which he despises, and retires to his country-seat. But here he finds it not much better, books and nature are equally tedious; at last he finds a friend, and this is the first charm in his life. Lenski is the very opposite of Onegin; yet quite young, a poet, just returned from a German university, revering Schiller and Goethe, believing in all that is good, noble, and great, having preserved the full purity and innocence of his heart. Pushkin says, "Stone and water, ice and flame, were more alike than these rare friends." In the neighbourhood a family resides in which are two daughters, Olga and Tatjane. Olga, a beautiful girl, fresh, amiable, but of no depth of character, is loved by Lenski, who sees in her the ideal of his own imagination, which, in fact, she is not. Tatjane, much deeper than her sister, a

dreaming, only half-developed mind, full of the most amiable dispositions, but less brilliant in society than her sister, falls in love with Onegin. She sees the noble side of his nature, and her own pure heart makes him a hero. At last she ventures to reveal her feelings to him, in a way which shows her to be as inexperienced as she is lovable. He meets her with a cold sermon on morals, mortally offends his only friend by flirting with Olga without in the least loving her, kills Lenski, whom he loves, in a duel, and leaves the country. When at last he comes back, weary with his unprofitable life, he meets Tatjana in society. She is married to an old prince. The bud has now blossomed into a flower so rich and beautiful, that Onegin, for the first time in his life, loves earnestly, and feels that this at last would be happiness. But it is too late. Tatjana, with admirable dignity, confesses to him that she still loves him; but intimates that they are separated for ever. Thus the poem terminates. Herzen says of this poem, that it is Pushkin's most important work. He adds:

"Onegin is a Russian; he is nowhere else possible but in Russia, where he is indigenous, and you meet him every where. Onegin is an idler because he has never found any calling; he is superfluous in the sphere in which he lives, without having the energy of character to leave it. He is a man who tries life till death, and would fain try death, to see if it is not better than life. He has commenced every thing, without persevering in any; he has thought the more the less he has done; he is old at twenty, and, when beginning to be old, becomes young again through love. He has constantly, like all of us, expected something, because no one can be foolish enough to believe in the duration of the actual state of things in Russia;* but nothing has come, and life declines. The character of Onegin is so national, that you meet him in all the novels and poems which have had any fame in Russian literature; not because he has been copied, but because he is every where to be met with in Russia, even in one's own heart. . . .

The young Russian meets no living interest in the world of servility and petty ambition. And yet it is this society in which he is condemned to live; for the *people* are still too far removed. Fashionable society is at least composed of beings as degraded as himself, while he has nothing in common with the people. The traditions of the upper and lower classes have been so completely severed by Peter I., that there is no human force capable of uniting them, at least at present. Nothing is left but isolation or struggle; and we have not sufficient moral strength either for the one or the other. Thus we become like Onegin if we do not perish in the public-houses or in the casemates of a fortress. In contrast to Onegin, Pushkin has drawn Wladimir Lenski, another victim of Russian life, the opposite of Onegin. This is acute by the side of

* This was written in the reign of Nicholas.

chronic suffering. Pushkin has delineated the character of Lenski with that tenderness which men preserve for their youth, for the recollections of that time when they were so full of hope, of purity, of ignorance. Lenski is the last outcry of Onegin's conscience; for he is Onegin himself, his ideal of youth. The poet saw that such a man had nothing to do in Russia; he kills him by the hand of Onegin—of Onegin who loved him, and who, pointing at him, intended not to hurt him. Pushkin himself was frightened by this tragic end; he hastens to comfort the reader by describing the commonplace life which awaited the young poet."

From this point of view Onegin is an image of his nation and his time, an image in which the poet's own characteristics are blended with a general type of character; and this, besides its poetical value, gives this work a lasting historical significance. We find a similar significance in Goethe's *Faust*, in Byron's *Don Juan* and *Childe Harold*; and we find it again in a novel of George Sand's, *Horace*. These four creations show us the different historical developments of modern society within little more than half a century, each with a peculiar national colouring of its own.

Faust is the child of the "Sturm- und Drangperiode," the spirit of mankind awakening to a new intellectual life, and eager to gratify every restless craving of a vigorous but undisciplined national character. He is the spirit of the German people; which is apt to grasp far beyond its reach at a shadowy ideal, at an abstract perfection, while the present slips from its hands and leaves it to the torment of a life divided between lofty dreams and low realities. *Childe Harold* and *Don Juan* represent a somewhat later stage, as well as a different national phase of the same history,—the bitter disappointment, namely, caused by the shipwreck of those yearnings of which *Faust* was the representative. Through all, however, nobler elements may be seen,—admiration for the beautiful in art and nature, and a fundamental hatred of tyranny; while the peculiar English element shines forth in the proud and independent individuality which, in the face of the whole world, remains itself and unchanged. Onegin, again, is the contemporaneous character in Russia, what man must inevitably become under the most complete and energetic despotism of modern times. His political and social yearnings have been nipped in the bud; he knows only, by his own instincts, so much of a nobler existence as is necessary to make him the more miserable in his own; life to him is an immense void, and society an agglomeration of vicious and contemptible materials. He is Russian in his weak yielding to circumstances, and in his dread of the opinion of that same society which he so utterly despises. *Horace*, lastly, may,

as a characteristic image of contemporaneous humanity, range with the first-named masterpieces. He stands, undoubtedly, on the last step of the scale we have been descending. He is the type of that *bourgeois* character which has comfortably settled down on the world which the "Himmelsstürmer" strove in vain to regenerate, which the Childe Harolds left in despair and disgust, and on which the Onegin dies from weariness and *ennui*. He has no real passion, no real suffering, no real genius, no real aristocratic force. He makes himself beloved because it flatters his vanity to conquer; he breaks a loving heart with complete *sang froid*; he writes a volume which proves a hit and bestows upon him a passing fame, and he is satisfied; he thinks not of mankind, he thinks only of himself, and he aspires to nothing save imitating the aristocracy and being admitted to its charmed circle. He is French in his empty phraseology, in the complete want of an inner solid basis of character, while presenting so comprehensive an exterior.

But to return to our poet. We should overstep our limits were we to discuss even his larger compositions only; we can but touch slightly upon some of them; and we will now pass to his epic poem *Poltawa* and the historical drama *Boris Godunoff*, which both belong to the third period of his poetical activity, when he had reached the independence and creative freedom of mature genius. The first is a highly poetical representation of the time when his country began its great development under Peter I. Pushkin has chosen the epic form as being the most convenient for his purpose, although he did not intend to compose an epic poem after the manner of Homer. The prominent figures of the whole,—Peter I., the hetman of the Cossacks, Mazeppa, and Charles XII.,—are masterly designs; and the love of the young and beautiful Maria Kotshubei for the old Mazeppa is the connecting thread of the composition. There are situations of the highest poetical power; for instance, when the old Mazeppa,—the dreaded hero of the Ukraina, now about to betray his czar to Charles XII.,—steals sleepless away from the side of his sweet companion, and wanders in the neighbourhood of his castle, in the serene summer night of the Ukraina, his guilty conscience changing the peaceful beauty of nature all around him into awful phantoms; when suddenly a scream proceeds from the direction of the castle, and heightens his excitement almost to madness. The scream has come from the father of Maria, who is made prisoner by the hetman and tortured in the silence of night, while his child, unaware of what has befallen her father, sleeps softly in the palace of the murderer. But the culminating point of the poem is the description of the

battle of Poltawa, when Peter's genius triumphs over his foes, and Mazeppa and Charles are obliged to flee.

The historical drama *Boris Godunoff* is ranked by some critics next to *Onegin*. It is indeed full of poetical beauties; but might rather be considered as a series of dramatic scenes than as a complete drama, and seems unfit for performance on the stage. The historical point of view is taken from the Russian history by Karamsin. Owing to the deficiencies of this book, and the inadequate knowledge of Russian history which had at that time been attained, Pushkin's historical conception of the principal characters—Godunoff and the false Demetrius—is wrong; but there are beautiful details of perfect national colouring, full of fidelity to ancient life, which give to this composition its chief value.

Far higher, as a dramatic work of art, do we place the *Stone Guest*, which we rank with *Onegin* as the two finest gems of Pushkin's poetry. The subject is, with some variation, the well-known story of the Stone Guest from Mozart's *Don Juan*; but how much more poetical! The characters of Don Juan, Laura, and Donna Anna are conceived with a profound knowledge of the human heart, and the delineation is perfect. The whole has a character of finished simplicity that may with perfect propriety be called classic.

Most perfect, from the poetical as well as the psychological point of view, is also the fragment *Mozart and Salieri*, where the contrast between the childlike carelessness of genius, which receives its inspirations freely and unsolicited, and the bitter anguish of mere intellect longing for the denied gift, is admirably delineated. Among the lyric poems of Pushkin, there are a great many of the utmost beauty. His talent was preëminently lyric, and by his lyric poems principally he gained the love of his nation.

In conclusion, we may repeat that Russia had in Pushkin a poet,—a truly national poet,—standing in an exactly similar relation to his country and to his people to that in which Byron and Goethe stood to theirs. All three moved in the highest, the most polished ranks of society; all three were eminently national; and yet none of the three were strictly to be called poets of the people. In their development, however, as we have already said, there is more similarity between Goethe and Pushkin than between Byron and either of the others. They both gradually forsake the sphere of political movement, and retire into a sphere of artistic self-culture, where they think and work above the tumult of the world. Byron strove to throw off the ties which bound him to his country, and plunged into the excitement of foreign politics. Pushkin, like Goethe, though

escaping from politics, made it his first aim to be true to the genius of his own people.

We cannot better conclude this imperfect account of the great Russian poet than by a very literal rendering of his own proud epitaph on himself:

“ A monument to me leave I among my people,
Not built by human hands, not overgrown by grass,
But rising up more proud than that which does relate
Napoleon's great deeds of glory.

No, I shall not perish; that may ever fall to ashes
Which is destruction's prey,—the body they inter;
My spirit in my song shall be alive as long as
On earth a single poet lives.”

ART. VI.—THE GREAT REBELLION: MR. SANFORD AND
MR. FORSTER.

Studies and Illustrations of the Great Rebellion. By John Langton Sanford, of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law. London: J. W. Parker. 1858.

Historical and Biographical Essays. By John Forster, Esq. 2 vols. Murray.

THERE is no period in modern history, or, perhaps it may be said more broadly, none in all history, which has so frequently been the subject of discussion as the English Revolution of 1640. Nor has its attraction for both writers and readers been without just grounds, or the interest in it weakened by repetition. For whether we look to the importance of the struggle at the moment, to its bearings upon our civil and religious polity ever since, or to its influence upon America and France in the last century, it is scarcely possible to estimate too highly either the causes or the consequences of the Great Rebellion. That controversy gathered up into its bosom, as into some capacious gulf, the main streams or the lesser tributaries of English liberty as it then existed, breathed new life into many of them, infused into them all a principle of order, and secured for this nation the right to be governed by such laws only as its representatives proposed or approved. Nor do its results or its interest stop here. For its *interest*, it was a contest decided at our own hearths and homes, fought, at first, with weapons we are familiar with—the precedents in our statute-books or appeals to the Great Charter; and when the gown yielded to

the sword, fought upon grounds which any of us in a few hours may visit, with a livelier sense of reverence and reality than accompanies the tourist to Cannæ or Marathon. For its *results*, are they not written in the history of social and political progress at home during two centuries, and reflected also in the annals of the Great Republic beyond the Western waters, the seedling and offset of the principles of the Long Parliament? Two sweeping changes or consummations of eras have alone a claim to stand beside the English Revolution—the one converted the Commonwealth into the Empire of Rome, the other “with hideous ruin and combustion hurled” the sceptre and the mitre of France into an abyss from which hitherto there has been no return. Yet if we weigh well the circumstances of each of these catastrophes, we shall find that in moral grandeur the English Revolution transcends them both. Cæsar may rank with Cromwell in political genius, and in war be deemed “the elder and the better soldier;” but it would be in the highest measure absurd to prefer Cicero, Pompey, or Cato, to Pym, St. John, or Hampden. As preposterous would it be to exalt the Girondins above the leaders of the Long Parliament, or the fanaticism of the Mountain above the conservatism of the English Independents. Again, the metempsychosis of Rome infused no new vigour into Italy or its zones of provinces; and the demolition of the ancient *régime* in France was followed by wars that, however splendid for their scale or their victories, were little less disastrous to civilisation generally, and in the end to the French people, than to the empires which these wars humbled or obliterated. Of the English Revolution alone can it be said, that at home it regenerated the nation, propelled it abroad with a force unknown before, curbed the dangerous privileges of the Crown without encroaching upon its honour and dignity, and fostered the hardy and inquiring spirit of the people without evoking from it that dangerous element which in other nations, at similar crises, has so often furnished an argument, or at least an excuse, for despotism in the end. It is seldom, therefore, that a book, if of any worth whatever, upon this theme fails to instruct or interest the reader; nor should we envy that person’s judgment who should think or profess that he thought enough had been said upon it, so long as new materials are to be discovered, or new combinations of former materials possible. The works which we now proceed to give some account of prove that new shafts may still be sunk in this apparently inexhaustible mine; that sources of information or illustration yet remain to be disclosed; and that again we may be duly summoned to hear argued the cause of the Commonwealth *versus* the Stuart kings.

Mr. Forster's reputation in many paths of literature is established; and the accomplished historian of the statesmen of the Commonwealth and biographer of Goldsmith is sure of attracting notice to any work inscribed with his name. In a degree not inferior to Mr. Hallam or Mr. Carlyle, he has been the vindicator of Hampden, Eliot, Marten, and Pym from all who in their own day or subsequently have sought to represent them as vulgar rebels and agitators. The historical portion of his recently published *Essays* is a befitting supplement to his earlier labours in the same field. His account of that memorable state-paper entitled "the Grand Remonstrance" is partly of the nature of a palimpsest, the recovery and restoration of a document beyond price to all students of our constitutional history; and partly the first full and satisfactory comment upon its text that has enriched our literature. The essays on "the Plantagenets and Tudors," and "the Civil Wars and Oliver Cromwell," though replete with learning and written with much vigour and elegance, we must reluctantly pass over, since they embrace a circumference far beyond our present limits.

Mr. Sanford is a later, but not less worthy, candidate for historical reputation in the same field. His work he modestly terms *Studies and Illustrations of the Great Rebellion*; but his narrative, though fragmentary in form, contains a sounder and more lucid account of that memorable event than will be found in narratives more ambitious. His account of the fortunes of his book deserves in some respects a place among the curiosities of literature, if not, indeed, among the calamities of authors. Originally the author's design was to write a "Life of Cromwell;" and with that end in view, he collected from all obvious and some unexplored sources the Protector's letters, arranging them in the order of time, and illustrating them with such commentary as they seemed to require. This project was brought to an end in 1845, by the appearance of Mr. Carlyle's *Letters and Speeches of Cromwell*; and Mr. Sanford then shaped his earlier design to other issues. The perusal of D'Ewes' *Ms. Journal of the Long Parliament*, preserved in the library of the British Museum, convinced him that the lives of Pym, Hampden, and many others required re-writing quite as much as Cromwell's; and nothing disheartened, he entered upon this more extensive field of investigation. In the University of the Ptolemies at Alexandria there was a sound and ripe scholar, whom the wits of that royal foundation nicknamed Chronos, or Time; not by reason of his taking time by the forelock, but just the reverse, because he was on no occasion "up to time." Professor Chronos had always a book in hand; but his

particular infelicity was, that some brother-scholar or professor invariably forestalled him by publishing on the same subject before his manuscript was ready for the copyist. Mr. Sanford, had he been an ancient Greek instead of a living Briton, might, for any luck he has met with in his literary career at present, have been similarly surnamed. For again, after infinite pains and searching for manuscripts, in the Bodleian Library, the Record Tower of Dublin Castle, and other treasure-houses of rolls and rescripts, he is anticipated in some degree by Mr. Forster's *Historical Essays*, published in the present year. There is, says the wise man, a time for all things—a time to fold the hands, and a time to hit out; a time for publishers to be deaf as adders, and a time for readers and compositors to look alive. Wisely as regarded himself, fortunately for his readers, Mr. Sanford decided that, in justice to himself, he would no longer delay placing before the public some portion of his labours, and thus guard against being a third time pushed from his stool. The public, he says, must decide whether or not the remainder of his work shall follow in due time the present sample of it. If what is still reserved resemble what is now produced, we trust that Mr. Sanford will derive from the reception accorded by the public to his present volume encouragement to proceed. His materials are excellent; his arrangement of them is clear; his style vigorous and graceful; in every one of his *Studies* industry and impartiality are conspicuous: and although, from the causes we have alluded to, his work is less complete than its author designed it to be, he has at least produced an admirable companion volume to all previous narratives of the Great Rebellion.

Mr. Sanford's *Studies* are partly historical and partly biographical. Under the former head he has reviewed the political condition of England under the Tudors, awarding due praise to that vigorous race of sovereigns, who knew—a lesson which the Stuarts never learned—when to be firm and when to yield, and who, though jealous of interference and arbitrary in their tempers, were not guilty of such petty statecraft as James taught, or such duplicity as Charles practised. Many might justly hate, none could justly despise, either the seventh or eighth of the English Henrys, or their stout-hearted scion Elizabeth. If they claimed and took the lion's share, they maintained the lion's port; and while their strong grasp secured peace at home, they made their realm to be every where feared and honoured abroad. Mr. Sanford next contemplates *Puritanism*, under its religious and social aspects; and in the chapter on *Parliamentary Royalism*, reviews the party-leaders and party-tactics from the first meeting of the Long Parlia-

ment to the breaking out of the civil war. His third and fourth chapters are occupied with biographical sketches of the first years of King Charles and the early life of Oliver Cromwell,—periods of the utmost value as respects the appreciation of their subsequent careers; while his sixth is devoted to the two great champions of prerogative and privilege respectively—Strafford and Pym. The military history of the time is surveyed in the sections entitled the “Earl of Essex,” and “Long-Marston Moor.” On that crowning catastrophe the curtain falls for the present.

We cannot, perhaps, within the space allowed us afford those of our readers, who may not have Mr. Sanford's volume in their hands, an idea of its contents better than by following him along some of the paths which he has himself marked out. We must state, however, that in our opinion he has added greatly to the value of his researches by dwelling so fully upon the causes which embroiled Charles with his Parliament and people. It has been usual with the historians of this period to assume the winter of 1640 as the commencement of an epoch of change, instead of being, as Mr. Sanford clearly shows it to have been, the close of one series of events and the inauguration of another. The germs of such parliamentary government as then commenced had long been imbedded in the political soil of England. Sown by the Plantagenets, who sometimes needed the aid of their faithful Commons against their faithless or turbulent barons, the good seed had been watered by the Tudors, who, having estranged by their fiscal severity or their religious innovations a majority of the old and noble houses of the realm, had a still stronger necessity for the support of *novi homines*, of the rich burghers of the towns, of country gentlemen below the rank of noble, and even of the more opulent yeomen. A long peace, light taxation, and the progress of agriculture and commerce, had brought with them their usual accompaniment of wealth; and long before the close of Elizabeth's reign, if the Upper House counted more broad acres, the Lower House could tell down more broad pieces. They who entertain such angels as are stamped at the Royal Mint, are rarely deficient in good opinion of themselves; and though the Commons to the last justly accounted their queen a “most dread sovereign,” they did not fail occasionally to tell her their real mind. In the matter of the monopolies, there was no mistaking the attitude of the Commons. High words and even tornado-oaths from the Crown will not avail against men whose pockets are being emptied; and Elizabeth, who never missed of the right word at the right moment, cancelled these obnoxious grants with a readiness that nearly

restored her early popularity. But in that hour the Commons gained more than they asked, or were perhaps aware of; for then a power passed into their hands which would help them to gain better things than the abolition of patents for the sale of gold and silver thread or sweet wines. Peter Wentworth, and the little knot of men who voted with him, were the precursors of Hampden and Pym.

Had a sovereign at all resembling the great queen succeeded her, there might still have been collisions between Crown and Parliament until their respective functions were defined. For the time was come for the birth of a new estate in the realm; and not even a second Elizabeth could have postponed it for another century. But her actual successor was, perhaps, of all monarchs before or after him, with the solitary exception of King John, the one who was best calculated to provoke, consolidate, and turn against himself a parliamentary opposition. A sovereign may be hated without being despised. James managed to be both: he was hated by his Roman Catholic subjects, whom he alternately cajoled and insulted; by his Puritan subjects, whom he insulted without taking the trouble to cajole; by all who paid to virtue the tribute of decorum, and by all who desired to see the dignity of the nation reflected in the dignity of its sovereign. We desire to press lightly on James's failings, since in some respects he was the best of the English Stuarts. His childhood and early manhood were singularly infelicitous. His tutors made him a pedant; perhaps it was all they could do for him; but his guardians and the clergy taught him dissimulation, and with such success, that in his *Basilicon Doron* he ranks it among royal virtues, and specially recommends it to his son. Yet a less adroit dissembler than James probably never existed, at least never sat on a throne; unless it were Claudius Cæsar, whom he in many respects resembled. Both these sovereigns were learned men; both were good-natured; both remarkable for the awkwardness of their gait, speech, and dress; and both at the mercy of each handsome favourite or cunning freedman whom they fancied. But what a contrast was the halting, slobbering, timid, garrulous James to Elizabeth! We can hardly realise the disgust and disappointment of all Englishmen when they first set eyes on the ungainly successor of their stately queen. But we must not linger on the threshold of our subject longer than is actually necessary to exhibit the feelings which the conduct and demeanour of James awakened in all classes of his subjects, and which indirectly strengthened the ranks of parliamentary opposition. Even in the earlier years of his reign, disaffection found vent in persons the best trained by long practice to conceal their sentiments. "A few days back,"

writes the French ambassador, "some one said to Cecil, he must find himself much relieved under this reign, in that he was no longer compelled to address his sovereign kneeling, as in the time of the deceased queen." Cecil replied, "Would to God that I yet spoke on my knees." It was no degradation, in his esteem, to bend the knee to genuine majesty; but it was derogatory even to sit or stand in the presence of a king who, while he unduly magnified his office in theory, degraded it in practice by habits and language hardly befitting the loosest Paul's man or Templar of the day. We need not wonder at the growing opposition to the Crown within the walls of St. Stephen's, when throughout the country at large there was a growing impatience of the king's disorders.

But if these things were done with the green tree, it was worse with the dry. If such was the impression made by James upon the nation,—a nation, too, which had greeted him universally with cordiality and with hope,—a nation which felt that some recompense was due to him for the hard though necessary usage of his mother,—in the first years of his reign, these unfavourable feelings acquired a darker hue and a deeper hold as time proceeded and his ignobler qualities developed themselves. It was, perhaps, a small matter that his majesty was latterly seldom sober; that as he grew older his language became coarser and more obscene, his bondage to favourites more complete, his quarrels with his wife more notorious; that he was publicly assailed from the pulpit, and openly ridiculed on the stage. Mr. Sanford has collected the reports of foreign ambassadors at various periods of this reign; and all of them agree in saying that the king was braved and despised by the Parliament, and universally hated by the people. But it was not a small matter when an ambassador, with no English prejudices to gratify, writes home to this effect: "Audacious language, offensive pictures, calumnious pamphlets,—*these usual forerunners of a civil war* are common here, and are symptoms doubly strong of the bitter temper of men's minds." "I am, in truth, the most unlucky of all who have ever filled such posts as mine. They have facts to relate worthy of relation; I, such as appear unworthy of being committed to writing. My lot is fallen in a kingdom without order, sunken from its glory, and age-smitten by repose; on a king devoted to his own nothingness, and whose principle it is only so far to strive for the good of his subjects as may give him facilities for plunging deeper into vice of every kind. He will not look around, he will not look before; but, nothing troubled as to object and aim, seeks only to gain time. Is it not a judgment of God on the king and his people, that he who rules so many millions, suffers himself to

be ordered and reprimanded by a man without merit or virtue? Must not such favourites, who sacrifice every thing to their interests, and loose every tie, bring on civil wars?"

The patience of a well-paid army, and of a populace liberally supplied with rations and amusement, has before now been worn out by the prodigality of favourites; and Nero perhaps owed his fall not less to the vices of Tigellinus than to his own crimes. We do not impute to James and Buckingham faults so abnormal as disgraced the last of the genuine Cæsars and his favourite. The vices of Whitehall were less scandalous than those of the Golden House on the Palatine. But Villiers and his patron had an enemy to contend with greater than either the senate, the legions, or people of Rome. Their proceedings were watched by an assembly daily growing more aware of its own powers, and of the responsibility imposed on it as the representative of a great nation. Even sovereigns the very reverse of James might, while the bounds of prerogative were undefined, have given offence to the newly-awakened jealousies of this body. Even Cecil and Walsingham might have tripped on the course along which Buckingham hurried recklessly. James, however, looking neither before nor after, and following that phantom of kingcraft he so lauded and loved, seemed placed on the throne for the express purpose of breeding a revolution. In his dealings with his Parliament he was at once insolent and irresolute, rash and timid, innovating and conceding. In theory more despotic than any of the Tudors had been, in practice he held his prerogatives laxly; but whether he yielded to the spirit of liberty, or blustered against it, he was equally unlucky. Strong good sense and attachment to precedents, rather than a genius for systematic legislation, have always been the characteristics of English law-makers. And this disposition the king was perpetually thwarting by abstract or inapplicable theories of right divine, drawn from the writings of the rabbis, the schoolmen, and the canonists. Probably to the sober sense of Englishmen the royal crotchets on civil and religious regimen were to the full as provoking as the royal loans and benevolences. Many a man will submit to part with his money who refuses to be *bored*; and James was an accomplished proficient in the art of tormenting. In his very first parliament he struck, by an inconsiderate and impertinent message, at the very root of parliamentary government. For the privileges of the House of Commons having become matter of discussion, in consequence of the election of Sir Francis Goodwin for Buckinghamshire while he was an outlaw, the Speaker delivered a message from the king in which he said that "he had no purpose to

impeach their privileges ; but since they derived all matters of privileges from him and by his grant, he expected they should not be turned against him ; and that by the law the House ought not to meddle with returns, being all made into the Chancery, and to be corrected or reformed by that court only into which they are returned." For the pupil of that George Buchanan who wrote *De Jure Regni*, these are worshipful sentiments ; and the Commons felt them to be so. Before they separated, they drew up "an apology to the king touching their privileges," which would have enlightened any understanding not preoccupied with fancies of kingcraft and right divine. It may be said, however, that the *novitas regni* affords some excuse for the king's error. But this royal message was only the first of a series of misapprehensions of the sort ; and James reigned and died in ignorance of what it was permitted him by law to do, and of what the law required him to leave undone.

"Can it be contended," says Mr. Sanford, "after this declaration of rights, in the second year of the reign of James, that the Stuart line of princes entered on the government of this kingdom with an imperfect knowledge of their position as the heads of a limited monarchy ; or that the rights, thus solemnly declared to be an inheritance derived from their ancestors, were two years before utterly unrecognised by the Constitution of this country ? If the contrary of these propositions is the truth, how is it possible to deny that the subsequent proceedings of the Stuarts were parts of a deliberate attempt to subvert the Constitution of England ; and that the resistance offered to them by the English nation, and especially by the English Puritans, was a strictly conservative movement, based on the undoubted laws of England, and having for its single object the preservation of that spirit of liberty and life embodied in their outward forms ?"

The England of Henry VIII. stood on a level with the greatest of the continental monarchies ; the England of Elizabeth held a foremost rank among them. How were this equality and this preëminence achieved ? They cannot have been due to the extent of our colonies or our commerce in that age. We had not a foot of land in either the East or West Indies ; and the exports and imports of Liverpool at this time surpass in value the collective merchandise that passed through the harbours of London, Bristol, Hull, Dover, and Lynn, in the sixteenth century. Neither was England considerable for its naval or military force in those days. For its navy it was dependent chiefly on the patriotic enthusiasm of the moment ; while its feudal militia had been dissolved, and was not yet replaced by a standing army. Charles of Spain and Francis of France told their horse and foot by thousands at the time, when Henry VIII. possessed only fifty body-guards and a few hundred pike-

men, dispersed on the Scotch border, in the Irish pale, and in the garrisons of Calais, Dover, Southampton, and the Tower. Scotland, until its crown was united with that of England, was a foreign, often a hostile power; Ireland a source of more weakness than strength: the surge of a long and bloody civil war had scarcely subsided when Henry mounted the throne; and when in due time his younger daughter succeeded to it, the realm was convulsed from Berwick to St. Michael's Mount by a scarcely less fierce religious strife. Yet France, Spain, and Germany called in the elder sovereign to arbitrate in their disputes; while Elizabeth stood proudly at the head of the Protestant interest, that is to say, really at the head of progress and civilisation in Europe.

The queen died; and until one worthy to be her successor filled her room,—an Oliver of Huntingdon or a William of Nassau,—England held scarcely a secondary place amid the states of Christendom. The foreign policy of James was diametrically opposite to that of Elizabeth. Instead of putting himself at the head of the Protestant alliance, he sought, by disgraceful concessions, to win the favour of Catholic Spain and Austria. It was chiefly owing to his pretended love of peace and his real love of despotism that the war of liberation in the Low Countries came to so imperfect a conclusion, that the civil and religious liberties of Bohemia were crushed, and that the tide of Romanism rolled back again over Europe as far as the shores of the Baltic. Again James was not without honest and clear-sighted advisers. Abbot archbishop of Canterbury, in a letter to Sir Robert Manton, the king's secretary, thus counselled his sovereign in the matter of the palatinate:

"That God had set up this prince (the Elector Palatine), his majesty's son-in-law, as a mark of honour throughout all Christendom, to propagate the Gospel and to protect the oppressed. That, for his own part, he dares not but give advice to follow where God leads, apprehending the work of God in this and that of Hungary. That he was satisfied in conscience that the Bohemians had just cause to reject that proud and bloody man, who had taken a course to make that kingdom not elective, in taking it by the donation of another. Therefore let not a noble son be forsaken for their sakes who regard nothing but their own ends. Our striking-in will comfort the Bohemians, honour the Palsgrave, strengthen the princes of the Union, draw on the United Provinces, stir up the King of Denmark and the palatine's two uncles, the Prince of Orange and the Duke of Bouillon, to cast in their shares. Therefore let all our spirits be gathered up to animate this business, that the world may take notice that we are awake when God calls."

But the archbishop poured his counsels into deaf ears. The

battle of Prague was fought; the palatinate was ravaged by Spinola; the son-in-law of the English king was an exile, and almost a beggar; and the Protestant interest all over the Continent sank lower than it had ever been at any moment since the Confession of Augsburg. Nor, perhaps, is it too much to say, that to the royal peacemaker of England, Germany and the Low Countries owe much of the affliction they endured from the Thirty-Years War and the ambition of Louis XIV. He who permits when he can prevent an evil, is accessory to the commission of it; and James, if he could not have rendered Austria powerless for mischief, might have considerably curbed her powers of working it. For had he continued Elizabeth's policy to Holland and the Netherlands, the whole of these opulent and industrious provinces would have emancipated themselves from the yoke of Spain, and their war of liberation have been a total instead of a partial victory. Had he "struck-in and comforted" the Bohemians at the right moment, he would have raised in the south of Germany a barrier against the returning tide of Romanism little less firm than that of Holland and the Protestant Union in the North; and thus have anticipated the necessity for calling in the Swedes. But the Scottish Solomon was as incapable of learning wisdom from Cecil or Abbot as he was of emulating the valour of Gustavus. The Hollanders, as republicans, he thought unbecomingly allies for anointed kings; with the German Protestants he split on the doctrine of predestination; and at the moment his intercession might have availed his son-in-law, he was nervously apprehensive that, if he interfered, the Spanish court would look cold upon him, and refuse him the honour of being father-in-law to an infant.

Here, then, was piled up, on all sides, an ample supply of discontent, at home and abroad. England was degraded in the eyes of her neighbours, and anxious for her own liberties. But even this was not the worst. The reign of James was soiled with portentous crimes, which, though not directly attributable to the government, yet marked a time out of joint. There was Overbury's murder, and Somerset's pardon; the disgrace of Coke, the elevation of Villiers, and the execution of Raleigh. The lord-chancellor of England was found guilty of taking, or conniving at the taking of, bribes; while in the background, but not forgotten, lingered the strange and appalling tragedy of the Gowries. A decorous and frugal court might have lived down these ugly facts and rumours. But the court of James was scandalously prodigal and profligate, and experienced almost daily the dishonours that attend the lives of drunkards and bankrupts.

We could easily extend our outline of the foreign and domestic misrule of James ; but we have traced it far enough to show why, under her first Stuart monarch, England sank in the scale of nations ; and why also abuses and fears at home were rapidly organising opposition to the Crown both within and without the walls of St. Stephen's. What we are compelled by our limits to pass over, Mr. Sanford's sketch of this reign supplies fully ; and we must now turn to that of Charles, for the progress and continuation of the struggle which Clarendon has stamped with the name of the *Great Rebellion*, but which might with more accuracy of phrase be denominated the *Great Remonstrance* against the doctrine that men were made for kings.

We confess never to have studied a narrative of Charles I.'s reign which did not lead us to compassionate his hard lot,—in the first instance, for being called to sit on a throne at all ; in the next, for inheriting such a throne as that of England in the seventeenth century. In a private station, he would have been a highly respectable, if not an exemplary, member of society ; and, after departing this life, would have had a comely effigy in marble, kneeling opposite a marble Henrietta, with their sons and daughters kneeling behind them decently and in order. But for a throne Charles was in many ways unfitted. Ill-fate seemed to dog his footsteps from the cradle to the scaffold. He was born on the day when the bodies of the brothers Gowrie, the contrivers or the victims of the darkest and most mysterious plot even in the blood-stained annals of Scotland, were ignominiously exposed. His baptism was sudden, for he was hardly expected to outlive the day. He was nearly six years old before he could stand or speak, his limbs being distorted and his mouth malformed ; nor did he ever walk without difficulty, or speak without a stammer.

"There is," says Mr. Forster, "a complexional weakness imparted at birth which nothing will afterwards cure : and who shall say how far these physical defects carried also with them the moral weakness, the vacillation of purpose and obstinacy of irresolution, the insincerity and bad faith, which so largely helped to bring him to the scaffold ?"

His prevailing fault in childhood seems to have been a perverse and obstinate temper ; and the old Scottish lady, his nurse, used to affirm that he was of a very evil nature in his infancy. Yet, since the old lady herself may very possibly have been fractious, we do not insist on these rumours. One fact, however, is certain,—that his father did his utmost to render Charles pragmatistical and self-opinionated. A lad deep in *Coke upon Lyttelton*, and trained to moot points of

law, would grow up in all probability a dull man and a pedantic lawyer; but one trained in Bellarmine and the schoolmen must become either cunning or foolish beyond his years. Such, however, was the worshipful education which "the wisest of kings" provided for his young Rehoboam. At the premature age of ten, Charles was so well "crammed" with polemical lore, that he held a public disputation in theology, much to the delight of his "dear dad" and a few divines who were present. "Charles shall manage a point of controversy with you all," said the king, a few years after this exhibition, to his chaplains: so that England's heir promised to be a second Edward VI., only with a high-church instead of a low-church bias.

This theological bent is the more to be regretted, since it interfered, if Sir Philip Warwick may be credited, with natural tastes that might under proper guidance have been turned to good account. "With any artist or good mechanic, traveller or scholar," we are told, "he would discourse freely; and as he was commonly improved by them, so he often gave light to them in their own art or knowledge. For there were few gentlemen in the world that knew more of useful or necessary learning than this prince did." Though far inferior to his elder brother Prince Henry both in intellect and in manly exercises, Charles had his father to thank in great measure for the wrong direction of his mind. With Bacon for his guide in philosophy, and with the Marquis of Worcester's help in mechanical science, he might have become a second King Alfonso, and, letting his ministers govern, have added a name to the list of royal *savans*. That he was a liberal patron of artists, and an excellent judge of their works, is beyond all doubt. Perhaps the happiest moments of his life were spent in his gallery at Whitehall, in the company of Rubens and Vandyke, or discussing with Inigo Jones improvements for his palace and capital. In such intercourse, and amid his coins, antiques, and pictures, Charles merits our esteem and respect, as an ingenious gentleman and a man of exquisite taste. It was the hard condition twin-born with his greatness that compelled him to forego these delights for (to him) the uncongenial task of government, the brawls of Henrietta's French attendants, the imperious vanity of Henrietta herself, and the dangerous counsels of Buckingham.

For some time after the rise of Buckingham the prince and the favourite were not on good terms, and Steenie held a higher place in the royal favour than "babie Charles." On one occasion, in the presence of a great company, Buckingham is said to have defied his future sovereign in scurrilous and most insult-

ing terms; on another, a dispute having arisen between them at tennis, he cried out to him: "By God, it shall not be so; nor shall you not have it!" lifting up his racket at the same time in such a position that the prince exclaimed, "What! my lord, I think you intend to strike me." In comparison with such words or gestures, George IV.'s quarrel with Brummel was an ordinary *tiff*. On the authority of Raumer, Mr. Sanford surmises that Charles's jealousy of the popularity of his sister, the electress-palatine, with the Puritans was the cause of his reconciliation with Buckingham. Once cemented, their friendship was firm and unfortunate to either party: to the prince, because Buckingham was as reckless in politics as he was profligate in conduct; to the favourite, because the ill-will of the nation, which had not yet reached the king, centred on him. We must pass over all the circumstances of this unlucky alliance,—the bootless errand to Madrid, Buckingham's indecorous conduct during his embassy to Paris, and the alternate cajoling and bullying of the unhappy old king; and direct attention solely to the time when it suited the heir to the throne and his *fidus Achates* to play the part of patriots, in order to escape from the consequences of their ill-behaviour in Spain. For on this assumed patriotism more than one historian has founded the assertion that Charles was naturally well inclined to parliamentary government, and changed his mind only because his parliaments treated him with harshness and suspicion. Mr. Sanford has, in our opinion, clearly proved the fallacy of this assumption. His confutation of it will be best conveyed in his own language:

"The first exclamation of Charles, on embarking for England, was that he had duped the Spaniards; and he and his counsellor Buckingham now proceeded to play the same game with the English nation. Their object was to persuade the people that they had been grossly ill-treated by the Spanish court. Villiers was resolved that that court should be taught to estimate rightly his importance, and another time to tolerate insolence and excesses in him which they would in no other nobleman; and it was determined to employ the House of Commons as a tool to effect this purpose. The imprisoned members of the two Houses were released, and writs sent out for a new parliament. In this Charles and Buckingham no longer denied the right of the Commons to treat of such matters as his marriage and the Spanish alliance, but compelled the king to solicit their advice, and promise the fullest disclosures of the nature of the negotiations."

There was one man alone who could and would inform the Commons of the real merits of the case: and since his disclosures would suit the purposes of neither Pylades nor Orestes, it was all-important to them to have that witness gagged. The

Earl of Bristol, English plenipotentiary in Spain, on arriving in England, whither he had been directed to proceed from Madrid by slow stages, was forbidden to take his seat in parliament, and ordered to remain a sort of state-prisoner in his country-house. For a while this *suppressio veri* prospered; and since it was easy in that age to make England believe any evil of Spain, it was feigned and credited that Philip and his minister Olivarez, having failed in their attempts on the faith of the prince-wooer, had grossly insulted in his person and in Buckingham's the majesty of England, and that both the interests of religion and the dignity of the realm were involved in the quarrel. With garbled statements before them, with Bristol enforced to silence, with the prince and the favourite in the witness-box pledging their word to the facts, or rather the falsehoods, alleged, it was scarcely possible for the Commons to be sceptical, or refrain from assenting to war with Spain. The old king read more shrewdly than either his son or his minion the consequences of such manœuvres. One day, and that no distant one, he foresaw the truth would come out; and then Buckingham at least, whom Sir Edward Coke now called the "saviour of the nation," would be as justly odious as he was now unjustly popular. Meanwhile the only gainers in this discreditable transaction were the deluded Commons themselves. Persuaded, or, to speak properly, coerced, by his son and his minister, James professed himself eager to redress all grievances, to refer to the advice of the Commons on all occasions, to waive his right divine, and become the people's king. But though coerced, he was not convinced; and roundly told the duke and the prince that they would each of them rue the hour in which they set this stone rolling. "By God, Steenie," he exclaimed, in the bitterness of his soul, "you are a fool, and will shortly repent this folly; and will find that, in this fit of popularity, you are making a rod with which you will be scourged yourself:" and then, turning in some anger to the prince, he told him that "he would live to have his bellyful of parliaments."

The Commons, though deluded by misrepresentation and by their own zeal against a marriage between the son of England and the daughter of the most Catholic king, were not forgetful either of the national interests or the character of the sovereign with whom they dealt. They preferred a war with Spain to a match with Spain; but, warned by his past extravagance, they did not place the sinews of war unconditionally in the king's hands. They voted for the army and navy about 300,000*l.*; but saddled their vote with a condition that, in order to ensure its application to the purpose it

was granted for, it should be paid into the hands of treasurers appointed by themselves. Their confidence, indeed, in the prince and Buckingham was short-lived; their ardour for fighting cooled down; their sense of unredressed grievances revived, and Charles's first parliament granted him but a scanty supply for a war to which its predecessors had hastily assented. By the king's friends at the time and since this penuriousness of the House has been often and severely censured. But such objectors forget that Charles was more set upon the war than his subjects were; that he had drawn them into it by a tissue of *ex-parte* statements, if not of actual falsehoods; and that they naturally resented the deception put upon them. It is a striking commentary on the hollowness of his popularity towards the end of his father's reign, that though he had some qualities suited to the times in which he lived, and to the spirit of the people he was to rule, he does not appear to have enjoyed for a moment after his accession his subjects' affection. His serious deportment, his freedom from licentiousness, and a sense of religion probably unaffected, would have won for him the respect, if not the love, of the Puritans, had not their attraction to him been enfeebled by distrust of his sincerity, and their abhorrence of his principal friend and counsellor.

Mr. Sanford's observations on the position of Charles at the opening of his reign are equally just and well expressed. He says:

"What has been said of the conduct of Charles as Prince of Wales, will sufficiently prove that he ascended the throne with a full knowledge of the increased power and of the deeply-rooted feelings of the Commons. Never was there a plea more completely unfounded in fact than that which has been often advanced in behalf of this prince, that he only innocently employed the prerogatives which had been exercised without dispute by his predecessors. It has been seen that some years before, he was a leading adviser of the Crown in its attempts to crush the freedom of debate in parliament; and afterwards, to serve his own purposes, courted the popular power, and turned it with irresistible force against the policy of the reigning sovereign. No attempt was ever made on the part of the Commons, during these vacillations of the prince, either to avert his anger or conciliate his good-will by concessions. It was Charles who accommodated himself to their wishes, and by seeming to approve of their well-known opinions both in Church and State, secured their support to his side in their contest with his father. If, on his exchanging the position of Prince of Wales for that of king, he chose to ignore the whole of his previous conciliatory demeanour, and to assume the character of a prince *de jure*, who was entitled to demand liberal contributions from his subjects, without deigning for a moment to consider their alleged

grievances, is blame to be cast on the House of Commons for refusing to acquiesce in this quiet repudiation of previous moral engagements, and for ascertaining definitely, at the very commencement of his reign, the footing on which they were to stand with their new sovereign? Charles was no inexperienced youth, fresh to the cares of state, towards whom the exercise of a generous forbearance might be wise, though in no case imperative. He was one with whom the Commons had been brought recently into intimate connection, on certain definite grounds of common action; and by persevering in the policy thus sanctioned by his support, they only gave him credit in public for that sincerity of character which his advocates have somewhat hastily accused them of publicly denying to him at the outset of his reign."

It would be rash to affirm that at the outset of his career, and at an age when the pleasures rather than the cares of royalty are paramount, Charles had formed any regular design of ruling independently of his Parliament. It would be still more rash to assume that he deliberately plotted against the liberties of his subjects. Yet there is ample proof that he had largely imbibed his father's theory of monarchy, and had determined even thus early that prerogative in *his* hands should moulder no feather. The objects of his boyish studies, the casuists and the schoolmen, would confirm him in the belief of his right divine; and his bishops and chaplains would generally encourage him in the delusion that whatever Cæsar claimed should be rendered to Cæsar. And if he looked abroad, he would see much to induce him to think that the time was come for the decline of parliaments and the rise of monarchies. Arragon and the Castiles a hundred years before had enjoyed and abused immunities larger and more systematic than any hitherto inscribed in the statute-book of England. Yet these immunities had yielded to the arts or the arms of Charles V. and Philip II.; and in the 17th century, the most Catholic king employed his *cortes* to register his acts and to apportion the taxes, but consulted with them on no material question of war or peace. The parliaments of France were still remote from the degradation which in the next century awaited them; but they were already on the decline; and if the king, the nobles, and the church were tolerably harmonious with one another, the voice of the popular representation was either not uplifted or unheeded. We are inclined to think, however, that Charles at a later period of his reign proposed to himself the example of the Spanish monarch. Brief as his visit was to Madrid, he had seen enough there to convince him that a kind of divinity did indeed hedge an absolute king. He would see the opulence of a court enriched by the gold of the Indies, though

he did not see the poverty of the Spanish peasants and artisans. He would behold on all sides a stately and picturesque ceremonial ascending by just degrees to the crown, yet not disdaining to fold in its embrace all who boasted the *sangre azul*, the Gothic lymph free from all Jewish or Moorish taint. He would mark the almost boundless power, pomp, and circumstance of a church which set its heel on all dissent, and had trodden out every spark of reformation. His northern senses might shrink from the savage joys of the bull-fight; but they would be gratified by the spectacles of the only theatre in Europe that possessed dramatic poets rivalling those of England. The friend of Rubens and the patron of Inigo Jones and Vandyke would gaze with legitimate raptures upon the galleries and the palaces of the Spanish capital; and since in Spain the arts ministered to the court or the church alone, the princely connoisseur might not unnaturally associate their triumphs with unrestricted power and unquestioned faith. His wounded pride might urge him to war with Spain, without abating his esteem for her stately civilisation; nor can it have been mere accident that, during the first fifteen years of his reign, he so often essayed to tread in the steps of Philip II. or his imperial father. They had destroyed the power of the cortes by interfering with the freedom of debate, by insisting that supplies should be voted independent of the redress of grievances, by fining and imprisoning unruly members, by a rigid censorship of the press, and by declaring royal proclamations to be of equal authority with acts of parliament. The points of resemblance between what had been effected in Spain and what was attempted in England with the view of curbing the liberty of the nation might be easily increased; but those which we have noted will be sufficient to warrant the probability that his visit to Madrid furnished more than one subject of meditation to the prerogative-loving Stuart.

Of the various chapters in Mr. Sanford's book, we have read with the most satisfaction that entitled "Puritanism: Religious and Social." It is well informed with knowledge and well written; but these are common properties of the volume before us. This section of it, however, is conceived with a discrimination by no means general in works treating of the Puritans. Under that title are often comprehended sects holding the most opposite or the most extravagant opinions in religion and even in morals—staid, sober, and commonplace country gentlemen, who in our day would quietly attend their parish-church, and as soon enter a theatre as a Ranter's meeting-house, being mixed up in the fancy of some persons with Fifth-Monarchy men shouting for King Jesus, with

dreamers of dreams and seers of visions, and with expositors of the letter of the Scriptures who would now be sent with all speed to preach in Bedlam. The fact is just the reverse ; and the Puritans in the main, as Mr. Sanford states, represented in the seventeenth century that good sense, sobriety, and earnest, though perhaps somewhat formal, morality which have in all periods characterised the middle classes of this country. That on the margin of Puritanism proper moved or inhabited many enthusiastic races—Anabaptists, Quakers, Millenarians—we do not deny. The frontiers of the Church of Rome itself were at all times occupied by fierce ascetics, and a Sunday walk in London would disclose at this hour nearly as much sectarian eccentricity as the age of Charles or Cromwell. The greater extravagance of language or demeanour prevalent in their time was in some measure owing to the spirit of resistance which the rigour of ecclesiastical jurisdiction and the intervention of the civil magistrate in matters of religion aroused in a people determined to assert their Christian liberty. They who accuse the Puritans of pharisaical strictness in their speech and observances, forget two important points in their circumstances. The generation before had seen the balance trembling between Romanism and Protestantism. They had seen or heard of the court of England putting on black for the Bartholomew massacre ; they had helped to kindle the beacons, and donned unusual harness at the approach of, the armada ; they had listened with bated breath and eager eyes to the authentic tidings or the accumulating rumours of the November plot. Gray-haired men who deplored Laud's innovations were entering on manhood at a time when almost every year revealed a fresh conspiracy against Elizabeth's life ; and the centre or the object of those conspiracies was a popish queen, the next heir to Elizabeth's throne. At such a period as this, had toleration been known, it would have appeared as second only to treason ; and Macbeth's extenuation of his "fury" might have been repeated even by men generally moderate and humane,—

"Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment?"

Secondly, as Mr. Sanford has justly argued, the possession of the Bible was in the seventeenth century a comparative novelty ; and the sacred volume stood nearly alone as the library of the people. From its pages all but the learned by profession derived most of their historical knowledge, much of their law, their theory and practice of morals, their rude conceptions of other lands and other manners. It was the handbook and encyclopædia of two-thirds of the households of Eng-

land: its simple yet fervid language touched as with coals of fire the lips of eloquent men, and fed or inflamed the spirits of the imaginative. Mr. Sanford states so forcibly the causes of the "scripturalism" of the Puritans, that we must again borrow from his pages:

"Drawn by the absorbing conviction of a Divine presence within its pages, the Puritan threw himself into all the events and arguments of the Bible in an eagerness of realisation, to which his spiritual communings only lent additional strength. It has been observed that there is nothing which the whole Bible breathes forth more certainly than a true, because a high-toned, common sense. Those who read or are told of the enthusiasm of the Puritans, often express wonder at the strong practical sagacity which formed so indisputable a feature of their character. They cannot understand how the man who could discourse for the hour together on Israel and Amalek, and seemed to regard English affairs through a cloud of Jewish national animosities; who prayed on strange and unconventional occasions, in language neither tempered nor rational; who interposed in political discussions the embarrassing question, whether God had not delivered the 'man of blood' into their hands as a providential 'beckoning' to 'cleanse the earth of blood;' and who drew his similes in writing and speaking from the Old and New Testaments instead of the classics,—could have performed the works of high practical statesmanship achieved by the Puritan councillors and rulers of England. They forget that the Bible came to the Puritan of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries with all the attractions of a newly-recovered and still-disputed treasure, and sank into his mind with the depth of personally realised convictions. Its phraseology had not then become superficially conventional among professing believers,—a traditional dialect, of which the etymology had perished. It was used frequently because it seemed to be so frequently required, as the naturally-suggested expression or illustration of human action. It was because he felt a necessary and momentous connection between the words of Scripture and his own situation, that the Puritan employed them so often. If he carried this habit to excess, he was not perhaps, on the whole, more tiresome than our modern conversational echoes of the popular writers of the day. Familiar with and realising every part of the Bible, and drinking in its whole spirit, it is not strange that, with partial misapprehensions and occasional delusions from particular passages, the highest and noblest minds among the Puritans did imbibed, not merely the great enthusiasms which it expresses and inculcates, but also the strong practical sagacity and broad right-mindedness of which it is the emphatic teacher. So, notwithstanding an excessive tendency to think and speak of Gideon and David, the Puritan actually managed to govern England better than the House of Stuart fresh from the worldly-wise school of Catherine de' Medicis."

Mr. Sanford remarks, that "there is an aspect of Puritanism in its social relations which cannot be approached by any modern writer without great self-distrust. The spell of a magi-

cian has been cast over this portion of our subject; and he must have extraordinary confidence in his own powers who (whatever the strength of his arguments) can hope to remove completely the entrancing delusion. The Cavalier and Roundhead of Sir Walter Scott's romances will probably always remain too lifelike and striking portraiture not to be received by the majority of readers as faithful reproductions of the originals."

We cannot afford space for the rest of a striking passage on the difficulty of painting after Scott the Sir Henry Lees, the Pound-texts and Burleys of the Great Rebellion. But we think that Mr. Sanford has saddled Sir Walter with rather more responsibility than he is justly entitled to on this score. Has our author forgotten the incalculable influence of Hudibras even now, when Butler's satire is read by comparatively few? As a whole, this extraordinary poem has become obsolete: not so the impression which it made for a century at least after it appeared, and which it has transmitted to a late posterity. Many of Butler's couplets have passed into proverbs and household words; many artists have with more or less success embodied the figures of the Presbyterian Ralph, justice of the peace, and of the Independent; and the impression remains,—*sedet*, and perhaps we may say, *diuque sedebit*,—that the Puritans (and under that title are included all who were not Churchmen) were a sour, sombre, eccentric, and dismal race; short of hair, long of visage, sad-coloured in attire, judaical in their ceremonies, and speaking in a biblical dialect on the most solemn or the most trivial themes. And into the main current of Butler's satire there poured almost countless tributary streams. Fuller and Jeremy Taylor have denounced the peevishness of the Puritans; South has lashed them with his cutting irony almost in the same breath with which he deplores the profligacy of the orthodox court of the second Charles. Butler, indeed, alone drew the bow of Ulysses; but there was a host of lesser archers all shooting at the same mark. Scarcely a song or satire was highly popular after the Restoration that did not contain some special jest or fling at the precisians; and even the graver pens of Cowley and Addison did not disdain "such small deer." It may be fancy, yet we think that we can trace even to the days of Cowper an inclination in the public to regard Puritanism as a fitting subject of ridicule. A train of banter was accordingly laid very nearly to Scott's time; and although he undoubtedly produced many original, and revived many forgotten portraits of the Roundheads, he can hardly be made singly accountable for the mirth or acrimony poured upon their heads. Mr. Sanford's defence, or rather his portraiture, of the Puritans, is, however, more successful than his

reasons for thinking them difficult at this hour to represent. He quotes Lucy Hutchinson—and there can be no better voucher—for their real merits, and the gross caricatures which stand in the place of the originals. We think that he might have strengthened his case by appending to the account of Colonel Hutchinson's manly pursuits and refined studies a sketch of the breeding and avocations of John Hampden. It is remarkable that even satire is dumb in the presence of this great man. Malevolence, which scrupled not in defiance of the clearest proofs to call Sir John Eliot an assassin, found no vulnerable point in Hampden's coat. Had there been room for censure or ridicule, we may be sure that the priestly or poetical champions of King Charles would have punctually performed their office. Foibles would have been magnified into crimes, and the slightest departure from the conventional ways or speech of men have furnished topics for laughter. But, unluckily for those who delighted in doggrel or raked for filth in the kennels of calumny, the morals and manners of Hampden were unexceptionable even in the eyes of those who would fain have set him beside Prynne and Bastwick in the pillory, and consigned him with Eliot to the dungeons of the Tower: yet if Hampden towered above his class in virtue social and domestic, he doubtless reflected in some measure its qualities in the broad and polished mirror of his own. Indeed, if we throw aside the mere accidents of the time,—which are many of them absurd or grotesque merely because they are strange to our eyes, and which, it may be added, are a hundredfold less grotesque or absurd than the manners prescribed by Chesterfield, or the follies satirised by Steele and Addison,—and consider merely the essential features of the Puritans, we shall detect in them a much closer affinity to the manners of good society in our own day than will be found in the demeanour of the Cavaliers. The portraits, literature, and traditions of the seventeenth century all attest the garb of these "champions of the good cause" to have been costly, fanciful, and even gawdy. Their tailors, bootmakers, jewellers, and sword-cutlers must, if their bills were paid, have had a good time of it; yet if Hall, Donne, or Ben Jonson write with authority, many a ruffler who followed Rupert across country without fear, would have walked with dread in the piping times of peace from his lodgings in Fleet Street to his ordinary in Cheap, or to the theatre on Bankside. Cromwell's buff-coats and bandaliers might be bad; but a worse thing was the buff-jerkin that might dart out upon the insolvent Royalist from the corners of a dozen streets. Many a broad acre was mortgaged, not only for the king's need, but for the silks, velvets, plumes, and gilt

spurs of these curled darlings of the nation. Again, unless their songs belie them, they swore as terribly as our armies in Flanders, drank as deep as the gallants who brought Michael Cassio into trouble; and were equally notorious for their inconstant loves and their constant duels. The wiser and better champions of the king deplored the general license of their followers, and sometimes even despaired of a cause which was so supported. A contemporary Royalist, quoted by Mr. Sanford, thus describes the Cavalier army: "Never any good undertaking had so many unworthy attendants, such horrid blasphemers and wicked wretches, as ours hath had. I quake to think, much more to speak, what mine ears have heard from some of their lips; but to discover them is not my present business. A day may come when the world may see that we who adhere to the king for conscience-sake have as truly hated the profaneness and vileness of our own men as we have done the disloyalty and rebellion of the enemy. . . . We have those that seem to hate religion as much as the rebels do loyalty, yea that make religion a work of rebellion, even as they on the other side do make rebellion a work of religion." Of course we do not imagine the king's party to have been entirely composed of Clevelands and Gorings: in all nations, and indeed in all schisms and parties of a nation not utterly degraded, there are many "who have not bowed the knee to Baal." But innumerable vouchers prove that the followers of Charles, either from inclination, a spirit of opposition, or imitation, indulged in license which we should now regard as vulgar; that his court, though decent and temperate when compared with his father's, was far behind either modern decorum or the sobriety of the Lord Protector's household; and that the Brokes and Falklands, and all who resembled in their carriage or tastes the gentleman of to-day, found themselves quite out of place at Oxford or Whitehall.

The Puritans, on the other hand, were plain in their attire, earnest of speech, as becomes men to whom even ordinary life is charged with duty and responsibility, and who generally felt themselves to be, in Milton's pregnant phrase, "ever in their great Taskmaster's eye." Yet *our* dress is plainer than theirs, *our* locks are generally much shorter; and though our ordinary conversation be not, like theirs, shot through with lines of biblical dialect, we shun, like them, in our daily intercourse the loud oaths and the potations pottle-deep of the Cavaliers. In the general laxity of practice, or at least profession, among the king's party, there was doubtless a spirit of bravado. Mr. Sanford admits, and we cordially believe, that party to have comprised many estimable men whose morals were as unim-

peachable as Cromwell's or Hampden's. We will even go a step further, and concede that many of them indulged in excesses which their principles and good taste disapproved, or professed to indulge in what they really abstained from. We can allow also that the Puritan camp contained many false professors; men who, like Anthony Forster in *Kenilworth*, lighted the fagots in Queen Mary's days, and groaned and beat their breasts in Elizabeth's under the ministry of Master Maultext. But it was the infelicity of the Cavaliers at that period to assume themselves to be the "gentlemen of England." They could not touch pitch without being defiled. They could not, they argued, resemble their straight-laced opponents in any particular of life and conversation without tarnishing their own escutcheons; they pretended to vices which they did not practise, solely to shun the imputation of unfashionable virtues. Many an honest Cavalier, who eschewed sherris-sack, sang tipsy songs; many a faithful husband boasted of his intrigues; and many who never entered a gaming-house were adepts in dicers' slang. It is the peculiar unhappiness of revolutionary times, when men necessarily act in masses, that the strong obtain unusual power over the weak. In 1792 the example of Mirabeau broke up many a strong constitution; men of lively emotions affected the imperturbable demeanour of Robespierre or St. Just; and many who would swoon when they did look on blood, talked in their clubs or from the tribune like Marat.

But we must return from the parties in collision to the principal actors on the scene. It will be less necessary to dwell on the history of Charles than on that of the antecedents of his reign; for whoever knows any thing of English history is acquainted with his repeated attempts to obtain supplies from his parliaments without redressing the grievances of the people, with his arbitrary levying of moneys by loans and benevolences, his tampering with elections, his imprisonment of refractory members, the fate of Eliot, the pillorying of Prynne, the disgrace of England in its foreign relations, and with the series of violent aggressions or false concessions that finally broke the patience of his subjects, and led to the Long Parliament.

For fifteen years,—and the time, as indicating the patience of the Commons, should be noted,—Charles essayed every art to render himself absolute, which his father's lessons, the examples of continental sovereigns, or his own experience, recommended. He played his game adroitly; and that he failed in it was owing to no want of skill, but to want of money and an army. It is impossible, indeed, to conceive Britain under the Stuarts to have become like France or Spain under the Bourbons or

Philip IV.; yet with an army devoted to him, and a revenue uncontrolled by Parliament, Charles might have postponed to another generation the Great Rebellion. It was otherwise ordered; a more destructive and angry revolution, such as would inevitably have followed a longer endurance of misrule, was averted, and the Long Parliament met. Mr. Sanford has judiciously ushered in his account of its proceedings by short sketches of the great leaders; nor will any portion of his book be read with more interest than those pages of it which exhibit the personal lineaments of Pym, Hampden, Falkland, and Hyde.

It has been often remarked, that the eminent men who figured in the first French Revolution were, with few exceptions, trained by early circumstances to unsettle and pull down the existing order of things. They were either men of broken or greatly impaired fortunes, or men who had their fortunes to make. Neither insolvents nor aspirants, if they happen to be born with active or acrid temperaments, are prone to rest content with such ready-made goods as the gods provide for them, more especially in a country where nearly every avenue of distinction in church, camp, or official life, was closed to all not noble by birth. Moreover, a very considerable proportion of the French revolutionists were advocates by profession; and if the law does not injure men's tempers, it sharpens their wits. Nor was this all. Not only had most of these shrewd and shrill talkers their bread to earn, but many of them had become enamoured of some political theory, either a corollary from Rousseau's *Contrat Social*, or a practical inference from the American Revolution. Here, then, what with keen appetites and as keen aspirations, was a band of engineers ready and willing to hoist with their own petard the whole fabric of church and state,—of the state, which could neither rule nor govern any longer; of a church in which even its own paid ministers disbelieved. But none of these features present themselves in the Parliament of 1640. The movement party was not composed of men in debt, of men eager to break the chains of rank, or of men profoundly convinced that religion was an imposture. On the contrary, the Lower House had never before contained so efficient a representation of the property, the intelligence, the sound morals, or the sterling piety of the English people. The counties sent up to Westminster their best blood; men of large estates, of ancient lineage, whose ancestors had inscribed their names on the roll of Battle Abbey, or had been nobles before the Norman Conquest. Lawyers there were in large measure in that assembly, but of a different stamp from the advocates of the *tiers-état*; lawyers who

had bearded the royal judges and the Star-Chamber, whom office and pensions could not allure, whom fines and imprisonment could not intimidate, and who nevertheless were as much opposed to rash innovation as to illegal prerogative. And besides the professional wearers of the long robe, there were many sound lawyers, or in the Roman phrase *jurisconsults*, who had administered in their native shires and hereditary neighbourhoods, without fee or reward, the common law of England as justices of the peace and quorum. Learning also had its fitting representatives in an assemblage where Selden and Falkland and D'Ewes sat conspicuous; nor, although England in the seventeenth century had few claims to be reckoned among military powers, was the sword entirely postponed to the interests of the gown. Imperfectly as the country at large was then represented, and potent as the Crown was, even at the eleventh hour, in affecting the returns, it may be doubted whether the English people ever sent up to St. Stephen's a body of men more fully instructed in their duty to the electors, or more stedfastly resolved to perform it.

When the Long Parliament set to work, it must be owned that its members lost little time in doing the work in hand. Now at length they were fairly confronted with the monarchy and its accumulated abuses. Now the axe was laid to the root, and the fan set to winnow the heap. The time for trust, patience, and doubt was past: the time for removing idols and cutting down unclean groves was come. The king with whom they were to deal possessed neither the martial renown of the Plantagenets nor the civil vigour of the Tudors. As a nobleman of high estate, or as a private gentleman of fortune, Charles would have passed to the grave with the character of a good head of a household, an accomplished judge of art, a keen sportsman, a stanch supporter of the powers that be, and a tolerable justice of the peace in all cases not affecting the game-laws or the dissenters. But of royal qualities he had absolutely none, unless we admit the doctrine of his pedantic father, that craft was a kingly virtue. That he undoubtedly possessed in full measure; but it was a quality as far removed from the policy of a Richelieu or a Charles V., as a Birmingham button is from a good sovereign. It was such craft as popular rumour ascribes to the worser limbs of the law; craft as devoid of real sagacity as of honesty; craft which his grandmother Mary, or his remoter ancestor the Red Tod, would have beheld with a sigh or a smile. But neither James III. of Scotland nor the adroit pupil of the Duke or Cardinal of Guise could have baffled such an opposition to misgovernment as was now thoroughly awakened in England. The Commons

had long felt their power: they now knew how to wield it. Hitherto one of their most formidable impediments was trust in the king. That impediment had vanished for ever. It was folly, or rather treason, to the great cause at stake to put faith in one who had neutralised, by an act second only to forgery, the Petition of Rights; and who had violated the privileges of Parliament by imprisoning its members for the crime of free speech. Nor as regarded the Upper House, or that section of it which occupied the episcopal bench, was their course less clear. The lay lords in the Great Chamber were all of them Englishmen,—not, like so many members in the Plantagenet parliaments, aliens by birth and intruders in the island; and were many of them as eager for reform of abuses as Pym and Hampden themselves. The king's demeanour, mostly cold and discourteous, had estranged many of the peers whom the times alone had but slightly stirred; the queen's levity and arrogance had disgusted others; and hardly ten sat in the tapestried chamber to whom Strafford, the king's right hand, was not personally odious. The spiritual lords were almost to a wig obnoxious: they had played into Laud's hands; they had copied his mummeries; they had thrown pious men into gaol; they had brought simple and learned to the pillory or the block; they had resisted every movement in advance; they had striven to render the church as imperative as the pope. There were few to say God bless them; there were hundreds who could point to limbs crippled by fetters, to scars left by the hangman, to families beggared by fines, to brothers and sons pining in exile, and to numberless scoffs which patient merit from the unworthy takes. The stage, though not clear, was awaiting the drop-scene; the eleventh hour had struck; and neither profession would any longer avail the secret, nor penitence the avowed enemies of liberty. In the first session of the Long Parliament Strafford and Laud were impeached and imprisoned. The one attainted by bill was swiftly executed; the other was reserved for a later but similar doom. Lord-keeper Finch fled to Holland; Secretary Windebank to France. All the officials of the Crown,—the judges who had pronounced sentence against Hampden, the sheriffs who had distrained for ship-money, the underlings of the customs who had levied tonnage and poundage,—were summoned to answer for their conduct. The Star-Chamber, the Court of Wards, the Earl Marshal's Court, the Council of York, were all abolished. The prison-doors were thrown open; fines were remitted; Bastwick and Prynne, and other less illustrious victims of Laud's tyranny, were conducted in triumph through the shouting capital; and the king, almost solitary in his palace at Whitehall, gazed upon

the sweeping current below him abashed, yet not made wiser. He could no longer dissolve Parliament by the breath of his lips: no Black Rod was hardy enough to carry his messages to that stern and wakeful House: his feudal privileges were swept away; his judges could not be removed by his word; and even if the present parliament were to consent to its own dissolution, the writs for its successor must be issued at least once in every three years.

In the chapter of his work entitled "Parliamentary Royalism," Mr. Sanford deals with a crisis common to all revolutionary eras—the moment when reaction commences. Its arrival will be accelerated or retarded according to the temper of the assembly or the nation which is revising its institutions; and since the English people has always been remarkable for the conservative spirit and the caution it displays on such occasions, it excites no surprise that the Long Parliament soon began to relax its speed in the work of reform. The grievances which had either sprung up under the Stuart dynasty, or had been inherited by them from the Tudors, were so alien from the letter and spirit of the constitution, as well as so palpable in their effects both on the property and the liberty of the subject, that there was a general consent on the part of the Commons to sweep them away. For this end Hyde and Falkland were as energetic and resolved as Pym and Hampden. Neither in dealing with the imputed treasons of the Earl of Strafford was there much diversity of opinion. The deputy of Ireland and the ex-president of the council of the North had made himself both politically and personally obnoxious; even the court-party feared and resented his pride and reserve; while every section among the reformers beheld in him the arch foe of liberty. Neither was there any serious disunion on the question of rendering Parliaments triennial, or in depriving the Crown of the power which it had so flagrantly abused of summarily dissolving the great council of the nation. But when the forest of abuses, with all its tangled underwood, had been once cleared away, and the Commons had wrested from Charles the implement of sudden dissolution, there came over the minds of many a spirit of alarm and distrust in progress, a disposition to pause, a dread lest the people should become even more formidable than the king had lately been, and the word "finality" was at first whispered, and soon openly pronounced, on the benches of both Upper and Lower House. "The king has been disarmed," it was urged not unplausibly; "the voice of the people has shaken the cedars of Lebanon; the immunities extorted from John and the third Henry, and acknowledged by the charters of their successors, have been

regained; and the representatives of the nation once again stand on the ancient ways, and look before and after with the clear vision of experience. All beyond is a trackless region, which another generation may explore: sufficient for the day is the work that has been so happily and unanimously done." The different motives creating and organising this parliamentary reaction are examined by Mr. Sanford with great knowledge and ability, and he invests the question with personal interest by his sketches of the leading advocates for finality. That many thoughtful and well-meaning men now recoiled from the "onward movement," is no less certain than that personal jealousy, disappointed ambition, and constitutional timidity swelled the ranks of the reactionists. There is a youth, a manhood, and a senescence in all revolutions. At first many run; but after a while few strive for the mastery. Either their vigour is exhausted, or they cannot brook the superior speed and bottom of their rivals. To this order Strafford himself had belonged: he endured not the rising popularity of his former friend and schoolfellow Pym, and turned a jaundiced eye upon the renown of the martyr of liberty Eliot. He accepted, or rather he arrogated to himself, the leadership of the Royalists, because he could not stand alone as chief of the "*progressistas*." With such men, though with far inferior blame, must be ranked Hyde and Falkland in England, and Hamilton and Montrose in Scotland. They could not add to their faith patience, and condoned the errors of the king because they could not stomach equality with the king's opponents. Doubtless at the opposite extreme were men as thoughtful and well-intentioned as these laggards in the race,—men who, in Mr. Sanford's words, "require the *immediate* realisation of not only the spirit but the letter of their demands as the *sine qua non* of an accommodation." It is the province of the historian, who sees the end from the beginning by virtue of his position in respect of time, to determine whether the confident Peter or the doubting Thomas were the more sagacious.

As Mr. Sanford's account of the formation of the new Royalist party is too long for us to extract, and too important to be passed over in silence, we must offer it in an abridged form to our readers. At its head were Falkland, Hyde, and Culpeper, each of whom had in 1640 been strenuous opponents of the court. Symptoms of secession from the liberal benches had indeed displayed themselves in the former session; but it was not until after Parliament met in October 1641 that a continuous and concerted policy becomes visible, and that the same names appear steadily enrolled in the front of reaction. The leaders, and the majority of the rank and file which seceded

with them, had no scruples as to their course onward so long as special grievances only were to be removed. Hyde had assailed the Council of York, Falkland had voted for the exclusion of bishops from the Upper House; all had consented to or clamoured for Strafford's execution and Laud's impeachment; for displacing the judges who had sentenced Hampden, for fining the sheriffs who had distrained for ship-money, and for the act which, in direct violation of the constitution, made the consent of Parliament necessary to a prorogation or dissolution. But beyond this they did not or would not look. "They could not," says Mr. Sanford excellently, "conceive the idea of these grievances being so interwoven with the whole fabric of the royal government, and so identified with the spirit and character of the prince himself, that in removing them it would be impossible to avoid making far greater innovations in the existing state of things, and engendering in the king an unforgiving and aggressive ill-will; to guard against the effects of which, statesmen imbued with the most strictly constitutional ideas might be driven to the verge of revolution, if not beyond."

At such epochs as that of 1641, they who fancy themselves able, at a moment chosen by themselves, to say to the advancing waves "thus far and no farther," reason as weakly as for the most part they act abortively. For either they should not have entered at all on the struggle; or they should not have faltered in it until old things had become new, and it had been rendered as impossible for the king to be in his turn the assailant of the constitution as for the pope to regain his ancient power in the English church. They should have quietly abandoned the constitution to its fate in '39, or should have reconstructed it as in '88. For what arguments were valid against the monarchy in the spring of 1641, which were not equally so in the following autumn? Could any one in his conscience affirm that the king was changed in his feelings towards Parliament, as well as curbed in his prerogatives? Had the extinction of the Star-Chamber destroyed the queen's influence, or that of the High-Commission Court converted Digby, Jermyn, and Finch into good citizens? In revolutions the children of the hour are not necessarily the children of light; and while the consistent supporters of extreme measures will often in the end prove to have exercised a sound discretion, the "moderate party," as it is termed by waiters on Providence, or the double-minded and unstable, will generally be found to have been not less hasty and passionate than vacillating and inconsistent. As it was with Lafayette, so it was with Hyde; as it fared with the Girondins, so it fared with Falkland and Culpeper: and so will it ever fare with the Reubens of revolution,—*"unstable as water, they shall not excel."*

As it was in the beginning, so it continued to the end of his reign, the king was always possessed by the unlucky notion that he could play with all parties to his own advantage. If he were checked in England, he might yet stalemate in Scotland; and if both his hereditary kingdoms failed him, he could always checkmate with Ireland. We do not presume to tax Charles with the enormous crime of having stimulated the Irish rebellion; nothing short of positive evidence can justify so grave an imputation against a prince otherwise so unfortunate. Yet, without inculpating the king, we may make allowance for contemporary suspicions. He was known to have received offers of assistance from the Catholics; the depositions against Strafford showed that the lord-deputy had proposed to meet the English reformers with an Irish army; and Charles himself aggravated these jealousies by offering to take the command in person of a force destined to repress the Irish insurgents. The alarm on this occasion was not lessened by the knowledge that the king's second visit to Scotland had been prompted by the hope that he might recover in Edinburgh the ground he had lost in London. If he were cognisant of the insurrection in Ireland, he was as unfortunate as he was guilty; for nothing in the series of events or rumours tending to his final breach with Parliament was of such fatal aspect to him as this: and if he were ignorant of the revolt, it may be set down among the prime infelicities of an ill-starred house. But the complicity or innocence of Charles in all that relates to the Irish rebellion would require a separate essay; and we must now notice briefly a measure of the Lower House which hitherto has been very imperfectly understood and very variously censured.

If it be true that the world knows nothing of its greatest men, it is scarcely less true that it often undervalues, at least as regards posterity, its most useful servants. A generation ago, it would have been deemed paradoxical to assert that Baillie the Covenanter afforded more insight into the state of English politics two centuries since than either Ludlow, Clarendon, or May; and until D'Ewes' Memoirs and Journals were accessible, the world remained in ignorance of many of the most material transactions in the Long Parliament. To that assembly D'Ewes stood in the relation of Boswell to Johnson. His delight was to take notes and ferret out precedents: to any broad or general principles he was indifferent; he had

John Baillie's fault of being "peevish and given to prayer."

But for any departure from precedent D'Ewes had the capacity

woe was to an honourable member who in D'Ewes' hearing quoted inaccurately an act of parliament, and threefold woe to him who adduced, not being well "up" in the subject, an order in council. To this D'Ewes in the first instance, and to the patience of those in the second who deciphered the blottings, crossings, and erasures in his Manuscript Journal of the Long Parliament, we are indebted for nearly all our knowledge of the protest which, under the name of the *Grand Remonstrance*, the Commons laid at the foot of the throne, after tedious debate and recurring alarms, in December 1641. The history of this great state-paper is as curious as its contents are important. It has literally been for two centuries buried alive under dull and inert matter heaped up in Rushworth's ponderous folios, with scarcely a stone or letter to mark the place of its interment; and what is yet worse, buried with a bad name. Its concealment hitherto is owing to the dull and dreary matter that surrounds it in the Rushworthian cemetery, and to the disingenuousness of Clarendon, whose interest it was to misrepresent its character. "Clarendon," says Mr. Forster, "was too near the time of the Remonstrance when he wrote, and had played too eager a part in the attempt to obstruct and prevent its publication to the people, not to give it prominence in his history; but he found it easier to falsify and misrepresent the debates concerning it, of which there was no published record, than to pass altogether in silence the statements made in it, diffused as they had been, some score of years earlier, over the length and breadth of the land." From about six pages of the octavo edition of Clarendon, Hume and the historians of the last century derived whatsoever they knew of the *Grand Remonstrance*. "Hallam," Mr. Forster proceeds, "is content to give some eight or nine lines to it, in which its contents are not fairly represented; Lingard disposes of it in something less than a dozen lines; Godwin passes over it in silence; and such few lines as Disraeli (in his *Commentaries*) vouchsafes to it are an entire misstatement of its circumstances and falsification of its contents." Here, then, is virgin soil, which Mr. Sanford and Mr. Forster have found and worked in common; although, from circumstances already adverted to, the latter gentleman has been the principal gainer by the discovery.

The *Grand Remonstrance*, however, requires and would well repay a notice for itself, and is a topic which might justly occupy as much space as we have already afforded to *Mr. Sanford's Studies and Illustrations*. We have introduced

this unsurpassed state-paper. In conclusion, we can merely refer to the occasion which led to its being drawn up and published, for the instruction of the people and the vindication of the Commons of England, in the year 1641. That occasion harmonises with the most important portions of Mr. Sanford's work,—the misgovernment of England during the first fifteen years of Charles I., and the parliamentary royalism which at one time threatened to overcast the dawn of the revolution of 1640. The memory of political, as of personal benefits, is apt to be brief-lived: a people whose yoke is suddenly lifted, is too prone in the ease of the present moment to forget its recent pressure, and to view its deliverers with indifference, if not ingratitude. Such speedy oblivion of relief obtained had in the revolutions of ancient Rome caused the destruction of both the Gracchi and the younger Drusus; and a similar folding of the hands to sleep threatened the English nation towards the end of 1641. It was nearly in vain that the leaders of the Commons warned their constituents of dangers from Scotland, from reactionists, from the avowed adherents of the king, from even a general sympathy with a monarch who had conceded so much, and who was now seemingly friendless. It was necessary by some solemn protest to remind the nation that the king had been compelled to abolish grievances rather than to remove them by his own will and deed: that if the fold was for a while watched and fenced, the wolf was watching at the gates; that Charles was really becoming more popular in his distress than he had ever been in his prosperous estate; and that if the former court-faction once united firmly with the new Royalists, all that had been achieved by the Parliament in its first session might be annulled or undermined by subsequent acts. An appeal to what Charles, while unfettered, had done or attempted to do, was therefore essential to be set forth, for instruction, reproof, and correction of the backsliders and the supine. With this just and necessary end in view, the Grand Remonstrance describes the condition of the three kingdoms at the time when the Long Parliament met, the measures taken to redress wrongs and to punish evil doers and evil counsellors. Much had been done, it was admitted; but that much remained to do was no less boldly averred. It enumerated the statutes already passed for the present good and the future security of the subject, as well as the obstructions from the Crown and its ministers which at every stage those remedial measures had encountered. It then passes on to warn the people of the intrigues afoot to recover the ascendancy of the court-factions by fostering division at home and

soliciting aid from abroad; it glances at danger from the papists, and from deserters from the popular ranks; it accuses the bishops of a desire to fashion the English church after a Roman model; denounces the effect of ill-counsels in Scotland and Ireland; and calls upon the king to dismiss his evil advisers, and to choose his ministers from among the men who had his own good and the nation's at heart. It is remarkable, that although the Grand Remonstrance is throughout an appeal to the people, it contains not a word of disrespect to either the church establishment or the person and just privileges of the king. It is such a paper as might have been signed without a murmur by William of Orange, and even accepted by Elizabeth in her better moods; it is such a paper as would have secured the throne of the Stuarts from open violence or secret intrigue, had they been capable of keeping a promise or governing according to law.

We have purposely dwelt on the former portions of Mr. Sanford's volume, both because we believe the earlier policy of Charles to be less generally known than his later acts and measures, and because the prelude to the Great Rebellion affords the best commentary on its general character. We lay down our pen, perhaps, at the period when Mr. Sanford's narrative will to the majority of its readers become most interesting,—the moment when the king threw away the scabbard, and by his attempted seizure of the five members annihilated for ever all chance of composition between his subjects and himself. But from this period we can securely leave the volume before us to speak for itself. In every page it bears the tokens of industry, apprehension of the times and the men it delineates, and of a disposition to state boldly and yet impartially the causes and progress of the greatest struggle which any nation has passed through. In turning over the pages, and while following the train of thought which they suggest, we have been constantly reminded of the judgment passed on the English revolution by a great scholar and a great statesman of the last century; of Warburton's description of the leaders of the Long Parliament "as the band of greatest geniuses for government that the world ever saw leagued together in one common cause;" of Chatham's words, "there was ambition, there was sedition, there was violence; but no man shall persuade me that it was not the cause of liberty on one side, and of tyranny on the other." On these texts Mr. Sanford has discoursed with equal learning and eloquence; and we shall be much disappointed if he does not proceed to *study* and *illustrate* the concluding events of the Great Rebellion.

ART. VII.—MR. TROLLOPE'S NOVELS.

The Warden. By Anthony Trollope. London: Longmans, 1855.

Barchester Towers. By Anthony Trollope, author of "The Warden."
London: Longmans, 1857.

The Three Clerks. By Anthony Trollope, author of "Barchester Towers," &c. London: Bentley, 1858.

Doctor Thorne. A Novel. By Anthony Trollope, author of "The Three Clerks," "Barchester Towers," &c. London: Chapman and Hall, 1858.

THE present age is the age of novels. There is no department of literature which has by the existing generation of writers been more successfully cultivated, none which has been more in favour with the existing generation of readers, than that of prose fiction. This is, at least, one of the distinguishing features of the literary character of the time. In poetry we certainly cannot "boast ourselves better than our fathers," whether as to the number or the quality of the little knot of writers who are recognised as poets in the higher circles of criticism. And greatly as science has advanced during this century, and widely diffused as is the taste for scientific literature, we have no writers to name who excel the great masters of former days. In history, politics, and the large range of cognate subjects, the preëminence of the writers of the reign of Queen Victoria will hardly be admitted without dispute by future critics. But prose fiction seems to be all our own. The press teems with novels, tales, romances innumerable, of every conceivable shade of character, quality, and substance. All the wit, fancy, and imagination of the age seems to be forced into this form of expression; less probably from a peculiar development of the literary genius than by reason of the special direction of the literary taste of the present generation. If this one branch of literature has absorbed into itself the intellectual nourishment and vigour which should have supported kindred branches now feeble and neglected, it is not so much by the wilful choice of the writers as by the insensible effect upon them of the preferences of the public for which they write. Men who would have been poets or dramatists at a former period are now novelists. The satirist vents his disgust with human nature, his splenetic feeling, or his sense of aspirations unrealised and deficiencies unsupplied, in the person of the hero of a novel, or in the very thread of his narrative, instead of, as formerly, "wreaking himself in verse." The epics of the present time are called historical romances. The genius, the

keen observation, the power of delicate delineation of character, the acute appreciation of the lighter shades of human life, which once made the comedian the favourite of theatres, now delight a wider circle through the pages of a novel. Nay, even farces are now written in the form and manner of tales, and keep the railway traveller awake, instead of keeping pit, gallery, and boxes in a roar.

Yet, while so much attention, ability, and labour, are bestowed upon the work of novel-writing, the character of our novels has materially changed. There are comparatively few good works now written of the class to which the designation of "romance" appropriately belongs; few works of the heroic school, of which Scott is the unrivalled master. Only one or two writers of the

present day venture upon the high ground on which he trod so firmly. Generally our contemporaries do not choose kings and statesmen of high historic fame for their heroes, and brace themselves to the labour required by the dignity of an exalted subject. The historic is almost as much out of fashion as the chivalric romance. There are three or four voluminous writers who venture to depend for the interest of their tales solely on scenes of

peril and daring, on striking adventures and brilliant exploits. But these choose their heroes among ordinary men, and of these there are only a few; the greater number of the popular fictions of the day belong to a very different class. Their scenes are laid among quiet homes, and their heroes are men of peace. They are dramatic rather than narrative. Their interest is derived not from intricate situations and startling occurrences, but from the development of varieties of individual disposition and different phases of human nature. They are tales of character, as the novels of a former time were tales of incident or of manners. Instead of waging conflicts on horse or on foot with mailed adversaries, their personages are themselves the subjects of those internal struggles on which depend the spiritual destinies of men; or if they meet with human antagonist, the struggle is maintained by force of intellect or of will, not by the strong arm of the old heroes of romance.

Whether we have altogether been the gainers by this change, it would take too long to determine. Certain it is, that novels of the higher sort now abound; furnishing us with intellectual *entremets*, which are neither dull nor exciting, neither severe nor trivial, with a liberality to which our forefathers were strangers. These have not the stately minuet pace, nor the air of half-tragic dignity, which belonged to the six-volume novels of the last century; nor do they pretend to rival the chivalric romances of an earlier period, or the more recent historical fictions which have superseded them. Nor yet have they the moral gravity,

the deep earnestness of purpose, or the almost morbidly subjective interest of another class of domestic fictions now popular, and deservedly popular, even among that class with whom novel-reading is a matter of questionable morality. But they have merits of their own, which ensure the best writers of this class a very large, if not a very attentive audience. They are generally interesting, without possessing that fascination so inconvenient to a busy man, which renders it impossible for him who has once taken up a book to lay it down until he has reached the last page of the third volume. Nor are they without a moral of their own. Indeed, a retributive justice, which may be more easily dispensed with in graver fictions, is essential to those which partake largely of the character of a domestic comedy; and if we have no great faith in the moral efficacy of novels in general, we are inclined to think that as much good and as little harm is to be expected from the good-humoured satire or unobtrusive good sense of those which are written purely to amuse, as from the more laboured and didactic morality of those which are written to teach the doctrines of a sect, or the peculiar views of an individual author.

Among the best living writers of the former class we are inclined to rank one of the most recent accessions to their number. Mr. Anthony Trollope, the author of *The Warden*, has achieved in a very short time a very considerable success. The tale was brief, perhaps a little incomplete, and somewhat loosely put together. The single incident on which the whole weight of the narrative rested seemed very slight to support its burden; and there was somewhat too much made perhaps of trifles, as is not unfrequently the case where a writer has adopted a framework so simple and apparently insignificant that the whole merit of his story depends upon his way of telling it. So to embellish a single substantial incident with details of circumstance well filled in, with descriptions happily sketched, with delicate touches of character, as to make thereof even a novellette in one volume, without ever sinking into rapidity or commonplace, or becoming tedious through overmuch dwelling on nothings, worth only a glance and not a formal observation, is a severe task for a young and inexperienced author to assume. Few have acquitted themselves so well in its performance as did Mr. Trollope in the volume which first introduced him to the novel-reader. There are indeed in that, as in all his writings, places on which we might put our finger and point out a blemishing excrescence extending over many pages, or a single thread of thought spun out to extravagant length and to such gossamer fineness that it is sadly apt to be lost amid the haze of words which are gathered around it. There is something unsatisfactory in the treatment

apportioned to the various characters. We are not spared the inequalities of real life; some fare better, and others worse, than is quite accordant with our wishes; and none of them meet with a lot which can afford complete satisfaction either to themselves or to their well-wishers. We are not quite easy when the *dramatis personæ* are all disposed of, and all less comfortably established than they might have been.

This would perhaps be more unpleasant than it is, were it not that few of Mr. Trollope's characters are calculated to excite a very strong interest in their fate. We are not sure that there is not good reason for making the heroes and heroines of fiction superior to most of those with whom one may expect to meet in every-day life. The real man or woman of flesh and blood commands an interest in his or her personality more vivid than we could feel in him or her if presented to us merely as the ideal of a novelist; and the latter must seek, by the use of stronger shades and brighter colours in the delineation of his fictitious personages, to compensate for the haze which distance and unreality always cast around them. Mr. Trollope will not do this; and in consequence somewhat fails in awakening the sympathy of his readers for those whom he offers to their acquaintance. There is abundance of variety in his sketches of character; all the minute peculiarities which in real life are softened and redeemed from absurdity by the deeper and more serious parts of the man, are by him brought out in relief, and serve to mark very strongly the individuality of each of his creations. But as, especially in his two first novels, Mr. Trollope seems to have taken for his model the quiet unaffected comedies, as far from farce as from tragedy, which are familiar to those who delight in the theatrical performances of Mr. Wigan, he has seized rather on the quaint and salient than on the truly characteristic points of individual minds. In the last tale a somewhat quieter taste prevails, without obscuring the genial humour which is the charm of all. In the former we are rather more inclined to be amused at than interested in the personages of the narrative. There are few, if any of them, whom we can feel that we should have thoroughly loved and respected had we met them in real life. Except the most estimable clergyman who gives his title to the first volume, none of the characters in *The Warden* or *Barchester Towers* are such as to inspire any warm interest, and most of them are either depicted as disagreeable and contemptible, or rendered ludicrous either by disposition and conduct of their own, or by the situations in which they are frequently placed. The same holds true, though in a less marked manner, of the *Three Clerks*, their friends, and the young ladies to whom they are devoted.

Yet, despite all these defects, no one need wonder at the

general popularity of Mr. Trollope's works, or at the favour which he himself cannot but extend to them, even though he might find it difficult to justify his partiality on any acknowledged principles of criticism. The charm of good temper, relieved from insipidity by a dash of sarcasm, and a keen appreciation of all that is amusing—not merely of all that is ridiculous—in the varying scenes of human existence, is almost as great in literature as in life. This charm Mr. Trollope possesses in a very liberal measure; and this makes even his somewhat objectionable digressions less objectionable than they would be in the pages of a graver writer. It is not quite pleasant to have an essay on the civil service, on competitive examinations, official routine, and the Crimean disasters thrust upon you between two scenes of a very entertaining character, in the midst of a novel to which you look principally, if not solely, for entertainment. But it is far more tolerable when such an essay is written in the same light, fluent, agreeable style which pervades the more appropriate contents of the book, than when the novel-reader finds himself suddenly plunged in a cold bath of disquisition and explanation, in which, besides the severe shock to his nerves, he is very soon out of his depth, or drenched with a hail-shower of sharp apostrophic declamation. Again, both in these digressions and in the narrative from which his reader wishes that he would less often digress, the author displays a sound common sense which is generally wanting to novel-writers who base their tales upon topics of political interest. He never gives way to cant, or follows the stream of popular indignation. Indeed, he is somewhat apt to treat the latter with the contempt of a practised politician; and if it affect his tone at all, it is by exciting in him a spirit of sarcastic opposition. He is a Conservative by taste and temper, and gives half-humorous half-pathetic descriptions of the mischief done by the tide of progress among venerable institutions, and quiet hits at the ludicrous side of the innovator's character or opinions, with evident and equal relish. In one passage he lets fall a slight indication of his sympathy with the mediæval tastes of Puseyism and its veneration for antiquated usage and reverend ceremonies, and he thoroughly appreciates the decorous gravity and dignity of the high-church party. He has more than a lawyer's reverence for prescription; and his first tale depicts the hardship inflicted by the popular cry for an investigation of the state of charitable trusts and corporations, and a return towards the original intentions of the founders. His sympathies are all on the side of the guardians and rulers who have been for generations receiving more than their share of the founder's benevolent legacy, not with the poor who, though they have had more than was bequeathed to them, have nevertheless received little indeed

of the vast accession of wealth which time has brought to the institutions founded for their benefit. And he is evidently encouraged in this feeling by the knowledge that the popular view is against him. Every one of his three first works is animated, if it was not originally suggested, by this spirit of opposition. He has too much good sense to believe or even to affirm that whatever is right; but he has an evident tendency to think that whatever is suggested as a substitute is wrong, especially if the suggestion emanate from a popular quarter. Doubtless there are many who can sympathise with him in this, and still more who will appreciate the sense as well as the spirit, though clothed in a garb of humorous exaggeration, which inspires Mr. Trollope's amusing antipathy to his especial *bête noire*, *The Jupiter*.

That powerful organ of public opinion is the evil genius of the unhappy gentleman who is the principal character in the two first works named at the head of this article. Mr. Harding holds two comfortable dignities in the episcopal city of Barchester. He is charged as precentor with the conduct of the musical worship of the cathedral, and enjoys, in conjunction with this office, the more lucrative situation of warden of Hiram's Hospital. The latter institution had been intended by the founder for the retreat of twelve old working men of his native city, who were to pass their declining years beneath its roof, sheltered and cared for by a clergyman to be appointed to the office by the Bishop of Barchester. In process of time the property of the hospital has risen enormously in value, and the warden now enjoys an income of some eight hundred a-year, while the bedesmen have participated only in far humbler proportion in the increased prosperity of the institution. How the existence of enormous abuses of a similar kind in other charities came to light, and awakened public attention; how an outcry was raised by an heretical intermeddler in the cathedral city against Mr. Harding's sinecure; how the good old man's conscience was so disturbed, and his peace of mind so cruelly invaded, that he abandoned house, and sinecure, and bedesmen, to evade the attacks of John Bold and the withering vituperation of the Jupiter,—these are the matters which compose the history of *The Warden*. Around this framework, or skeleton of the tale, are grouped numerous graceful and entertaining details of character and incident, rounding out the whole to elegant and seemly form. The gentle, friendly, lethargic bishop, so thoroughly attached to Mr. Harding as to forgive him even his hasty resignation of the wardenship, and the grievous damage thereby done to the episcopal patronage; the bishop's terrible son, Archdeacon Grantly, who rules his father, his father-in-law, and the entire diocese with the hand of a master, though his grasp be somewhat more remarkable for vigour than

for delicacy; Archdeacon Grantly's wife, Mr. Harding's eldest daughter, able on occasion to lecture and hold in awe both father and husband; her gentle, loving, womanly sister, faithful to her father even while in love with his persecutor; rough, manly, open-hearted, disagreeable John Bold, the incorruptible champion of the poor of Barchester, corrupted and turned from his purpose, when too late, by the tears of the lady he loved; Tom Towers of the Jupiter, the man who rebukes princes, and sends ministers to learn wisdom in retirement, yet who deigns from the heights of Olympus to launch a couple of stray thunderbolts in the direction of poor Mr. Harding;—all these are grouped in their proper attitudes around the central figure, and complete the picture of Barchester Close, with the warden of Hiram's Hospital in the foreground. Nor are there wanting sketches of less immediate connection with the main purpose of the story, such as Sir Abraham Haphazard, the attorney-general, and his Convents Custody Bill, with its absurd provisions and its doom of intentional self-destruction. Very clever too, though somewhat exaggerated, are the individual scenes of the narrative. Eleanor Harding's petition to John Bold to retrace his mischievous steps, and to let her father die in peace in his old home, is well conceived, and not ill executed. There is amusement, again, in the utter and crushing defeat of the demagogue in his interview with the bitter and merciless archdeacon. Better still is the comic and yet perfectly truthful sketch of the state of the warden's mind when he slunk away to London to hear the opinion of Sir Abraham, and to resign his office by stealth, in mortal dread lest his imperious son-in-law should discover his purpose, and give chase. There is much skill in the description of Dr. Grantly's archidiaconal residence at Plumstead Episcopi, though the satiric purpose with which his three sons are introduced is far too manifest to allow us any belief in their personal existence. It is, in fact, of these sketches, details, and minute traits of character that *The Warden* is made up. Without them, three or four chapters in a magazine would have told the story: by their aid it has been expanded to the dimensions of a volume, and yet improved, embellished, and rendered readable, pleasant, and popular in the very process of its expansion.

In *Barchester Towers*, wherein the story of the amiable Precentor of Barchester Cathedral is continued, the demon of the former tale plays but a subordinate part. Only in a single instance is its agency prominently invoked, and then it is invoked in vain. For once the Jupiter is subjected to the humiliation of a defeat; his counsels neglected, his mandates set aside. We do not know, however, that the story loses much by the absence of the evil spirit that had beguiled John Bold. Its place is well

filled, and filled by a personality more distinct, if not so awe-inspiring.

When the story of Barchester and its inhabitants is resumed, the good old Bishop is on his deathbed. He, and the ministry of the party to which his son belonged, are expiring together; and on the survivorship of one or the other does it depend whether that son or a stranger shall fill the episcopal throne, and bear spiritual sway over the ecclesiastical dignitaries of the ancient city and their flocks. Here is a sore temptation to the soul of the worthy, but rather ambitious, archdeacon. He is for a moment half-inclined to wish that the long tedium of that slow lingering between life and death might be abridged, so as to give him a chance of the mitre at the expense of his father's last unconscious hours; then smitten with remorse at the thought. And the first chapter of *Barchester Towers* closes with the death of Bishop Grantley only a few hours after the fall of the ministry which had promised the succession to his son. This misfortune is the root from which grows the story that fills the rest of the three volumes. The new ministers belong to the sacrilegious party, which has not only appointed men who, in the eyes of Barchester, are little better than dissenters to high places in the Church, but has also laid its impious hands on the sacred seats of heathen learning and ecclesiastical antiquity, which has already overthrown the Hebdomadal Board that ruled over Oxford, and has menaced Cambridge with innovations. They have no respect for the ancient traditions of Barchester Cathedral; no regard for the honest feelings of its worthy congregation; no veneration for the clergymen of the good old school, who have nodded in its stalls to the music of Mr. Precentor Harding, or slumbered reverently through the sermon, of far less than modern length, of the Very Reverend Doctor Trefoil. The Vandal Premier commits a fearful solecism in ecclesiastical taste, if not in ministerial usage, and appoints a man not only insignificant, but actually evangelical, to preside over the stately services dear to the people of Barchester. At the same time the under-secretary for the Home Department, with the assistance of some fifty members, enacts a scheme for the future administration of Hiram's Hospital, curtailing the warden's income, and intruding twelve old women upon its venerable precincts. This act and the new Bishop come down together. And now commences a conflict between High and Low Church for the command of the diocese. Involved in the result of this contest are two minor issues—the one, whether the Bishop's wife, or the Bishop's chaplain, shall bear rule in the Bishop's name; and the other, to which party shall belong the hand and the fortune of the younger daughter of "the Warden"—warden now no more. For true-hearted, rough, meddlesome

John Bold has departed the world wherein the loaves and fishes are the prizes of spiritual warfare, and his young widow is left with one child, still a baby, at the period when the tale opens. Her persecutor, on behalf of the episcopal faction, is no less a person than the masculine leader of that party. We do not mean the Bishop, who is far from aspiring to lead any one, and is led alternately by his wife, and by the Rev. Obadiah Slope, whom Mrs. Proudie has promoted to the chaplaincy. This gentleman is the demon of the tale, and the sacrilegious assailant of musical services and Sunday travelling. He is put forward from the beginning as a type of every thing that is disagreeable in the religious innovator. He is said to possess the virtue of religious sincerity, but as the author has, with great tact, kept all religious questions entirely out of sight, Mr. Slope is never allowed to manifest any good quality, except perhaps that of a courage which sometimes does more than border on impudence. The colours are possibly laid on a little too freely, and the result is a portrait of unrivalled coarseness and vulgarity, which could hardly have succeeded with any lady accustomed to the society of gentlemen even so far as it is represented to have done with Eleanor Bold, *née* Harding. Bishop Proudie, again, is hardly well drawn. He is made too weak and helpless before his wife and chaplain for a man who has risen to a good position by his labours as a preacher, and has been chosen to take a prominent part in commissions of ecclesiastical reform. Mrs. Proudie is more lifelike. As a satirical, and consequently an exaggerated figure, the portrait of this episcopal lady must be admitted to be clever and telling. Her iron rule over her husband, her impertinence to his clergy, her vulgar pride of station, her lectures to Mr. Harding and Archdeacon Grantly on Sabbath schools and railway Sabbath-breaking, are all perfectly in character. The family of Dr. Vesey Stanhope, an absentee canon on a rather prolonged visit to Barchester, are apparently introduced for no other purpose than that of complicating the story and prolonging the action. Their acts and characters are nevertheless skilfully interwoven with the main thread of the book, though not so skilfully portrayed. The selfish, disappointed old man, whose life has been wasted without scruple, and is drawing to a close without honour and without satisfaction, is a true and a melancholy picture. The light-hearted, frank, hopeless scapegrace Bertie, insensible to shame or remorse, but not devoid of generous impulses, is a possible, though hardly a probable child of such birth and such a training as he had received. The cold, useful eldest daughter, with no good point in her character but that of family affection and household industry, is the best of the number. Her sister, separated from the Italian scoundrel who has wasted her fortune

and crippled her limbs, still intent on conquests to be made by her wit and beauty, and utterly lost to all sense of shame in the pursuit, seems to us absolutely unnatural. She is an intrusion upon the stage, utterly out of harmony with the scenes and persons round her, and we cannot but think with the nature of her sex. It is a pity that such a person should have been allowed to force herself on the reader's acquaintance, or the eminently respectable society of the cathedral city.

The refusal of Mr. Harding to resume the wardenship on the conditions imposed by Mr. Slope, leads to an intrigue in which the latter acts a part somewhat similar to that of John Bold, except in its meanness and duplicity. Eleanor is once more persuaded to act as peacemaker between her father and his foe; but this time she fails in her endeavours. Mr. Harding does not return to the Hospital, except to introduce a brother clergyman, to whom, or rather to his wife and fourteen children, Mrs. Proudie has given the situation. The appointment to the Hospital has been the subject of secret strife between her and her chaplain, and the selection of Mr. Quiverful is the signal of his defeat. Meantime he is also sorely pressed in the open warfare which he is waging with the Dean and Chapter, all of them of honest High-Church principles, whom he has outraged by a sermon levelled at them from their own pulpit. The enraged arch-deacon has summoned to his aid the redoubted Mr. Arabin, a fellow of Lazarus, and an Oxford first-class man. To this gentleman, an old opponent of the common enemy, he gives a small living near his own residence of Plumstead Episcopi. The character of Mr. Arabin is well and seriously drawn, and the sympathies of the reader are more than usually satisfied in his marriage with Eleanor and his double triumph over his rival. In vain are all the thunderbolts of the Jupiter. The High-Church party are victorious in Barchester; and the vacated deanery, for which the "leading journal" had nominated Mr. Slope, is offered to Mr. Harding, and finally bestowed upon his new son-in-law. In point of lively writing and well-restrained humour, this is perhaps the best of Mr. Trollope's novels; and it might have been better, if he would have refrained from frequently and somewhat offensively coming forward as author to remind us that we are reading a fiction. Such intrusions are as objectionable in a novel as on the stage: the actor who indulges in extempore and extra-professional hints and winks to the audience, and the author who interrupts his characters to introduce himself to our notice, are alike guilty of a violation of good taste. Despite this blemish, however, with all the defects of the plot, *Barchester Towers* is undeniably one of the cleverest and best-written novels which has been published of late years. The graver and less bril-

liant chapters which wind up the story have merits of their own which are not inferior to those of the humorous sketches that form the peculiar characteristic of the book ; and there are graceful and touching passages which vindicate Mr. Trollope's claim to rank as something more than a humorist. Both touching and pleasant is the concluding picture, which represents the good gentle old Warden introducing his successor to the home he had loved so well. It is the completion of a character as amiable as novelist ever drew—the finishing touch to a portrait of which the artist has a right to be proud.

"It was a bright clear morning, though in November, that Mr. Harding and Mr. Quiverful, arm-in-arm, walked through the hospital-gate. It was one trait in our old friend's character that he did nothing with parade. He omitted, even in the more important doings of his life, that sort of parade with which most of us deem it necessary to grace our important doings. We have house-warmings, christenings, and gala-days ; we keep, if not our own birthdays, those of our children ; we are apt to fuss ourselves if called upon to change our residences, and have, almost all of us, our little state occasions. Mr. Harding had no state occasions. When he left his old house, he went forth from it with the same quiet composure as though he were merely taking his daily walk ; and now that he re-entered it with another warden under his wing, he did so with the same quiet step and calm demeanour. He was a little less upright than he had been five years—nay, it was now nearly six years—ago ; he walked perhaps a little slower ; his footfall was perhaps a thought less firm ; otherwise one might have said that he was merely returning with a friend under his arm.

This friendliness was every thing to Mr. Quiverful. To him, even in his poverty, the thought that he was supplanting a brother clergyman so kind and courteous as Mr. Harding had been very bitter. Under his circumstances, it had been impossible for him to refuse the proffered boon ; he could not reject the bread that was offered to his children, or refuse to ease the heavy burden that had so long oppressed that poor wife of his ; nevertheless it had been very grievous to him to think that in going to the hospital he might encounter the ill-will of his brethren in the diocese. All this Mr. Harding had fully comprehended. It was for such feelings as these, for the nice comprehension of such motives, that his heart and intellect were peculiarly fitted. In most matters of worldly import the archdeacon set down his father-in-law as little better than a fool ; but in some other matters, equally important, if they be rightly judged, Mr. Harding, had he been so minded, might with as much propriety have set his son-in-law down for a fool. Few men, however, are constituted as was Mr. Harding. He had that nice appreciation of the feelings of others which belongs of right exclusively to women.

Arm-in-arm they walked into the inner quadrangle of the building, and there the five old men met them. Mr. Harding shook hands with them all, and then Mr. Quiverful did the same. With Bunce

Mr. Harding shook hands twice, and Mr. Quiverful was about to repeat the same ceremony, but the old man gave him no encouragement.

'I am very glad to know that at last you have a new warden,' said Mr. Harding in a very cheery voice.

'We be very old for any change,' said one of them; 'but we do suppose it be all for the best.'

'Certainly,—certainly it is for the best,' said Mr. Harding. 'You will again have a clergyman of your own Church under the same roof with you; and a very excellent clergyman you will have. It is a great satisfaction to me to know that so good a man is coming to take care of you; and that it is no stranger, but a friend of my own, who will allow me from time to time to come in and see you.'

'We be very thankful to your reverence,' said another of them.

'I need not tell you, my good friends,' said Mr. Quiverful, 'how extremely grateful I am to Mr. Harding for his kindness to me,—I must say his uncalled-for, unexpected kindness.'

'He be always very kind,' said a third.

'What I can do to fill the void which he left here, I will do. For your sake and my own I will do so, and especially for his sake. But to you who have known him I can never be the same well-loved friend and father that he has been.'

'No, sir, no,' said old Bunce, who had hitherto held his peace, 'no one can be that. Not if the new bishop sent a hangel to us out of heaven. We doesn't doubt you'll do your best, sir; but you'll not be like the old master, not to us old ones.'

'Fie, Bunce, fie; how dare you talk in that way?' said Mr. Harding; but as he scolded the old man, he still held him by his arm, and pressed it with warm affection.

There was no getting up any enthusiasm in the matter. How could five old men, tottering away to their final resting-place, be enthusiastic on the reception of a stranger? What could Mr. Quiverful be to them, or they to Mr. Quiverful? Had Mr. Harding, indeed, come back to them, some last flicker of joyous light might have shone forth on their aged cheeks; but it was in vain to bid them rejoice because Mr. Quiverful was about to move his fourteen children from Puddingdale into the hospital-house. In reality they did, no doubt, receive advantage, spiritual as well as corporal; but this they could neither anticipate nor acknowledge. It was a dull affair enough, this introduction of Mr. Quiverful; but still it had its effect. The good which Mr. Harding intended did not fall to the ground. All the Barchester world, including the five old bedesmen, treated Mr. Quiverful with the more respect because Mr. Harding had thus walked arm-in-arm with him on his first entrance to his duties."

The tale of *The Three Clerks* appears to have been suggested by the public attention directed to the abuses and reforms of the Civil Service. It evinces a considerable knowledge of the subject, and an acquaintance with the habits of thought and speech prevalent among officials of the younger generation which any

man may possess who has met at his club the junior clerks of government offices, and observed with studious interest the characteristic traits of manner and demeanour which distinguish the various classes of men. The habit of observation Mr. Trollope undoubtedly possesses, and with it an appreciation of minutiae which enables him always to assign to his characters of every class their fitting costume, language, and mode of mind. His clergymen are always strictly clerical, wearing the mental garb of their order as naturally and invariably as the black vest and white neckcloth which especially distinguish them to the outward eye. So his civil servants carry about them the air and manner of their position in life, and their rank in their respective offices. *It may be that Norman is a little too like one of the High-Church curates, with whom Mr. Trollope's career of authorship had hitherto been most familiar. But this is skilfully accounted for by the tendency towards Puseyism which is attributed to him, and which well befits the rigid propriety, the grave demeanour, and the conscientious industry of the Weights and Measures.* Sir Gregory Hardlines, the man who through the Civil Service has risen to eminence and 2000*l.* a-year, and who regards the service with profound love and veneration, watching over its interests as his own, and by no means disposed to sacrifice them to any weak indulgence or private partiality towards incapable men, is well though somewhat too harshly drawn, the author having a tendency to make virtue seem unpleasant. But the main interest of the book lies in the history of a man too anxious to succeed to be duly scrupulous as to the means, and the misery which his sin and consequent fall brought on every one around him. Alaric Tudor is the friend and companion of Norman, and the favourite of Mr. Hardlines, the stern chief secretary of the Weights and Measures. His object in life is to rise; and though we find him at first unstained by serious error, it is not long before the first opportunity of rising is made the first step to his ruin. Sent down by the interest of Sir Gregory, now promoted to the supervision of the service generally, to report concerning a mine in which some government rights were involved, he is beguiled by the demon of the story into purchasing shares in the mine he was sent to inspect. From that day he rises in wealth and position, and falls lower and lower in character. He wins by competitive examination the place which his friend Norman should have had, and is proposed at a political club by his tempter Undy Scott. This man, the son of an impoverished Scotch peer, and a late M.P., who afterwards resumes his seat, is about as cold-blooded and detestable a villain as any *author ever drew, though far more probable and natural than the monsters who ordinarily figure in the same capacity.* Mr.

Trollope has too much tact and skill to deform his pages with villains of the ancient conventional type, nor would they at all accord with the general style and plan of his works. But Undecimus Scott is perhaps more revolting than the melodramatic demons of ordinary novelists. Alaric Tudor falls completely into his snares; and is undermined in moral character, in peace of mind, and finally in the worldly prosperity to which he had risen with almost unexampled rapidity. He is made trustee to a niece of his tempter, is seduced into speculating with her property, repents too late, and finds himself irreparably disgraced, subjected to a public trial as a swindler and sentenced to imprisonment, and finally driven to seek shelter in exile with his wife and children. He has lost his hold upon the sympathies of the reader less by his dishonesty in pecuniary affairs than by his treachery to those who had loved and trusted him. He and Harry Norman had been intimate with an amiable family living near London, whose home had been always open to them. Alaric first makes love to a younger daughter of Mrs. Woodward, because the elder is understood to be half-engaged to Norman; and then, when Gertrude rejects his friend, he abandons her sister and is accepted by her. He is by this conduct totally estranged from the rejected lover, who afterwards marries the forsaken Linda; and this estrangement aids in delivering him over to the evil spirit that besets him. The two sisters are admirably sketched, though slightly; Gertrude's strong, somewhat unamiable nature being justly adapted to bear and be improved by the terrible sorrows which are brought upon her by her husband's sin and shame; and the gentle Linda is just such a wife as any man who loves a peaceful and cheerful home would wish to secure—a wife worthy of a man so wise and honourable as Harry Norman. Their mother, the good but somewhat worldly Mrs. Woodward, is a truthful though not quite a pleasing figure; it being a defect of which the author appears wholly unconscious, that hardly any of his personages are without some repulsive trait of character which prevents the reader from taking a cordial interest in their fate. Perhaps, however, with the exception of Mr. Harding the warden, the heroes of this later work are more calculated to win the regard of unsophisticated novel-readers than those of its predecessors. The rise of Alaric's fortunes, and their sudden and total ruin, afford an opportunity for displaying whatever power of exciting the sympathy of his readers Mr. Trollope possesses; while the seriousness of the catastrophe restrains and chastens the humour which throughout *The Warden* and *Barchester Towers* repels interest, though affording no small amount of pleasure and entertainment. And the youngest pair of lovers in the story, Alaric Tudor's cousin Char-

ley and the gentle lively Katie Woodward, entitle themselves to nearly as much sympathy as such personages in fiction usually do. Yet, on the whole, even *The Three Clerks* will be read, like Mr. Trollope's other novels, rather for the charm of the author's humour and cleverness than for any graver merits; and judged in this view, it can hardly fail to disappoint his admirers. It is deficient in the elaborate elegance and the light gracefulness of style which were so remarkable in its predecessors, probably because it has been written with much more of haste and with that diminished care which is not unnatural to an author who considers his reputation made. It is rather too much for the patience of a critic or the gravity of a reader when he finds some score of pages filled with the story contributed by Charley Tudor to the columns of the *Daily Delight*; and we are inclined to wonder how the publisher could tolerate such an imposition, and how the author could commit himself to such a solecism as the introduction of this weak and pointless burlesque. But a writer so prolific as Mr. Trollope must write in a hurry; and so doing, it is not strange if he finds a difficulty in expanding his materials to the exact measure of the three volumes which he must fill, and failing in so doing by more legitimate means, he has recourse to interpolations which are little better than a fraud upon the prospective purchasers of his book. However, it is only in this one work that Mr. Trollope has been so glaring a sinner; and we may hope that for the future he will be able to find a better method of apportioning his matter to the space which it has to fill. Such blemishes in such a writer can only be attributed to haste, and the carelessness thereon attendant; errors of which there are other indications in these volumes. But despite the want of equal labour and preparation, which renders *The Three Clerks* very far inferior as a whole to *Barchester Towers*, there are, in the former, scenes and sketches which are fully as good in their way as any thing in its predecessor. Among these we may mention the caricature of "Uncle Bat," the old, hard-drinking, unpolished sailor-relative of the Woodwards; the portrait of Mr. Chaffanbrass, the Old-Bailey lawyer; the trial of Alaric Tudor; and above all, the examination of the Hon. Undecimus Scott by the terrible barrister who "led for Mr. Tudor." These things do not bear reading and re-reading as well as do the more carefully-written pages of *The Warden* and its sequel; but on a first acquaintance they are full of entertainment, seasoned with sense and truth sufficient to prevent the exaggeration which seems essential to the author's humour from becoming too palpable, and so spoiling our amusement by over-taxing our credulity.

There is, however, one piece of bad taste, which was perceptible in some few instances in *The Warden* and *Barchester Towers*,

but which reaches a climax in *The Three Clerks*; a fault analogous to that breach of heraldic decorum known as "canting heraldry," which assigns to different families arms or mottoes conveying a pun on the surname of the bearer. We allude to the extraordinary names imposed by Mr. Trollope upon all except the most favoured heroes of the tale,—names which of themselves destroy much of the merit of some passages, by reminding us at every moment that we are reading a purely fictitious story.

Who can take interest in the ill-usage of Captain Cuttwater? or who can for a moment believe in the personal existence of Mr. Chaffanbrass, or M. Jaquetanâpe? Why must we be told beforehand by the titles assigned to each, of the respective parts to be played by Mr. Hardlines and Mr. Oldeschole? What wit is there in the threadbare jest which furnishes the name of Dr. Fillgrave? or what reality can be assigned to Messrs. Scatterall, Corkscrew, Uppinall, and Minusex? True, something is saved to the author in the way of description by such a nomenclature,

the name given to a minor personage not unfrequently being a sufficient expression of the personality attached to it; as when an official is denominated Alphabet Precis, or an attorney bears the euphonious surname of Gitemthruet. Nearly the whole that we learn about the character of a pair who are instrumental in Alaric's catastrophe is contained in the name of Jaquetanâpe and Golightly. In this species of nicknaming there is neither grace nor sense nor cleverness; and we are glad to find very little of it in *Doctor Thorne*. We hope that Mr. Trollope has become ashamed of it, as of a trick which belongs of right to the lowest order of farcical absurdities.

This is by no means the only respect in which peculiarities strongly marked in the first three of these novels, are softened, or vanish altogether, in the fourth. This could hardly have been expected, as the publication of the last followed within a very few months that of *The Three Clerks*. In the latter, indeed, there is less of the humour and vivacity which scintillated in *Barchester Towers*, and more endeavour to be earnest and interesting. In *Doctor Thorne* this is still more evidently the case. There is more care bestowed on the original conception of the story, and less on the elaboration of details. The characters want the perfect finish which was so conscientiously given to the sketches of the Chapter of Barchester and their connections. Even the godfather—we cannot call him the hero—of the book is by no means as familiar to us when we close the third volume as were the minor personages of *The Warden*. Far less labour, far less loving interest, has the author devoted to his fourth literary bantling than he gave to his first; and consequently, though with a more vigorous frame, it is far less elegant and graceful

than its elder brethren. Though it will perhaps be as great a favourite with most ordinary novel-readers, it is far inferior to its predecessors as a work of art. Nor can we wonder at this, when we remember that though this is but October, two novels in three volumes have been given to the world since January bearing the signature of Anthony Trollope. There is not time to give due polish and completion to works which succeed one another at intervals so short; and we can only regret that the author of *Barchester Towers* should be guilty of the bad taste of counting quantity before quality. The management of his plots sufficiently indicates his increased mastery over his work; and if he were now to bestow equal pains thereon, his next effort would no doubt be greatly superior to any thing he has yet achieved. As it is, there are but a very few living novelists of whom *Doctor Thorne* would be unworthy; but among those we are inclined to rank its author.

The main purpose of Mr. Trollope's last novel is to ridicule the maxims which are supposed to prevail among a certain portion of the aristocracy of this country on the subject of birth and ancient blood. The author is far too good a Tory not to sympathise with the genuine pride of an old English family, whose pedigree dates back to the ages of chivalry, unstained by a single *mésalliance* for some thirty generations. He is too sensible to imagine that the man is alone exempted from those laws of hereditary descent which prevail throughout the creation. He knows, as the Roman poet of old, that

"Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis,
Est in juvenis, est in equis patrum
Virtus, neque imbellem feroces
Progenerant aquilæ columbam."

But nothing can exceed his bitter contempt for those who, while pluming themselves on purity of blood and illustrious lineage, consider that money can wipe out any taint; and that he who marries the daughter of a country apothecary commits a mortal sin, while he who allies himself with the heiress of a successful tradesman, so his success have enabled her to count her fortune by hundreds of thousands, merits the thanks of his family and the admiration of high-born neighbours. The heroine of his tale is the illegitimate child of the doctor's brother, who has seduced a poor and pretty girl in the neighbourhood. The victim's brother very righteously sets forth to chastise the villain; but his heavy stick does its work more effectually than perhaps he intended, and the avenger is found guilty of manslaughter and sent to prison for half a year. The child is born; and the mother disappears from the scene. The illegitimate girl is allowed, improbably enough, to become the playfellow of the

squire's children, and eventually the beloved of his heir. Meantime her mother's brother, whose wife had nursed the "young Squire Gresham," rises in the world by dint of industry and genius, and is presented to us as the wealthy baronet Sir Roger Scatcherd. He and his wife are perhaps the most striking characters in the tale; and his terrible end, when he falls a victim to the intemperance of a lifetime, is powerfully conceived. The niece of Dr. Thorne, the child of Mary Scatcherd, becomes heiress to the wealth left by this great railway-contractor and former stonemason, when his son follows his father's fatal example, and drinks himself to death. Then the family who had scornfully repudiated her engagement to their heir are only too glad to accept what they can no longer resist, and the lovers are made happy. There are similar tales of sordidness and inconsistency interwoven with this, all illustrating the meanness which can so value money as to let it cover all defects of birth or character, and so despise love, and faith, and purity, as to hold them of no account when weighed against gold. The great Whig family of the county are, with pardonable party-spirit, made to furnish all the instances of this paltry huckstering tone which are presented to us; and a gentle hint is insinuated that the rival faction have at once more true reverence for birth and more respect for plebeian talent.

The low-born persons of the tale are very fairly treated. Mary Thorne is as perfect as other novel-heroines; Sir Roger Scatcherd is an honest, clever, really generous-hearted man; his son Louis, and the tailor-descended Moffat, are as mean, pitiful, insignificant creatures as they well could be. Lady Scatcherd, again, once the wet-nurse of Frank Gresham, is a vulgar, honest, affectionate, womanly woman. Indeed, she and her husband inspire us with as much interest as any other personage in the tale. There is much truth and pathos in the picture of her desolate solitude of spirit, when left absolutely alone to bear "the burden of an honour whereunto she was not born."

"Lady Scatcherd was found sitting alone in her little room on the ground-floor. Even Hannah was not with her; for Hannah was now occupied upstairs. When the doctor entered the room, which he did unannounced, he found her seated on a chair, with her back against one of the presses, her hands clasped together over her knees, gazing into vacancy. She did not even hear him or see him as he approached; and his hand had slightly touched her shoulder before she knew that she was not alone. Then she looked up at him with a face so full of sorrow, so worn with suffering, that his own heart was racked to see her. 'It is all over, my friend,' said he. 'It is better so; much better so.'

She seemed at first hardly to understand him; but still regarding

him with that wan face, shook her head slowly and sadly. One might have thought that she was twenty years older than when Dr. Thorne last saw her.

He drew a chair to her side, and, sitting by her, took her hand in his. 'It is better so, Lady Scatterd; better so,' he repeated. 'The poor lad's doom had been spoken, and it is well for him and for you that it should be over.'

'They are both gone now,' said she, speaking very low; 'both gone now. O, Doctor, to be left alone here, all alone!'

He said some few words, trying to comfort her: but who can comfort a widow bereaved of her child? Who can console a heart that has lost all it possessed? Sir Roger had not been to her a tender husband; but still he had been the husband of her love. Sir Louis had not been to her an affectionate son; but still he had been her child, her only child. Now they were both gone. Who can wonder that the world should be a blank to her?

Still the doctor spoke soothing words, and still he held her hand. He knew that his words could not console her; but the sounds of kindness at such desolate moments are, to such minds as hers, some alleviation of grief. She hardly answered him; but sat there staring out before her, leaving her hand passively to him, and swaying her head backwards and forwards as though her grief were too heavy to be borne.

At last her eye rested on an article which stood upon the table, and she started up impetuously from her chair. She did this so suddenly, that the doctor's hand fell beside him before he knew that she had risen. The table was covered with all those implements which become so frequent about a house when severe illness is an inhabitant there. There were little boxes and apothecaries' bottles, cups and saucers standing separate, and bowls, in which messes have been prepared with the hope of suiting a sick man's failing appetite. There was a small saucepan standing on a plate, a curiously-shaped glass utensil left by the doctor, and sundry pieces of flannel, which had been used in rubbing the sufferer's limbs. But in the middle of the *débris* stood one black bottle, with head erect, unsuited to the companionship in which it was found.

'There,' said she, rising up, and seizing this in a manner that would have been ridiculous had it not been so truly tragic,—'there, that has robbed me of every thing, of all that I ever possessed; of husband and child; of the father and son: that has swallowed them both! O Doctor, that such a thing as that should cause such bitter sorrow! I have hated it always; but now—O, woe is me! weary me!' And she let the bottle drop from her hand as though it were too heavy for her.

'This comes of their barro-niting,' she continued. 'If they had let him alone, he would have been here now; and so would the other one. Why did they do it;—why did they do it? Ah, Doctor, people such as us should never meddle with them above us. See what has come of it; see what has come of it.'

And here, for the present, we take our leave of Mr. Trollope.

He has powers which, if used with due painstaking conscientiousness, may make him one of the most successful novelists of the day, as they always render him readable and entertaining. But above all, he has the gift of finishing his work to the most minute detail without becoming for an instant tedious or trivial; and this is a gift so rare that it should never be neglected. The author of *Barchester Towers* should never write so as to tempt his readers to "skip;" and though few do so less often, yet there are symptoms in some passages of his later works of a somnolency, which we trust will not be allowed to grow upon him. The popularity which he has already earned should be a sufficient stimulus to induce him steadily and perseveringly to deserve it.

ART. VIII.—ZOUAVE AND KINDRED LANGUAGES.

Essai de Grammaire kabyle, renfermant les Principes du Langage parlé par les Populations du versant nord du Jurjura, et spécialement par les Igaouaouen ou Zouaoua; suivi de Notes et d'une Notice sur quelques Inscriptions en caractères dits Tifinar et en langage Tamacher't. Par A. Hanoteau, Capitaine de Génie, Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur, adjoint au Bureau politique des Affaires arabes. Alger, Constantine; et Paris, 1858.

The Tricolor on the Atlas; or, Algeria and the French Conquest. By Francis Pulszky, Esq. T. Nelson and Sons, London, Edinburgh, and New York. 1854.

THE French conquest of Algeria may be called conterminous with the reign of Louis Philippe. The first great success against the city of Algiers emboldened Charles X. to the act of power which cost him his throne. The final system of administration had just been adopted, and the most dangerous adversary of the French made a prisoner, when Louis Philippe was similarly ejected. This system (if France can permanently bear the expense) is likely to be permanent, even without any increase of the scanty European colonisation which year by year settles in that fertile country; for the townspeople alone are subjected to direct French rule, and they are far too unwarlike to resist it. The mountain population is governed by its own freely elected chieftains, who pay a courtier's homage once a year to the imperial rights of France, in order to obtain confirmation of their dignity. The Arabs of the plains are governed by native agents, appointed and paid by the French military authorities, all whose orders pass to the tribes through those who appear their natural

chiefs. Such a rule is probably as inoffensive to the feelings of the natives as was the old rule of the Turks. In return for the humiliation of being subject to a power which is not Mussulman, they receive many substantial advantages. The French have endowed Arab schools in all the cities, and two Mussulman colleges in Algiers and Constantine; all of which have obtained the confidence of the natives. A great net of high roads has been constructed, connecting the different towns and camps. French stage-coaches run in every direction, and even cross the Atlas. "The wild Hajutes and ragged Kabails" have learned to use them. Great works of drainage and of irrigation are carried on. The French army has converted marshes into fertile land, and removed miasma from wide districts. The climate of a large part of even the lower country is regarded as more healthy than that of Italy, while it is certainly more productive.

"Many old Roman aqueducts have been repaired, new ones built; immense works undertaken for the extension and safety of the ports of Algiers and Bona; churches, mosques, fountains, hospitals, orphan-houses, schools, bridges, lighthouses and wharfs raised, and villages constructed. The sums spent in this way amounted, according to the French blue-books, to above 4,600,000*l*."*

In consequence, the Arab tribes get richer and richer. We must quote a few more passages from Mr. Pulszky's vigorous and discriminating summary, confining ourselves to the *results* of French conquest, because our limits and the more peculiar destination of this article forbid expatiating on the general history.

"Before 1830, the price of a bull in Algiers was about 16*s*.; a sheep was sold at 2*s*.; a hundred of eggs or a hundred of oranges cost 6*d*., and a quarter of wheat could be had at 26*s*. To-day the prices are about the same as those of Europe: the income of the tribes has therefore been considerably increased. Many Kabails, Biscaries, and Mozabites have been attracted by the high wages into the cities, and the Arabs throng to the fairs with their agricultural products. They begin to become acquainted little by little with the comforts of European life; and they possess the means of buying them. They have not yet given up the habit of hoarding; but as soon as they shall become aware of the security which they enjoy under French supremacy, they will spend the treasures which they formerly hid. They have already become the wealthiest Mussulman population in the world: moreover, *the wealth has been diffused among them generally*; it is not only the chiefs, but all the members of the tribes, who grow rich. It is impossible that such a change should not engender great results in their social condition."†

These good works have not been performed without sacri-

* Pulszky, p. 395.

† Ibid, p. 397.

fice. France has paid to the conquered country about 3,400,000*l.* sterling every year. Under Louis Napoleon, with the increasing content of the Arabs, the expenses have probably lessened. But it is improbable that any French government will hesitate to continue whatever sacrifice may be needed for the security of their great dominion; and however doubtful was the right of conquest, a noble *ex-post-facto* justification seems to be established by the high-minded uses made of imperial power.

Nevertheless it is impossible to deny that the conquest was really a first step in annexation from the Ottoman empire:

"Whatever may have been the conduct of the dey towards the consul of France, the Turkish sultan, as sovereign of the country, offered full reparation to the French, and sent, in November 1829, his plenipotentiary Haji Khalil Effendi, and again, in May 1830, Tahir Pasha, to Algiers, in order to arrange the difficulties peaceably. But the French government gave no answer to the communications of Khalil, and refused to admit Tahir. Besides, Charles X. had previously assured the English government that France had no intention of territorial aggrandisement; and yet the occupation took place, and Louis Philippe kept the country."^{*}

No moralist can justify the conduct of the French government; yet probably every historian will so excuse and palliate it as to decline grave censure. When the nominal sovereign cannot control his subjects from becoming a nuisance to foreign powers, he certainly forfeits his sovereign rights. To define at what stage of weakness this happens, is impossible; but the power of the sultan to control the deys of Algiers had long been very feeble, as now to control the Mussulman population of Arabia. When a more vigorous master steps in to put a bridle on the violences of those who pay but hypocritical and occasional submission to their nominal chief, he almost inevitably commits an act of usurpation against the law of nations; but, as in the case of Lynch law, we have sometimes more occasion to admire its discriminating energy than to criticise its conventional legitimacy. It was believed at the time that Charles X. was in close understanding with the Emperor Nicholas, whose great successes, consolidated by the treaty of Adrianople, closely preceded the quarrel with Algiers, and were facilitated by the previous occupation of the Morea by the French troops and the battle of Navarino. Ever since 1830, the French have looked on the whole north coast of Africa as theirs in reversion: Tunis, Tripoli, and Egypt are to fall into the lap of the French empire whenever the great Ottoman dismemberment takes place. Hence no sincere support will be given by French statesmen, of whatever complexion, to the sultan's imperial claims.

^{*} Pulszky, p. 387.

To us it appears that *English* statesmen should entirely dis-embarrass themselves of prospective jealousy against France on this head. That nation of the two will in the long-run rule widest which shall rule best; and to improve the quality of our own rule, without intriguing against our great neighbour, is for us a sufficient task, and is by far the surest means of grounding our own imperial power deeply. But we refrain from going further into the political side of this subject; our purpose is, to consider what new light on languages and ethnology is accruing to us from the French possession of Algeria, a country inhabited by numerous and very different classes of population. The main distinction, however, is into Moors, Arabs, and Kabails, concerning whom Mr. Pulszky has a noteworthy comparison with the inhabitants of Syria.

"The native inhabitants of this country [Algeria] are—in the plains, Arabs; in the mountains, Kabails; in the cities, Moors. The Arabs of Algeria are in language, character, and habits, like the Bedouins of Mesopotamia. The Moors are in all these respects like the Arab-talking Mussulmans of the Syrian towns and neighbouring villages. Accordingly the Moors are peaceable townspeople and agriculturists; the Arabs nomadic, pastoral, and making war on horseback. *The Kabails are to the Arabs what the Kurds of the Mesopotamian mountains are to the races of the plains*, more ferocious and bloody, differing in language and origin, fairer in complexion and hair, living in huts, tilling the soil, and having little cavalry."

In each case, the mountainous region has resisted the intrusion of the language of the conquerors. We must not conceive of the Atlas as a mere *range* of mountains, though it has some lofty peaks. It has long been known to be a series of highlands, which are now estimated to occupy three-fourths of the "regency." The ground descends rapidly towards the sea-coast, gently towards the desert. The whole plateau of the Atlas is admirably suited for cattle and forests, its valleys for wheat. The inhabitants, according to Wagner (whose letters Pulszky has condensed), marry but one wife (p. 167), though they are Mussulmans. Wagner did not venture on any estimate of their numbers; but Captain Hanoteau gives the French official census as 759,900, or nearly one-third of the entire population: viz. in Constantine, 533,749; in Algiers, 220,178; in Oran, 5,973. The southern slope of the Atlas is also called Bêlad el Jerid (the country of dates), and is comparatively unfertile, being a commencement of the Great Desert. Europeans use the word *Kabyle* (Kabâil) for the whole of this interior Algerine population; but it does not appear that they have any sufficient consciousness of unity to call

* Pulszky, p. 386.

themselves by a common name. It has been known for more than half a century that they possess a peculiar language, broken into several dialects; and that a language either substantially or at least primitively the same reaches along Africa to the oasis of Siwah, which is as it were the stepping-stone to Egypt. Southward, the same or a closely kindred language is found both in the mountains of Morocco and across the Great Desert; also at Ghadames, and to the south-east, until the Tibboo tribes are reached. Prichard regarded it as certain (and Dr. Barth entirely confirms him) that the Tibboos are not of this family, with which Adelson in his *Mithridates* classed them. A generic name is wanted for the Kabail and its kindred languages; and the word *berber* (*i. e.* barbarian?) has been widely employed for this service. It is highly inconvenient that a word almost identical in sound (or its plural *barabra*) is used for a people on the Upper Nile whose language is totally alien from the Kabail; and out of this coincidence many misapprehensions arise. It seems much better to call them all *Libyans*, a word which was in ancient times peculiarly used of the population covering this very same area.

Under the name Libyan we include the native barbarians who surrounded the Greek colonies of Cyrene and Barca,—those who were in contact with Carthage on the south; also the greater nations, known as Numidians, Mauritanians, Gætulians. St. Augustin is regarded as testifying the substantial unity of language in all these when he says, “*In Africâ barbaras gentes in una lingua plurimas novimus;*” and it is unreasonable to doubt that the modern languages, now gradually rising to our knowledge, substantially represent those of the ancient population. We know that neither Phœnicians nor Romans displaced them; if the Vandals or Arabs had done so, the language now spoken on the Atlas and in the oases of the desert would be Vandal or Arabic. The wide area over which the Kabail family extends, and the impossibility of conceiving the whole Numidian and Mauritanian peoples to have been annihilated, suffice to convince us that the Algerine *Kabail* is the true modern representative of the Numidian, and the Maroquin *Shilha* tongue that of the Mauritanian. Smaller confirmations of this are found in a few ancient names, which admit of partial explanation from the modern tongues. Thus the name of a place mentioned by Sallust (*Thala*) means a *fountain* in Kabail. Hanoteau has made the interesting remark on the names Massinissa, Massiva, &c.,* that the first syllable *Mass* may be explained (not from the Kabail, but) from

* He seems to treat *Micipsa* as an accidental variation of *Messissa*, and informs us that there are still among the Imushagh such names as *Ibsa*, *Iwa*, *Ezel*, *Egnes*, or *Ignas*; from which he derives the ancient names *Mic-ipsa*, *Mass-iva*, *Masc-izel*, *Mis-agenes*. The name *Inissa* (whence *Mass-inissa*) appears to be no longer in usage.

the language of the Tuaregs of the south-west desert, with whom it means 'lord.' They say *Messi*, 'my lord' (*monseigneur*), indifferently of men or of God.

It is also an interesting fact, that this people has an original alphabet of its own, the explanation of which seems now to be complete. Half a century ago, we believe, most of the popular compendiums taught confidently that all the alphabets of the world sprang from one source—the Phœnician. We now know that the Perso-Assyrian cuneiform alphabet is quite independent, as also the Sanscrit alphabet, whatever its original form; while the Tamil, Burmese, Siamese, have also an aspect wholly primitive. As language is the product of the human mind, and is certain to receive its developments and accretions during the growth of that mind, so an art of writing, which sooner or later becomes alphabetical, is the natural normal result of unconstrained human cultivation. It certainly is not from the wild tribes of the great desert of Africa that we could expect so important an invention as that of the alphabet. It is indeed preserved solely on their rocks and on the ornaments of their women; yet it is obvious to suggest that it may have been first developed in the more civilised part of that race, though long extirpated, whether by the Punic, Roman, or Arabic literature, in the place of its first invention. But some reasons will afterwards appear on the opposite side. These characters are called *Tifinagh* (sing. *Tefaneght*). The first knowledge of them was brought to Europe by our countryman Oudney, in 1822; a fuller alphabet was published by Boissonnet, a French lieutenant-colonel of artillery, which M. de Sauley, in 1845 and 1847, endeavoured more exactly to define. We have now, in Hanoteau's Grammar, the explanations of these alphabets by two learned natives,—Abd el Kader ben Bou Beker (who gave to M. Boissonnet his first lessons in the language), and Mohammed el Ouzzani; the very discrepancies of which are instructive, as showing where it was impossible to identify their native sounds with those of the Arabs.

Many of these native signs have an aspect entirely original, and cannot be imputed to *direct* Punic teaching. Thus the letter *a* is represented by a single dot; *w* by two dots like a colon; *k* by three dots like a triangle; *gh* by three dots in line; soft *h* by four dots in line; strong *h*, or perhaps *kh*, by four dots in square. But in *kh* and *gh* minor changes seem to be introduced, to adapt the alphabet to Arabic sounds. The deep soft *k* of the Arabs (ρ of Hebrew) has no specific representative with Mohammed el Ouzzani, who denotes it by the same symbol as the *gh*, into which it frequently passes; but Ben Bou Beker writes it by a singular assemblage of eight dots placed like the

five of our common die, with a second *five* overlying it at the side, so as to merge the ten dots into eight. So much, we say, of the alphabet seems to be of native invention. Nevertheless a few of the letters (especially, we think, *y*, *t*, *b*, and *d*) may infuse the suspicion that it was *indirectly* originated from the Punic. Leaving, however, the source of this alphabet in its own obscurity, still we find a practical use in it, as testifying how many truly native sounds the Libyan of the desert contains; respecting which we shall presently speak more in detail.

Venture, a French dragoman, more than half a century back conceived the idea of extracting a knowledge of the Kabail tongue from a small number of natives. But he far too easily believed that he had mastered his problem, and in fact acquired little grammatical knowledge of the language. Moreover, he unfortunately confounded into one forms of speech which are rather differences of language than of dialect. It would seem that he supposed the Shilha (or Libyan of Morocco) to be identical with the Kabail; so that the value even of his vocabulary is much impaired. His Mss. also long remained unpublished, except a few extracts from them by M. Langles. Meanwhile an American consul, Mr. Hodgson, interested himself in the language; and putting himself into relation with the Bible Society, engaged Sidi Hamet, a learned Kabail of the district of *Buji* (Bougie), to translate the four Gospels and the book of Genesis into his native tongue. The value of this translation proved to be very small, chiefly, we believe, because Hamet did not understand the Arabic version proposed to him for translation. The Bible Society printed only the first twelve chapters of Luke; and from them, in 1836, Mr. F. W. Newman, now a professor in University College, London, made out the rudiments of a grammar, which was published in the *West of England Journal* (Bristol). Having afterwards, by favour of the Bible Society, been permitted to study the rest of the translation in Ms., he published an enlarged grammatical discussion in the *Morgenländische Zeitung*, 1845. No grammar has been published by the French until the ample and excellent one the title of which we place at the head of our article. It is accompanied by numerous and valuable pieces, illustrating the vocabulary of the language in many dialects, poetry as well as prose; and both as to words and as to grammar, adds immensely to what was previously published on the subject. Moreover, it has a character of certainty which could not be possessed by analyses made from translations of doubtful value, nor from the fragmentary information picked up by the ear of European strangers.

Its author, Captain Hanoteau, being attached to the Bureau des Affaires arabes, has, we presume, direct political motives for

extending his acquaintance with the Kabail languages; but he evidently pursues his inquiries with the ardour of science, and with advantages which no one can have but a French officer. He was not only in daily official relations with numerous Kabails, but had at his side in the same *bureau* a Kabail interpreter well acquainted with written Arabic, Si Said ben Ali, of the tribe of Aith Boudrar (sons of the mountain). Hanoteau has selected the Zouave dialect as the basis of his grammar, because the Kabails regard it as the purest and the hardest. It has very sensible though not important differences from the Kabail of Buji: sometimes they merely differ as to the imported Arabic, by which the native verbal roots are superseded and expelled; for, as Hanoteau remarks, the "purity" of these dialects is only relative; all have a large dash of Arabic, more or less corrupted in sound and sense.

On the contrary, the Tuaregs of the desert, who call themselves *Imushagh* or *Imuzagh*, *Imazighen*, although they have received the Mussulman religion, have kept their language remarkably free from Arabic. The largest vocabulary by far which has yet appeared, is in Dr. Barth's new volumes; in which we find a few words that are Arabic, especially the religious ones, as 'prayer' (thanksgiving?), *amud*, apparently from Arabic *hamd*, 'praise;' but their number is easily counted. When, by the zeal of the French officers already at work, a more complete acquaintance is obtained with this language of the desert, we shall be pretty well able to reconstitute the vocables of the ancient Libyan, now broken into at least five distinct languages—the Tamasheght (or language of the Imushagh), the Ghadamsi, that of the Beni-Menaser, the Shilha, and the Kabail.

We are already able to judge confidently concerning the ethnological relations of these languages; and, indeed, they serve to enlarge our view of the Syro-Arabian family. At no distant time, while linguists had learned to embrace under the name "Indo-European" languages so unlike as the Russian and the English, the family related to the Hebrew was restricted to a very few members. Hebrew itself stood at the head, as in its literature the most ancient; next Arabic, less ancient, but by far the most widely extended and ample: besides there were the Syriac and Chaldee, mere dialects of Hebrew; and the Gheez, or old Ethiopic, a language extremely similar. This nearly exhausted the enumeration, which scarcely included more than two languages. When Amharic, the principal language of modern Abyssinia, was first studied, there was great perplexity among leading authorities whether it deserved to be coupled with Arabic and Hebrew. The chief prejudice against it, we believe, arose from those peculiarities of its grammar which in-

duce what we call an inverted order of words in the sentence. In Hebrew, and also in Arabic, the ancient standard order was, verb + nom. + accus., "Creavit Deus cœlos et terram;" to which is incident a certain rigid monotony. But when we consider how various is the power of transposition in the best-known Indo-European tongues,—German having less of this flexibility than Latin, English less than German, French less than English,—it cannot be admitted as any ground for refusing to a language admittance into the Hebrew group that it ever so much receded from Hebrew in this respect. The most superficial acquaintance with the (newer or older) Egyptian shows a tongue strikingly unlike Hebrew in its vocabulary, but singularly like in its first and second pronoun, and in its principles of grammar less different than the languages of Europe. Nearly the same general statement may be made concerning the language of the distant Galla, a people to the south of Abyssinia; and, as now appears beyond dispute, of all the Libyan languages. The Himyaritic tongue also within recent memory has been learned to have a vocabulary widely opposed to Arabic, and yet to be united to that language by close analogies. Such considerations induced that accurate and anxious ethnologist the late Dr. Prichard to invent the term *Hebræo-African*, which (as analogous to Indo-European) should embrace all the most distant languages of this group. Thus, as we say that German, Dutch, and Danish are all Teutonic (a word of far narrower extent than Indo-European), so we say the Pehlevi, the Punic, the Gheez are Syro-Arabian; and as French and Russian are both Indo-European, so the Punic, the Libyan, and the Amharic are all Hebræo-African.

The chief peculiarities, we suppose, in the Hebrew which strike an Englishman acquainted with the leading tongues of Europe, are, (1) the redundancy of alphabetic consonants, and deficiency of vowels: (2) the absence of permanent coherence between the consonants of a root, and the systematic grammatical development of the vowels, which so greatly facilitates the omission of the shorter words in writing: (3) the system of "suffix pronouns," or fragmentary pronouns, which follow nouns, prepositions, or verbs, expressing generally what may be in Greek or Latin the oblique cases of the pronoun: (4) the absence of cases to nouns, just as in English and in all the modern representatives of Latin: (5) the singular phenomenon called the *status constructus*, which unites two nouns into a sort of compound, as a substitute for the genitive case, nearly as though a Latin were to say *ventô-mare* for *ventus maris*: (6) the imperfect development of the relative pronoun, whence arise clumsy and obscure constructions, and a prevalent tendency to the *concatenation*

nation of clauses with the least possible *involution*: (7) the system of dependent or derived verbs, which supplies (and far more than supplies) the *voices* (active, passive, &c.) of our grammars: (8) the great deficiency of tense and mood to the verb, and the extreme difficulty of determining the *time* intended by the form which we call a tense: (9) the rare use of participles as such,—since in practice they chiefly seem to supply the defects of tense or of voice; while the absence of the infinitive is compensated by *gerunds* or *nouns of action*, sometimes in superfluous abundance: (10) the almost entire inability to produce *compound words*; since not only compound adjectives such as we are apt to call poetical are excluded, but even the union of preposition or adverb with the verb is inadmissible, as in *overstep*, *make up*: (11) the introduction of gender into the verb is a novelty which strikes the more from the absence of cases and of the neuter gender. Nearly all the same details characterise the Arabic; but in its ancient form certain cases were imperfectly developed in the noun, and its modern dialects have constructed compound tenses and have more closely defined the time to be understood. They also tend perpetually more and more to expel the *status constructus*, having generally invented some (more or less clumsy) substitute for a genitive case, or rather for our particle *of*. Finally, the Arabic in particular distresses a learner by the very strange irregularities in the plurals of nouns; every plural being in strictness a derived *noun of multitude*.

In regard to the sounds of these tongues, it is strange to a European to find how consonants are estimated. When two vowels are written together, as in *diet*, *real*, it never occurs to us that we pronounce any consonant between them; but the necessary hiatus which we leave is counted as a consonant, and is written down, by a Hebrew or Arab as though of equal importance with *h* or *w*. This is the *spiritus lenis* of the Greek grammars; though in Greek it is omitted in the middle of a word, where alone it might seem of any significance. It is the *alef*, *elif*, or *hamza*. Sound the same much rougher, as a stuttering jerk of the throat superadded to a vowel, and you have the *ain* of these languages. It is most easily imagined between two vowels, as in *Na'omi*, *Cana'an*. The aspirates *elif*, *ain*, soft *h*, strong *h*, all degenerated (in the Greek alphabet) into pure vowels. At the same time, the letters *t*, *k*, *s* in Hebrew, and besides these, *d*, *z* in Arabic, have a double pronunciation (thin and thick), constituting pairs of letters which differ as entirely as our *p* and *b*, and do not so easily pass into one another for euphony as the *tenuis* and *media* of our grammars. When to this we add, that the two languages have also (the so-called) aspirates of England, Germany, and Holland, which we write

th (*dh*), *ch*, *gh*, *sh* or *sch*, *j* or *dsh*, the amplitude of their consonantal system will be confessed.

Yet the roughness of sound is certainly lessened by the essential separability of consonants, to which we adverted as a second peculiarity. Three consonants (in pure classical pronunciation) never come together, nor two at the beginning of a word. A full-breathed Arab cannot be got to pronounce *Frank* or *Frangi*: with him it becomes either *Afrengei* or *Feringi*; and in every root the consonants are liable to fall apart by grammatical combination, as in this word the *f* and *r*. In Greek or Latin such a root as *arcto-s* is possible, and when it occurs, the *ret*, found together in the root, remain together inseparably in all the derivatives; but the opposite principle prevails in the Syro-Arabian tongues, where vowels are ever intruding to separate the consonants, which are therefore regarded as fulcra from which the vowels hang.

We proceed to state how far the Libyan tongues share the peculiarities we have recited. The sounds of the alphabet agree more closely with Hebrew than with Arabic, and so do the laws of euphony. To this interesting circumstance attention was drawn by Mr. Newman, in his article of 1836; but it remained wholly unconfirmed by French writers until now. In Captain Hano-teau's Grammar the facts are now established beyond a doubt; though the Zouave sounds differ a little from those of the Buji dialect, on which Mr. Newman founded his remark. Only one letter is cardinal to the Kabail which is not found in Hebrew, viz. a thick or lispings *t*, which strangers mistake for *ts*. Yet this is a single letter;* the Arabic *t* degenerates into it; and it is remarkable that the Galla has a similar lispings *t*, for which Karl Tutschek has adopted (in Roman characters) a single symbol. (It does not represent the Hebrew *tsaddi*, of which the double *z* of the Libyan is probably the analogue.) But here we alight on the remarkable fact, that this lispings *t* vanishes in the language of the Imushagh, and also in their Tifinagh characters. Must we infer that the characters were not invented for the Kabail population, which stood in closer contact with the Carthaginians, but for the sons of the Great Desert peculiarly?

The reader may perhaps take interest in seeing the parallel of the Tifinagh and Hebrew alphabet. We set apart nine letters, as apparently later modifications, for the convenience of writing words introduced from Arabic.

* In the Bible-Society Ms. Sidi Hamet denoted this *t* by a new symbol, which added the two dots of the Arabic *t* to the shape of the Arabic *s*. He also invented a special symbol for the consonant which vacillates from *θ* to our *t*; but his countrymen, it seems, turn away with disdain from these, as if Christian innovations. The French Dictionary of Brosselard, in which Hamet bore an important part, employs Arabic *t* for the lispings *t*, and Arabic *θ* for the *θ-t* sound, which has for analogue the Hebrew *ṭ*, *tau* or *thau*.

Hebrew.	Tifinagh.	Name.	Power.	Hebrew.	Tifinagh.	Name.	Power.
א	•	(alef)		ל		yel	l
ב	θ	yab	b	מ	כ	yam	m
ג	χ	yaj	j	נ	ו	yan	n
ד	ⵍⵏⵏ	yed	d	ס	⊙	yes	s
ה	⋮ ⋯	yah	h	ע	⋮	(ain)	'
ו	:	yan	w, u	פ	ⵎⵓ	yaf	f
ז	ⵝ ⵞ	yez	z	צ	ⵝ	yez	z
ח	::	yah _o	h _o , x?	ק	⋮	{yah _o yagh _o }	{k _o gh _o }
ט	ⵍⵏ	yat _o	t _o	ר	□ ○	yar	r
י	י	yi?	y, i	ש	ⵍⵏ	yesh	sh
כ	:::	yak	k	ת	+	yel	t

Here are three strong letters, which we write *h t z*, answering to צ ת ז; but the fourth, *k*, which corresponds to ק, is written (by El Ouzzani) exactly as the *gh*. And it would seem that the distinction is only euphonic, especially since Hanoteau attests that the doubling of *gh* always produces *k*. Yet Ben Bou Beker gives a special symbol for ק, which perhaps is added to express Arabic words. M. Schousboe gives that symbol for *ghain* which they appropriate for *ain*. We have to add:

ע	ע	⋮	ain	ט	::	yah _o	ص	ⵍⵏ	yag
	غ	⋯	ghain	خ	::	yakh	ض	ⵍⵏ	yad
ק	ق	:::	qof	ك	ⵍⵏ	(Schousboe) (gaf)	ظ	ⵍⵏ	

The language of the Imushagh ignores not only the lispings *t*, but the aspirates of *t* and *d*, which in the mountaineer Kabail, as in Hebrew, are so prevalent. A word more on this may be in place. The Hebrew grammars teach that ד and ת, that is, *d* and *t* (for we will not speak of the other mutes), are ordinarily

aspirates (*dh*, *th*), as modern Greek δ , θ ; but the moment they are doubled, they necessarily drop the aspiration. The same law of euphony is found in Kabail, but not in Arabic. In close analogy to this is the Kabail practice of changing double *ghain* into double *qof*.* These laws of euphony denote in very early times (as also does the alphabet) a nearer relation of the Libyan to the Hebrew than to the Arabic.

From the consonantal sounds we proceed to the character of the roots. It is known that the mass of the roots in the Syro-Arabian tongues are *triliteral*, or marked by three strong consonants, which never permanently cohere. Yet it was early remarked, that a large part of these was formed out of simpler *biliteral* roots, which pointed at a more primitive state of the languages. The Libyan roots, like those of Coptic, are prevailing *biliteral*, often monosyllabic. Examples are—*af*, 'find,' *as*, 'come,' *sel*, 'hear,' *mel*, 'tell,' *etsh* (*etk* in Imushagh), 'eat,' *inig*, 'travel,' *afeg*, 'fly,' *azzel*, 'run,' *ughal*, 'return,' &c. It will be seen that in these imperatives the vowels have no one law. The consonants are liable to fall apart (as from *emger* comes *megger*; from *eflu*, *fellu*) by the processes of conjugating.

The method of suffix pronouns is as systematic in the Libyan as in the Syro-Arabian. The chief pronouns are still more like to the Coptic than to the Arabic; and some of the suffixes are *less* mutilated, and evidently older, in the Libyan than in Hebrew or Arabic. Thus the suffix pronoun *us* is in the two last expressed by *na*, in Libyan by *nagh*, which comes nearer to the isolated pronoun *we*, which is *nahne* in Arabic, *nukni* in Libyan; the oldest forms probably being *nakhni*, and suffix *nakh*. Gender is marked by the Libyan in the pronouns of all three persons; by the Syro-Arabian only in the second and third persons. Nor is this all. Instead of a single set of suffix pronouns, as in the Syro-Arabian, we find in the Libyan more than two sets, nearly expressing the distinction of our accusative and dative; and altogether, in the whole pronominal system (taking that phrase in its widest conventional sense) the language is more delicately and fully developed than the Arabic, of which nevertheless it perpetually reminds us.

Cases to nouns cannot be said to exist in the Libyan. They have some very short and elegant prepositions; but these are in every grammatical sense still prepositions even when incorporated with a noun, and are not case-inflexions. As to the geni-

* The Zouave also supersedes *dh* by *tt*. This cannot be called a Kabail law, for the letter *d* seems to have no existence in Buji. The distinction is probably in all cases merely euphonic (as that of τ and σ in Hebrew), and would be better denoted in Roman text by a single consonant variously marked than by types essentially different. In fact, *d* alone seems to suffice. That in Kabail δ and d are sometimes different in *meaning*, is carefully noticed by Hanoteau.

tive, they have two modes, of which one allies them to the Hebrew, the other to the Coptic. The former consists in using the oldest and simplest* demonstrative (comparable to Homer's $\acute{o} \eta \tau\acute{o}$) as the instrument or copula of the *status constructus*; by the effect of which the definite article degenerates into the particle *of*, and makes an equivalent to our genitive. We stated above, that the modern Arabic dialects develop clumsy substitutes of another kind for *of*. But here the remarkable thing is, that the proper Libyan element for the same (viz. *n* or *en*) is not newly invented, but is of extreme antiquity, being not only Coptic, but also found in Hausa, a negro language, which has nothing in common with the Libyan but certain pronouns and prepositions.

The relative and interrogative pronouns have all a perfect development in Libyan, and are susceptible of taking prepositions, which then become postpositions, in a very elegant way. Thus in Shilha, from *elli*, 'which,' *ellif*, 'upon which,' *ellis*, 'by which,' *ma*, 'what?' *mas*, 'by what?' And the principle holds in Zouave, as may be seen in *ais*, 'by what?' *aghef*, 'upon what?' *wi*, 'who?' *wighour*, 'to whom?' (*apud quem?*) Also in Tamasheght. There is likewise a great abundance of those relative adverbs which we often name conjunctions.

Hence one might perhaps expect somewhat more of *involution* in the sentences than in Hebrew. In fact, the relative has a peculiar tendency to attach itself to the participle; nearly, if we rightly remember, as in Amharic, and in Sir H. Rawlinson's translations of the old Persian, which remind one of German or even of Greek. If we merge the distinction of article and relative, the order of the Greek words $\acute{o} \delta\mu\acute{\iota}\nu \alpha\upsilon\tau\acute{o} \pi\omicron\iota\omega\acute{\nu}$ is the standard one with all the Libyan languages. The relative, and the interrogative also, has an inverting power on all the suffix pronouns, causing them to precede instead of following the verb. Nevertheless (perhaps because their style and taste is formed on the Arabic) the structure of sentences is the concatenated and stiff.

There is a system of derived verbs in close analogy with, though differing from, the forms of the Syro-Arabian. When the sound is nearly the same, the sense is nevertheless different. A set of forms, which in Brosselard's Dictionary† is treated as equivalent to our *present tense*, is in Hanoteau explained to mean

* It is *wa*, δ ; *tha*, η ; or *awwa*, *etta*. The *wu* is liable to pass euphonically into *g* or *b*. The *th* or *t*, as marking the feminine, is alike Coptic and Syro-Arabian.

† To an ethnologist or etymologist this beautifully printed empty-paged volume is very disappointing. By far the greater number of words given as Kabail are mere Arabic under slight disguise. Even as to vocabulary, a page of Hanoteau's grammar is worth ten of the dictionary.

habitual action, expressing what is called imperfect in Latin and Greek, but being indifferently (it seems) present imperfect, *præter imperfect*, or *future imperfect*. This set of forms sometimes imitates the *second* of the Arabs (especially in conjugating triliteral Arabic verbs), sometimes is like the *fifth*; yet in both cases with a new sense. The passive voice is, as in Syro-Arabian, one or two of these derived forms, and the causative is in great use. This is like other Hebræo-African tongues.

The primitive tense is used as vaguely as in Hebrew and Arabic; and the mode of conjugating it is so close in sound to modern Arabic, as to seem but a dialect of it. The participles have little use as such; they generally supply verbal tenses; yet they are rather numerous, especially (it would seem) in the Ghadamsi. Gerunds, or nouns of action, are as profuse as in the Syro-Arabian, and very like in form. The plurals of nouns are almost as irregular as in Arabic. There is also the same inability to compound words, and the same introduction of gender into the verb. In consequence of these close and numerous analogies, it is extremely easy to translate (as we have read somewhere, perhaps in the Baron de Slane) from Arabic into Kabail, and conversely.

We are now necessarily led to contemplate a time at which the Hebræo-African family was already separated by a wide chasm from the Indo-Persian and Indo-Tartar, but had not yet developed the peculiarities which so deeply separate Arabic, Libyan, Amharic, and (we suppose we may add) Assyrian, Egyptian. This carries us back to a time when the now existing vocabularies were unformed or in mere embryo, only the *pronouns*, and the *principles* and a sprinkling of elementary words having withstood the wear and tear of time. At that period, what are we to say of the relation of the Libyan to the central negro languages? Without getting out of our depth in a vast and new inquiry, we may remark, that though the Haussa language is emphatically negro, and has been selected by Mr. Schön and other missionaries as the best suited for wide currency among the negro nations, yet its whole system of (demonstrative and relative) pronouns is so strikingly Libyan, as to mark some early historical union. Not only all the material of the tongue, but all the principles, have been recast since the time when Libyans and negroes learned their pronouns in a common school. Such is the vast sweep of past existence for the human race, through which we are taught by linguistic studies to look.

The inquiry has been started, whether Africa or Asia ought to be regarded as the centre out of which the Hebræo-African family developed itself. The popular assumption is, that as of *course* every thing human has come out of Asia, therefore all

early movements of population were from Asia. But this is no valid presumption at all, except on the very superficial hypothesis that human nations all sprang from three men and three women less than four thousand years ago; an hypothesis opposed to every known fact of extreme antiquity and to all the evidence of language. We now see Europe pouring itself into Asia. Tartary has, ten times over, flowed into Persia, India, and China; yet Europeans and Tartars came (we suppose) out of Persia, and Mongolians out of China. If we are to believe (what is far less evident) that the primitive Hebræo-African family is an offshoot from Persia, the *primâ-facie* evidence would be that the Syro-Arabians are the rear of the emigration left behind after its peculiarities had fixed themselves unchangeably in the race. But those to whom a manifold local origin of human races appears more reasonable, and who believe Creative Power to have displayed itself independently in the man of China, the man of Persia, and the man of Africa, will perhaps of necessity regard the Syro-Arabians as an early efflux from Africa. The chief embarrassment of every such hypothesis is the impossibility of determining (in our present knowledge, if ever at all) how many primitive centres of population are recognisable. But the advocates of a single centre must not triumph in that embarrassment; for it is equally felt in regard to many other widely diffused creatures,—dogs, poultry, horses, cows, parrots,—which no one supposes to have sprung from a single centre.

We return to Captain Hanoteau's Grammar for remarks in detail. His direct object being exclusively practical, he declines assisting us in etymologies of merely speculative interest; although much evidence of learning and insight underlies his remarks. His belief is, that each separate language must be practically won in its details before we can embrace the whole; and this is true as to complete and irreversible knowledge. Yet meanwhile, if glimpses of general views open upon us, they are the fit solace for the toil of learning, and are not to be despised for incompleteness.

The pronominal systems of the Libyan languages are the centre of their chief interest; for it is here that they are in contact with Hebrew, with Egyptian, and with Hausa: here it is that they are most strongly contrasted with one another; for it is chiefly the difference as to demonstratives and relatives and all the particles thence originated which makes the speech of the Tuareg, of Ghadames, of the Beni-Menasser, of the Shilha, of the Kabails mutually unintelligible: and finally, it is in the pronominal systems that these languages show so great richness and flexibility, and have the means of becoming fluent, various, and clear, whenever they receive cultivation. We have already

observed, that the pronouns suffix have a double development of case (for dative and accusative) where the Syro-Arabian has but one set of forms. The threefold demonstrative may now be suspected, from Hanoteau's statements, to have primitively referred, as the *hic, iste, ille* of the Latins, to the three personal pronouns, viz. (if we extract the elements) *agi* (*adi*, fem. *ati*), 'hic,' this of mine; *enni*, 'iste,' this of thine; *ahi*, 'ille,' that of his. Hanoteau does not lay this down; only of the adverbial additions *d* and *n* he informs us that *d* means *ici, là*, as in *celui-ci, là-bas*; and that *n* differs from it in pointing always to the second person.

"Le *n* séparable offre beaucoup d'analogie de signification avec le *d*. Il présente cette différence toutefois, qu'il ne s'applique qu'à la personne à qui l'on parle, et indique une idée de lieu attribuée exclusivement à cette personne.

L'emploi de cet *n* est beaucoup moins général que celui de *d*, qu'on retrouve dans tous les dialectes berbères. Le *n*, au contraire, paraît restreint à celui des Zouaoua. Peut-être est-il l'abréviation des adverbes *in, inna, ðinna*, 'là, là-bas'" (p. 192; see also pp. 167, 168).

Hanoteau's own examples are not always perfectly consistent with this law; but this was only to be expected, when the law itself is confined to the Zouave dialect, and when we remember how often the *iste* of Latin drops its peculiarity. Yet when we observe that the French *voici* and *voilà* have also in the Zouave a threefold representation (*aðaiia*, 'eccum!'; *aðaien*, 'en istum!'; *akaθ*, 'ellum!'), we cannot doubt that there was once a triple demonstrative principle pervading the formations; and this is a new illustration that in these pronouns we have original materials of great antiquity, however much recast in more modern times. Hence, even when in sound they are most like Arabic, it becomes doubtful whether they are imported from that language.

The fundamental demonstrative (or article?), answering to *ô, ô, τὸ*, makes its plural by the simple change from *a* to *i*; sing. *wa, θa, ô, ô*, pl. *wi, θi, oi, ai*. On this Hanoteau has founded the interesting remark, that it explains the general tendency of nouns also to mark their singular by *a*, and especially their plural by *i*.

The two demonstratives, (*w*)*agi*, 'hic,' (*w*)*ahi*, 'ille,' of the Zouave appear in the Buji to be confounded into (*w*)*ayyi*, or (*w*)*aghi*; and Hanoteau himself often has *aia* where we expect *agi* or *ahi*. Perhaps, therefore, we do not yet know the number of separate forms. Besides these, we have *ad*, 'this;' *netta*, 'that.'

From *ad*, 'this' (which is common in Shilha), the Kabail has developed an *emphatic* case of the noun by a noteworthy process.

First, as in Hebrew and Arabic, the word *this* is used to supply the logical copula; as (1 Kings xviii. 39), "Jehovah, *hic* Deus," for "*Jehovah est Deus.*" From the great familiarity of this, the particle *ad* (in Kabail *ad*) becomes the mark of the predicate, and consequently subserves also apposition, which is only indirect predication. Confusion arises from the fact, that the same particle (*ad*, δ) is also used for the preposition 'with' (which in Hanoteau is *id*), and indeed for the conjunction 'and.' Mr. Newman called attention to the strange analogy which this bears to the manifold use of the Hebrew וְ (*eth*), not of very dissimilar sound. But Captain Hanoteau develops very new and singular limitations as to the use of *ad* or δ . First, as we have said, it marks the direct predicate. Next, if a noun is in apposition to another noun "which is *indeterminate* and is not in the genitive, dative, or ablative" (Hanoteau, p. 84), then, and then only, the second noun takes the sign *ad* or δ . Thus (in exact reverse of what might have been expected): "Vous avez des bœufs blancs; *Gheurewen izgaren ðimellalen.*" [Strictly, "Apud vos boves albi."]

But, "*Vous avez les deus blancs; Gheurewen izgaren imellalen.*"

Perhaps so minute and arbitrary a distinction was not likely to exist in all the dialects. We observe on the surface of Hamet's version of Luke opposite phenomena: as, Luke iii. 1, "Philip his brother," is, *Failebis ðagmas*; and Luke iii. 19, "Herod the king," *Hairiðus ðamakrân*; where (since Philip and Herod are determinate) the δ is superfluous after them. But this is *Buji* dialect, not *Zouave*.

On another remarkable demonstrative particle Hanoteau has thrown light. It is *ayyi*, or *aia*, *ai* (this), which is used for strongly defined emphasis, which he renders by "*c'est . . . que.*" This pervades the *Buji* quite to redundancy. Thus "I am well pleased in thee" is (we suppose) "*farhagh s-ek*;" but "In thee am I well pleased" is not "*S-ek farhagh*," as might have been expected, but (Luke iii. 21) "*Ayya-ssek ay-farhagh*," where the reduplication of *ay* almost implies a response of relative to demonstrative ("*It is in thee that I am well pleased*"), which seems to be Hanoteau's view. From "*Yusa-d idelli*, Il est venu (ici) hier," comes *Idelli ai-d yusa*, (rendered by him) "*C'est hier qu'il est venu.*" But we hesitate to assent when Hanoteau adds to "the confirmative particles" *ai* and δ a third, viz. *r'a* (as he writes it), intending the sound *gha*. His own examples appear to show that his *r'a* ("quelque fois par euphonie *ar'a*"), which he says *confirms* the future tense, is (as the *ara* of the *Buji*) only the peculiar future, which the Latins render by *-urus est* or *debet*. Thus from *azekka*, 'to-morrow,' and root *as*, 'come' (*as-ad*, 'come hither'), we have *yusa-d*, 'he came (comes) hither,' and *azekka ara-d-yas*, 'Cras huc venturus est.' Hanoteau trans-

lates this "*C'est demain qu'il viendra;*" but there is no particle to confirm *azekka*. When he adds, "*r'a s'emploie exclusivement avec les verbes;*" he almost confesses what is to us clear, that it is a mere tense-mark. In p. 83, he translates "*Nek r'a then inr'en;*" "*C'est moi devant tuer eux;*" his *devant* gives the clue to the true translation, "*Ego eos occisurus (sum).*" To this indeed he himself gives clear assent in p. 159, where he has "*r'a inr'en, devant tuer, de r'a iner', il tuera.*"

Touching these participles (formed by adding *-en* or *-in* to the root, and generally prefixing *i* or *y*), we must not omit to add a singular circumstance, now for the first time confirmed. Mr. Newman, in alleging it on the evidence of Hamet's version of the gospels, expressed himself as hardly able to believe his own analysis: namely, when the participle is preceded by the particle *ur* (not), the termination *-en* changes into a prefix *n*. This is distinctly laid down as the law by Hanoteau, who exemplifies it by: "*Anwa ikshemen? quis intrans?*" (i.e. "who has gone in?") "*Anwa ur nekshim? quis non intrans?*" where the participle abruptly changes its form from *ikshemen* to *nekshim*,

by the influence of the negative particle ur.

The Kabail participle, according to Hanoteau, has no variation with gender or number; and in this he finds a most marked contrast to the Tamashaght, which has a participle declinable in these respects. We cannot doubt that, as a general fact concerning the Kabail, his statement is correct; but we find nothing cardinally distinctive here, for the Kabail *exceptionally* does vary the participle with gender. Thus, in Luke i. 7, "*(Elizabeth) was barren;*" is rendered by Hamet, "*ur ettarawant*" (from *irwa*, 'genuit,' *irwan*, 'gignens'), where *ur nirwa*, 'non gignens,' might have been expected. Again, Luke i. 27, "*Ghur 'adra bughat iwegaz;*" stands for "*ad virginem sumtam viro*" (to a virgin betrothed unto a man); where *bughat*, 'sumta,' from *yugha* 'sumsit,' has exactly the form of the feminine participle defined by Hanoteau for the Tamashaght.

Hanoteau also makes the curious revelation of a class of defective verbs (chiefly verbs of colour and of state) which seem scarcely to pass beyond the character of adjectives. They are without prefixes, and look as if always of the third person. Verbs of colour are also a class by themselves in Arabic; so indeed are the adjectives of colour; but with no further analogy to these Libyan defectives.

In general, every derived form of the verb has its own tenses and its own participles, formed by the very same law. Hanoteau recognises two participles only, which he names present and future; as, from the verb *illa* (it was), *illan* (being), *r'a yilin*, or *arayilin* in Buji (about to be). We seem to find other parti-

ciples besides in Buji; for Hamet has *adlalen*, Luke i. 31 (paritura); *additulan*, Luke i. 35 (pariendum), from *ilul*, Matt. ii. 4 (natum est); also *ihulan*, Matt. ii. 2, Gen. xvii. 27 (natus); *ur nattel*, John iii. 5 (non natus); *aradditulan*, Matt. i. 20 (debens nasci). That form of the verb which Hanoteau calls "forme d'habitude," but which is regarded as a present tense in Brosse-lard's *Dictionary*, nevertheless does not seem (in Hanoteau) to form a participle, nor yet any future by prefix *ad* or *ara* (*ar'a*). This seems to us a reason for treating it as a peculiar tense of each verb (whether we are to call it present, or imperfect, or tense of habitude, is a separate question); and we incline to say, that the distinctive "conjugation" (in the sense of the Latin grammar) ought here to be estimated by the mode of forming this particular tense. Then the derived forms will remain, as in Syro-Arabian, analogous to the 'voices' of Greek and Latin.

Hanoteau writes positively of these derived forms: "Toutes ces formes dérivées se retrouvent chez les Touareg avec de légères modifications dans les signes. . . . J'ai de plus constaté dans ce dialecte une forme qui ne paraît plus exister en Kabyle: elle a pour signe *t* affixé, et indique l'idée de devenir: par exemple, *erzer*, 'être riche,' *erzer'et*, 'devenir riche.' The identity of the derived forms in general is a strong mark how late (comparatively) must have been the divergence of the Libyan dialects into distinct languages.

We have said that Captain Hanoteau's plan forbade his dealing with any etymology that went beyond the language itself; but we cannot refrain from a few remarks which have an ethnological direction. The celebrated laws of Grimm concerning the changes of consonants in passing from one Indo-European tongue to another, give us to expect some analogous changes between every group of languages similarly related. Dr. Schott discovered fixed laws of mutation between the consonants of the languages of High Asia,—the Turkish, the Mongolian, the Tungusian. We are therefore prepared to expect that the Libyan tongues shall have a part of their old vocabulary in common with Arabic or Hebrew, but that in this common part certain tendencies of change will be discovered. We dare not pretend yet to have the means of distinguishing with certainty old imported Arabic from primitive Libyan; yet it is possible that this very study of the laws of mutation may aid to the distinction. Thus, sometimes we see the double *h* of the Arabs retained in Kabail, as in *yahma*, 'it is hot,' from Arabic root *ham*. This is undoubtedly imported, and is not used by the Tuaregs. On the other hand, in many roots the Arabic *h* is replaced by *w*, *k*, or *g*. Thus, to the Arabic root *hanu* corresponds Kab. *eknu* (ployer); to the Arabic *rahel*

corresponds *erwel* (fuir), *reggul* (fuir habituellement); where the *h* is evaded by change first into *w*, and next into *g*. In the first instance, we may see in such changes the indications of older and newer importations from Arabic (as in English we have *comply* and *complicate*, older and newer from Latin, and a hundred others); but what at first appears an old importation, may prove to be the primitive Libyan. Examine the relation of the word *ergigi* (trembler) to the Hebrew root רעע (which is discerned by analysis of several Hebrew trilateral verbs); evidently the Libyan pure *g* here supplants the Hebrew *ain*. Yet Hanotean gives us simultaneously the verb *ra'ia'sh* (trembler), or רעעש, which is more like to an imported root.

But, in truth, hitherto the spellings presented to us are very wayward. In many words the Arabic *ð* is changed into *w* or *u* (which perhaps is what led Venture to think *ð* was not a native sound); and, on the other side, the Arabic *w* is changed into *ð*, as in *kebbi*, 'to be stout'; evidently Ar. *kawwi*. We may here throw together a few examples of the Libyan and Arabic or Hebrew, where they are alike but not identical.

ARABIC.	KABAIL.
harek (burn)	ergh, pres. rekk.
hataf (seize)	ettetf.
hareð, &c. (plough)	ekrez, pres. kerrez (Greek χαρην),
beket (strike: Golius)	aweð, pres. ekkað.
kari, קר (read, call)	ghar, pres. ekkar.
Heb. נק . . . נכד (smite)	ingha (he killed).
'ajel (hurry)	azzel (run, hasten).
beda' (split, divide)	ebdu.
lebes (dress, clothe)	els.
rebb, רבב (increase, &c.)	erwu, pres. rebbu (satisfy), reggu [in Bross].
'atas (sneeze)	eds, ets (laugh).
klherej (come out)	irej, ireg [Buji].
jedd (value)	{ agla, aila, ila (property); sometimes agda, ajda in Buji, if the Bible-Society Ms. is right.
Heb. עדר—Tamash. gudei—('praise [God]').	

Sometimes the deep *h* passes into *w*. 'The heart' in Arabic is *kalb*, in Heb. *lib* (the *h* vanishing?), in Libyan *uli*, pl. *ulawen*, which seems to give *ulaw* or *uliv* for the radicals. It is not too much to believe *uliv* identical with *lib* and *kalb*. The Libyan *awal* (a word, a discourse) seems to represent the קול (*kul*) of Hebrew and Arabic. Barth, indeed, gives as Tamasheght *takalt*, 'talk,' *assokel*, 'speech, idiom.' 'The face' in Libyan is *udem*, which must surely be identical with *kedem* (the front) of Hebrew

and Arabic. Indeed the Shilha (?) *aḥadūm* of Venture seems a mere adaptation of Arabic to the genius of Libyan grammar.

Sometimes the Libyan *h* itself changes into *w*, as in the root *ihkal*, 'he turned' (returned), which is hard to separate from another root *iwalla*, 'he returned,' and perhaps is comparable to Heb. נָלַח. On the other hand, in Shilha *wel* (a time or turn) represents the root *kel*, hidden in the Kabail *thikkelt*, of the same sense. We cannot doubt that there is a curious harvest* of etymology to be gathered in these realms.

Our limits warn us not to enlarge on this subject; and we must finally make some remarks on Captain Hanoteau's mode of writing the Libyan sounds in modified Roman characters.

In the abstract we warmly applaud the idea; but we cannot praise the details of his scheme. They rest on no general principle, nor yet can they lay claim to any practical convenience. In the above we have not followed his notation, except that we have (in quoting from him) written *r'a* (not *gha*) where the Tamashgeht and Buji and Shilha agree in *ra* or *ara*, which makes the sound *gha* appear to be a mere Zouave corruption. M. Hanoteau, in justifying his notation *r'* for *gh* (which would lead to a troublesome remodelling of proper names), with great simplicity assures us that the sound of the letter "est celui d'un *r* fortement grasseyé, et non celui du *g*." But who ever said it was a *g*? Of course, it is no more a *g* than the roughest German or Swiss *ch* in *auch* is a *k*. Each sound (like *r*) is vibratory; in consequence, many Northumbrians, Germans, and French corrupt *r* into an Arabic *ghain*. But the fact remains, that *ghain* is to *kha* precisely as *g* to *k*, as every *media* to its *tenuis*; and there is the same reason for writing the one by *gh*, as the other by *kh* or *ch*. M. Hanoteau retains *kh*; what does he gain by exploding *gh*? In fact, we doubt whether *r* is nearer to *gh* than to *kh*.

Then we object to his using the apostrophe to express very different modifications with *d*, *t*, *k*; for it aspirates *d*, but strengthens *t* and *k*: also, the addition of *h* with him aspirates *k* and *t*, but thickens *d*; hence it is difficult to remember his system. His *dh* is not in analogy to his *th*, nor his *d'* to his *t'* nor to his *r'*. Also the *ain*, which is very well expressed by an apostrophe, he renders by *á*, as if it could not be joined to other vowels than *a*. The letters which differ only by euphony are by him made wholly unlike in form; and the characteristic lisping *t* is written *ts*, as though it were two elements.

His preference of *ou* to *u* cannot be censured in a Frenchman, though we would rather adhere to Italian simplicity. So

* Some of the analogies try to seduce us beyond sobriety. Thus we have in Greek two roots for 'head,' viz. *καρ* and *κεφ* (seen in *καρὰ*, *κεφαλή*); also in Libyan 'head' is either *akarrui* or *ikhf*, *ikhf*.

also we see no reason, with him, to explode the highly useful letters *y w*, especially the latter, which is often a radical consonant. In general, we desire (1) some *single* method to express the *strengthening* of a consonant; and know nothing better than the mathematical types *h k t d g z*,* for the zeros are not so easily mistaken for blots or unobserved as mere dots would be; and if dots are large enough to be seen clearly, they disgust every printer by the spotty effect. Accents, apostrophes, and italics are needed for widely different service. (2) We *acquiesce*, but unwillingly, in the use of *th, dh, kh, gh*, to express the aspirates $\theta \delta \chi \gamma$ of the modern Greeks; the Greek types would seem *far* better, if only the γ were not too like the Roman *y*. But we might use the old-fashioned type r for it. The Greek $\theta \delta \chi \text{r}$, added to our alphabet, would be of great utility. *Ghain* is so common a sound, and so characteristic of the Libyan, that it demands a simple form. (3) There remains *sh* (French *ch*) to be provided for. Why not write *c* (a letter at present useless) for this sound? Lastly, *j* may be used either with its *English* or with its *French* force, as occasion may require.

It seems to be as yet undecided what place hard *g* bears in the Libyan languages. We do not yet believe that they have three independent sounds, *j* (English), *g* (hard), *gh*. The hard *g* appears to be euphonically exchangeable sometimes with *j*, sometimes with *gh*. In the Tifinagh letters hard *g* is not acknowledged by either of the learned natives: it is only given by M. Schousboe, and its form seems to be a mere modification of *k*.

With regard to the lisping *t*, we think that Brosselard's Dictionary, in its adaptation of the Arabic alphabet, has shown the right use of the Roman. We ought to denote this characteristic letter by our simple *t*, and employ θ for the תר sound. That it is more essential, in Roman than in Arabic type, to distinguish the latter twofold sound, cannot be imagined; but if requisite, θ should receive some modifying mark, and our alphabet would be complete. But it would be understood, without any mark, that $\theta\theta$ is to be pronounced as our *tt*, and $n\theta$ as our *nt*.

To adapt systematically a Roman type for extra-European languages would not only add great facilities to comparative grammar and ethnological linguistry, but would be of service to

* Hanoteau and De Slane give us in some purely Libyan words the mysterious combination *zç* (as *ezçu*, 'to plant'). The *ç* is meant for Arabic *ssad*. Hanoteau has also *ezzu*, 'griller'; so that *zç* is essentially different from *zz*. We presume that *zç* is the ⵝ of the Tifinagh, and is the Libyan representative of Σ and of *ssad*. We should propose to denote it by *z*. Hamet, in the Gospels, uses the soft *zz* of the Arabs, and not any of their thick sounds, for this peculiar consonant.

Ambiguities so strange as *hammil* (to love) and *hammil* (to pour in torrents) ought not to make us suspect that there remain still more sounds than we know; but rather, that in one or other word the *h* is corruptly written for *h* or for *hh* or for *ain*.

us politically in India, religiously in every missionary station. The missionaries have already done much in this direction; politicians have done nothing. May we think it possible that France will effect in Algeria what England has so long failed to do in India? If Captain Hanoteau's Roman notation were on a par with the substantial merit of his grammar, we should hope for this result; but as it is, we do not know how to expect or to wish that his mode of writing should be generally adopted.

If our Indian authorities would earnestly take in hand this matter, we believe they would find great advantage, and need encounter no difficulty. Let them appoint a committee of three to report on the best mode of adapting the Roman alphabet to the Indian languages. Let the committee consist of one printer, one person acquainted with several Indian languages, and one English man of letters. Having settled the alphabet, let them request every Indian railway-board to set up every notice at every station in a twofold type, *first* in the Indian, *next* in the Roman. Let them set the example in all government proclamations, using one method from end to end of India. This would not only facilitate the learning of the Indian languages to every soldier and every railway-official, but it would facilitate to the natives the reading of English. And small as this matter seems, its results may be great. Whoever learns by the Arabic type, is thrown into the channels of Arabic literature and religion. Whoever learns by a pure Indian type, is similarly in connection with Hindoo literature and religion. But to learn the Roman type is a first and great step towards the imbibing of European influences. And how small a fraction of the Indian population as yet have any knowledge of letters at all!

ART. IX.—CHARLES DICKENS.

Cheap Edition of the Works of Mr. Charles Dickens. The Pickwick Papers, Nicholas Nickleby, &c. London, 1857-8. Chapman and Hall.

It must give Mr. Dickens much pleasure to look at the collected series of his writings. He has told us of the beginnings of *Pickwick*. "I was," he relates in what is now the preface to that work, "a young man of three-and-twenty, when the present publishers, attracted by some pieces I was at that time writing in the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper (of which one series had lately been collected and published in two volumes, illustrated by my

esteemed friend Mr. George Cruikshank), waited upon me to propose a something that should be published in shilling numbers—then only known to me, or I believe to any body else, by a dim recollection of certain interminable novels in that form, which used, some five-and-twenty years ago, to be carried about the country by pedlars, and over some of which I remember to have shed innumerable tears, before I served my apprenticeship to Life. When I opened my door in Furnival's Inn to the managing partner who represented the firm, I recognised in him the person from whose hands I had bought, two or three years previously, and whom I had never seen before or since, my first copy of the magazine in which my first effusion—dropped stealthily one evening at twilight, with fear and trembling, into a dark letter-box, in a dark office, up a dark court in Fleet Street—appeared in all the glory of print; on which occasion, by the by,—how well I recollect it!—I walked down to Westminster Hall, and turned into it for half-an-hour, because my eyes were so dimmed with joy and pride, that they could not bear the street, and were not fit to be seen there. I told my visitor of the coincidence, which we both hailed as a good omen; and so fell to business."

After such a beginning, there must be great enjoyment in looking at the long series of closely printed green volumes, in remembering their marvellous popularity, in knowing that they are a familiar literature wherever the English language is spoken,—that they are read with admiring appreciation by persons of the highest culture at the centre of civilisation,—that they amuse, and are fit to amuse, the roughest settler in Vancouver's Island.

The penetrating power of this remarkable genius among all classes at home is not inferior to its diffusive energy abroad. The phrase "household book" has, when applied to the works of Mr. Dickens, a peculiar propriety. There is no contemporary English writer, whose works are read so generally through the whole house, who can give pleasure to the servants as well as to the mistress, to the children as well as to the master. Mr. Thackeray without doubt exercises a more potent and plastic fascination within his sphere, but that sphere is limited. It is restricted to that part of the middle class which gazes inquisitively at the "Vanity Fair" world. The delicate touches of our great satirist have, for such readers, not only the charm of wit, but likewise the interest of valuable information; he tells them of the topics which they want to know. But below this class there is another and far larger, which is incapable of comprehending the idling world, or of appreciating the accuracy of delineations drawn from it,—which would not know the difference between a picture of Grosvenor Square by Mr. Thackeray and the picture of it in a Minerva-Press novel,—which only cares for or knows of its own multifarious,

industrial, fig-selling world,—and over these also Mr. Dickens has power.

It cannot be amiss to take this opportunity of investigating, even slightly, the causes of so great a popularity. And if, in the course of our article, we may seem to be ready with over-refining criticism, or to be unduly captious with theoretical objection, we hope not to forget that so great and so diffused an influence is a *datum* for literary investigation,—that books which have been thus *tried* upon mankind and have thus succeeded, must be books of immense genius,—and that it is our duty as critics to explain, as far as we can, the nature and the limits of that genius, but never for one moment to deny or question its existence.

Men of genius may be divided into regular and irregular. Certain minds, the moment we think of them, suggest to us the ideas of symmetry and proportion. Plato's name, for example, calls up at once the impression of something ordered, measured, and settled: it is the exact contrary of every thing eccentric, immature, or undeveloped. The opinions of such a mind are often erroneous, and some of them may, from change of time, of intellectual *data*, or from chance, seem not to be quite worthy of it; but the mode in which those opinions are expressed, and (as far as we can make it out) the mode in which they are framed, affect us, as we have said, with a sensation of symmetricalness. It is not very easy to define exactly to what peculiar internal characteristic this external effect is due: the feeling is distinct, but the cause is obscure; it lies hid in the peculiar constitution of great minds, and we should not wonder that it is not very easy either to conceive or to describe. On the whole, however, the effect seems to be produced by a peculiar proportionateness, in each instance, of the mind to the tasks which it undertakes, amid which we see it, and by which we measure it. Thus we feel that the powers and tendencies of Plato's mind and nature were more fit than those of any other philosopher for the due consideration and exposition of the highest problems of philosophy, of the doubts and difficulties which concern man as man. His genius was measured to its element; any change would mar the delicacy of the thought, or the polished accuracy of the expression. The weapon was fitted to its aim. Every instance of proportionateness does not, however, lead us to attribute this peculiar symmetry to the whole mind we are observing. The powers must not only be suited to the task undertaken, but the task itself must also be suited to a human being, and employ all the marvellous faculties with which he is endowed. The neat perfection of such a mind as Talleyrand's is the antithesis to the symmetry of genius; the niceties neither of diplomacy nor of conversation give scope to the entire powers of a great nature. We may lay

down as the condition of a regular or symmetrical genius, that it should have the exact combination of powers suited to graceful and easy success in an exercise of mind great enough to task the whole intellectual nature.

On the other hand, men of irregular or unsymmetrical genius are eminent either for some one or some few peculiarities of mind, have possibly special defects on other sides of their intellectual nature, at any rate want what the scientific men of the present day would call the *definite proportion* of faculties and qualities suited to the exact work they have in hand. The foundation of many criticisms of Shakespeare is that he is deficient in this peculiar proportion. His overteeming imagination gives at times, and not unfrequently, a great feeling of irregularity: there seems to be confusion. We have the tall trees of the forest, the majestic creations of the highest genius; but we have, besides, a bushy second growth, an obtrusion of secondary images and fancies, which prevent our taking an exact measure of such grandeur. We have not the sensation of intense simplicity, which must probably accompany the highest conceivable greatness. Such is also the basis of Mr. Hallam's criticism on Shakespeare's language, which Mr. Arnold has lately revived. "His expression is often faulty," because his illustrative imagination, somewhat predominating over his other faculties, diffuses about the main expression a supplement of minor metaphors which sometimes distract the comprehension, and almost always deprive his style of the charm that arises from undeviating directness. Doubtless this is an instance of the very highest kind of irregular genius, in which all the powers exist in the mind in a very high, and almost all of them in the very highest measure, but in which from a slight excess in a single one, the charm of proportion is lessened. The most ordinary cases of irregular genius are those in which single faculties are abnormally developed, and call off the attention from all the rest of the mind by their prominence and activity. Literature, as the "fragment of fragments," is so full of the fragments of such minds that it is needless to specify instances.

Possibly it may be laid down that one of two elements is essential to a symmetrical mind. It is evident that such a mind must either apply itself to that which is theoretical or that which is practical, to the world of abstraction or to the world of objects and realities. In the former case the deductive understanding, which masters first principles, and makes deductions from them, the thin ether of the intellect,—the "mind itself by itself,"—must evidently assume a great prominence. To attempt to comprehend principles without it, is to try to swim without arms, or to fly without wings. Accordingly, in the mind of Plato, and in

others like him, the abstract and deducing understanding fills a great place; the imagination seems a kind of eye to descry its data; the artistic instinct an arranging impulse, which sets in order its inferences and conclusions. On the other hand, if a symmetrical mind busy itself with the active side of human life, with the world of concrete men and real things, its principal quality will be a practical sagacity, which forms with ease a distinct view and just appreciation of all the mingled objects that the world presents,—which allots to each its own place, and its intrinsic and appropriate rank. Possibly no mind gives such an idea of this sort of symmetry as Chaucer's. Every thing in it seems in its place. A healthy sagacious man of the world has gone through the world; he loves it, and knows it; he dwells on it with a fond appreciation; every object of the old life of "merry England" seems to fall into its precise niche in his ordered and symmetrical comprehension. The *Prologue to the Canterbury Tales* is in itself a series of memorial tablets to mediæval society; each class has its tomb, and each its apt inscription. A man without such an apprehensive and broad sagacity must fail in every extensive delineation of various life; he might attempt to describe what he did not penetrate, or if by a rare discretion he avoided that mistake, his works would want the *binding element*; he would be deficient in that distinct sense of relation and combination which is necessary for the depiction of the whole of life, which gives to it unity at first, and imparts to it a mass in the memory ever afterwards. And eminence in one or other of these marking faculties,—either in the deductive abstract intellect, or the practical seeing sagacity,—seems essential to the mental constitution of a symmetrical genius, at least in man. There are, after all, but two principal all-important spheres in human life—thought and action; and we can hardly conceive of a masculine mind symmetrically developed, which did not evince its symmetry by an evident perfection in one or other of those pursuits, which did not leave the trace of its distinct reflection upon the one, or of its large insight upon the other of them. Possibly it may be thought that in the sphere of pure art there may be room for a symmetrical development different from these; but it will perhaps be found, on examination of such cases, either that under peculiar and appropriate disguises one of these great qualities is present, or that the apparent symmetry is the narrow perfection of a limited nature, which may be most excellent in itself, as in the stricter form of sacred art, but which, as we explained, is quite opposed to that broad perfection of the thinking being to which we have applied the name of the symmetry of genius.

If this classification of men of genius be admitted, there can be no hesitation in assigning to Mr. Dickens his place in it.

His genius is essentially irregular and unsymmetrical. Hardly any English writer perhaps is much more so. His style is an example of it. It is descriptive, racy, and flowing; it is instinct with new imagery and singular illustration; but it does not indicate that due proportion of the faculties to one another which is a beauty in itself, and which cannot help diffusing beauty over every happy word and moulded clause. We may choose an illustration at random. The following graphic description will do:

"If Lord George Gordon had appeared in the eyes of Mr. Willet, overnight, a nobleman of somewhat quaint and odd exterior, the impression was confirmed this morning, and increased a hundred fold. Sitting bolt upright upon his bony steed, with his long, straight hair, dangling about his face and fluttering in the wind; his limbs all angular and rigid, his elbows stuck out on either side ungracefully, and his whole frame jogged and shaken at every motion of his horse's feet; a more grotesque or more ungainly figure can hardly be conceived. In lieu of whip, he carried in his hand a great gold-headed cane, as large as any footman carries in these days; and his various modes of holding this unwieldy weapon—now upright before his face like the sabre of a horse-soldier, now over his shoulder like a musket, now between his finger and thumb, but always in some uncouth and awkward fashion—contributed in no small degree to the absurdity of his appearance. Stiff, lank, and solemn, dressed in an unusual manner, and ostentatiously exhibiting—whether by design or accident—all his peculiarities of carriage, gesture, and conduct: all the qualities, natural and artificial, in which he differed from other men; he might have moved the sternest looker-on to laughter, and fully provoked the smiles and whispered jests which greeted his departure from the Maypole inn.

Quite unconscious, however, of the effect he produced, he trotted on beside his secretary, talking to himself nearly all the way, until they came within a mile or two of London, when now and then some passenger went by who knew him by sight, and pointed him out to some one else, and perhaps stood looking after him, or cried in jest or earnest as it might be, 'Hurrah, Geordie! No Popery!' At which he would gravely pull off his hat, and bow. When they reached the town and rode along the streets, these notices became more frequent; some laughed, some hissed, some turned their heads and smiled, some wondered who he was, some ran along the pavement by his side and cheered. When this happened in a crush of carts and chairs and coaches, he would make a dead stop, and pulling off his hat, cry, 'Gentlemen, No Popery!' to which the gentlemen would respond with lusty voices, and with three times three; and then, on he would go again with a score or so of the raggedest, following at his horse's heels, and shouting till their throats were parched.

The old ladies too—there were a great many old ladies in the streets, and these all knew him. Some of them—not those of the highest rank, but such as sold fruit from baskets and carried burdens—clapped their shrivelled hands, and raised a weazen, piping, shrill 'Hurrah, my lord.'

Others waved their hands or handkerchiefs, or shook their fans or parasols, or threw up windows, and called in haste to those within, to come and see. All these marks of popular esteem he received with profound gravity and respect; bowing very low, and so frequently that his hat was more off his head than on; and looking up at the houses as he passed along, with the air of one who was making a public entry, and yet was not puffed-up or proud."

No one would think of citing such a passage as this, as exemplifying the proportioned beauty of finished writing; it is not the writing of an evenly developed or of a highly cultured mind; it abounds in jolts and odd turns; it is full of singular twists and needless complexities: but, on the other hand, no one can deny its great and peculiar merit. It is an odd style, and it is very odd how much you read it. It is the overflow of a copious mind, though not the chastened expression of an harmonious one.

The same quality characterises the matter of his works. His range is very varied. He has attempted to describe every kind of scene in English life, from quite the lowest to almost the highest. He has not endeavoured to secure success by confining himself to a single path, nor wearied the public with repetitions of the subjects by the delineation of which he originally obtained fame. In his earlier works he never writes long without saying something well; something which no other man would have said; but even in them it is the characteristic of his power that it is apt to fail him at once; from masterly strength we pass without interval to almost infantine weakness,—something like disgust succeeds in a moment to an extreme admiration. Such is the natural fate of an unequal mind employing itself on a vast and various subject. On a recent occasion we ventured to make a division of novels into the ubiquitous,—it would have been perhaps better to say the miscellaneous,—and the sentimental: the first, as its name implies, busying itself with the whole of human life, the second restricting itself within a peculiar and limited theme. Mr. Dickens's novels are all of the former class. They aim to delineate nearly all that part of our national life which can be delineated,—at least, within the limits which social morality prescribes to social art; but you cannot read his delineation of any part without being struck with its singular incompleteness. An artist once said of the best work of another artist, "Yes, it is a pretty patch." If we might venture on the phrase, we should say that Mr. Dickens's pictures were graphic scraps; his best books are compilations of them.

The truth is, that Mr. Dickens wholly wants the two elements which we have spoken of as one or other requisite for a symme-

trical genius. He is utterly deficient in the faculty of reasoning. "Mamma, what shall I think about?" said the small girl. "My dear, don't think," was the old-fashioned reply. We do not allege that in the strict theory of education this was a correct reply; modern writers think otherwise; but we wish some one would say it to Mr. Dickens. He is often troubled with the idea that he must reflect, and his reflections are perhaps the worst reading in the world. There is a sentimental confusion about them; we never find the consecutive precision of mature theory, or the cold distinctness of clear thought. Vivid facts stand out in his imagination; and a fresh illustrative style brings them home to the imagination of his readers; but his continuous philosophy utterly fails in the attempt to harmonise them,—to educe a theory or elaborate a precept from them. Of his social thinking we shall have a few words to say in detail; his didactic humour is very unfortunate: no writer is less fitted for an excursion to the imperative mood. At present, we only say, what is so obvious as scarcely to need saying, that his abstract understanding is so far inferior to his picturesque imagination as to give even to his best works the sense of jar and incompleteness, and to deprive them altogether of the crystalline finish which is characteristic of the clear and cultured understanding.

Nor has Mr. Dickens the easy and various sagacity which, as has been said, gives a unity to all which it touches. He has, indeed, a quality which is near allied to it in appearance. His shrewdness in some things, especially in traits and small things, is wonderful. His works are full of acute remarks on petty doings, and well exemplify the telling power of minute circumstantiality. But the minor species of perceptive sharpness is so different from diffused sagacity, that the two scarcely ever are to be found in the same mind. There is nothing less like the great lawyer, acquainted with broad principles and applying them with distinct deduction, than the attorney's clerk who catches at small points like a dog biting at flies. "Over-sharpness" in the student is the most unpromising symptom of the logical jurist. You must not ask a horse in blinkers for a large view of a landscape. In the same way, a detective ingenuity in microscopic detail is of all mental qualities most unlike the broad sagacity by which the great painters of human affairs have unintentionally stamped the mark of unity on their productions. They show by their treatment of each case that they understand the whole of life; the special delineator of fragments and points shows that he understands them only. In one respect the defect is more striking in Mr. Dickens than in any other novelist of the present day. The most remarkable deficiency in modern fiction

is its omission of the business of life, of all those countless occupations, pursuits, and callings in which most men live and move, and by which they have their being. In most novels money *grows*. You have no idea of the toil, the patience, and the wearing anxiety by which men of action provide for the day, and lay up for the future, and support those that are given into their care. Mr. Dickens is not chargeable with this omission. He perpetually deals with the pecuniary part of life. Almost all his characters have determined occupations, of which he is apt to talk even at too much length. When he rises from the toiling to the luxurious classes, his genius in most cases deserts him. The delicate refinement and discriminating taste of the idling orders are not in his way; he knows the dry arches of London Bridge better than Belgravia. He excels in inventories of poor furniture, and is learned in pawnbrokers' tickets. But, although his creative power lives and works among the middle class and industrial section of English society, he has never painted the highest part of their daily intellectual life. He made, indeed, an attempt to paint specimens of the apt and able man of business in *Nicholas Nickleby*; but the Messrs. Cheeryble are among the stupidest of his characters. He forgot that breadth of platitude is rather different from breadth of sagacity. His delineations of middle-class life have in consequence a harshness and meanness which do not belong to that life in reality. He omits the relieving element. He describes the figs which are sold, but not the talent which sells figs well. And it is the same want of the diffused sagacity in his own nature which has made his pictures of life so odd and disjointed, and which has deprived them of symmetry and unity.

The *bizarrerie* of Mr. Dickens's genius is rendered more remarkable by the inordinate measure of his special excellences. The first of these is his power of observation in detail. We have heard,—we do not know whether correctly or incorrectly,—that he can go down a crowded street, and tell you all that is in it, what each shop was, what the grocer's name was, how many scraps of orange-peel there were on the pavement. His works give you exactly the same idea. The amount of detail which there is in them is something amazing,—to an ordinary writer something incredible. There are pages containing telling minutiae which other people would have thought enough for a volume. Nor is his sensibility to external objects, though omnivorous, insensible to the artistic effect of each. There are scarcely any where such pictures of London as he draws. No writer has equally comprehended the artistic material which is given by its extent, its congregation of different elements, its mouldiness, its brilliancy.

Nor does his genius, though, from some idiosyncrasy of mind or accident of external situation, it is more especially directed to city life, at all stop at the city-wall. He is especially at home in the picturesque and obvious parts of country life, particularly in the comfortable and (so to say) mouldering portion of it. The following is an instance; if not the best that could be cited, still one of the best:

"They arranged to proceed upon their journey next evening, as a stage-wagon, which travelled for some distance on the same road as they must take, would stop at the inn to change horses, and the driver for a small gratuity would give Nell a place inside. A bargain was soon struck when the wagon came; and in due time it rolled away; with the child comfortably bestowed among the softer packages, her grandfather and the schoolmaster walking on beside the driver, and the landlady and all the good folks of the inn screaming out their good wishes and farewells.

What a soothing, luxurious, drowsy way of travelling, to lie inside that slowly-moving mountain, listening to the tinkling of the horses' bells, the occasional smacking of the carter's whip, the smooth rolling of the great broad wheels, the rattle of the harness, the cheery good-nights of passing travellers jogging past on little short-stepped horses—all made pleasantly indistinct by the thick awning, which seemed made for lazy listening under, till one fell asleep! The very going to sleep, still with an indistinct idea, as the head jogged to and fro upon the pillow, of moving onward with no trouble or fatigue, and hearing all these sounds like dreamy music, lulling to the senses—and the slow waking up, and finding one's self staring out through the breezy curtain half-opened in the front, far up into the cold bright sky with its countless stars, and downward at the driver's lantern dancing on like its namesake Jack of the swamps and marshes, and sideways at the dark grim trees, and forward at the long bare road rising up, up, up, until it stopped abruptly at a sharp high ridge as if there were no more road, and all beyond was sky—and the stopping at the inn to bait, and being helped out, and going into a room with fire and candles, and winking very much, and being agreeably reminded that the night was cold, and anxious for very comfort's sake to think it colder than it was!—What a delicious journey was that journey in the wagon!

Then the going on again—so fresh at first, and shortly afterwards so sleepy. The waking from a sound nap as the mail came dashing past like a highway comet, with gleaming lamps and rattling hoofs, and visions of a guard behind, standing up to keep his feet warm, and of a gentleman in a fur cap opening his eyes and looking wild and stupefied—the stopping at the turnpike, where the man was gone to bed, and knocking at the door until he answered with a smothered shout from under the bed-clothes in the little room above, where the faint light was burning, and presently came down, night-capped and shivering, to throw the gate wide open, and wish all wagons off the road except by day. The cold sharp interval between night and morning—

the distant streak of light widening and spreading, and turning from gray to white, and from white to yellow, and from yellow to burning red—the presence of day, with all its cheerfulness and life—men and horses at the plough—birds in the trees and hedges, and boys in solitary fields frightening them away with rattles. The coming to a town—people busy in the market; light carts and chaises round the tavern yard; tradesmen standing at their doors; men running horses up and down the streets for sale; pigs plunging and grunting in the dirty distance, getting off with long strings at their legs, running into clean chemists' shops and being dislodged with brooms by 'prentices; the night-coach changing horses—the passengers cheerless, cold, ugly, and discontented, with three months' growth of hair in one night—the coachman fresh as from a bandbox, and exquisitely beautiful by contrast:—so much bustle, so many things in motion, such a variety of incidents—when was there a journey with so many delights as that journey in the wagon!"

Or, as a relief from a very painful series of accompanying characters, it is pleasant to read and remember the description of the fine morning on which Mr. Jonas Chuzzlewit does not reflect. Mr. Dickens has, however, no feeling analogous to the nature-worship of some other recent writers. There is nothing Wordsworthian in his bent; the interpreting inspiration (as that school speak) is not his. Nor has he the erudition in difficult names which has filled some pages in late novelists with mineralogy and botany. His descriptions of nature are fresh and superficial; they are not sermonic or scientific.

Nevertheless, it may be said that Mr. Dickens's genius is especially suited to the delineation of city life. London is like a newspaper. Every thing is there, and every thing is disconnected. There is every kind of person in some houses; but there is no more connection between the houses than between the neighbours in the lists of "births, marriages, and deaths." As we change from the broad leader to the squalid police-report, we pass a corner and we are in a changed world. This is advantageous to Mr. Dickens's genius. His memory is full of instances of old buildings and curious people, and he does not care to piece them together. On the contrary, each scene, to his mind, is a separate scene,—each street a separate street. He has, too, the peculiar alertness of observation that is observable in those who live by it. He describes London like a special correspondent for posterity.

A second most wonderful special faculty which Mr. Dickens possesses is what we may call his *vivification* of character, or rather of characteristics. His marvellous power of observation has been exercised upon men and women even more than upon town or country; and the store of human detail, so to speak, in his books is endless and enormous. The boots at the inn, the

pickpockets in the street, the undertaker, the Mrs. Gamp, are all of them at his disposal; he knows each trait and incident, and he invests them with a kind of perfection in detail which in reality they do not possess. He has a very peculiar power of taking hold of some particular traits, and making a character out of them. He is especially apt to incarnate particular professions in this way. Many of his people never speak without some allusion to their occupation. You cannot separate them from it. Nor does the writer ever separate them. What would Mr. Mould be if not an undertaker? or Mrs. Gamp if not a nurse? or Charley Bates if not a pickpocket? Not only is human nature in them subdued to what it works in, but there seems to be no nature to subdue; the whole character is the idealisation of a trade, and is not in fancy or thought distinguishable from it. Accordingly, of necessity, such delineations become caricatures. We do not in general contrast them with reality; but as soon as we do, we are struck with the monstrous exaggerations which they present. You could no more fancy Sam Weller, or Mark Tapley, or the Artful Dodger really existing, walking about among common ordinary men and women, than you can fancy a talking duck or a writing bear. They are utterly beyond the pale of ordinary social intercourse. We suspect, indeed, that Mr. Dickens does not conceive his characters to himself as mixing in the society he mixes in. He sees people in the street, doing certain things, talking in a certain way, and his fancy petrifies them in the act. He goes on fancying hundreds of reduplications of that act and that speech; he frames an existence in which there is nothing else but that aspect which attracted his attention. *Sam Weller is an example.* He is a man-servant, who makes a peculiar kind of jokes, and is wonderfully felicitous in certain similes. You see him at his first introduction:

“ ‘My friend,’ said the thin gentleman.

‘You’re one o’ the advice gratis order,’ thought Sam, ‘or you wouldn’t be so werry fond o’ me all at once.’ But he only said—
‘Well, sir.’

‘My friend,’ said the thin gentleman, with a conciliatory ‘hem—
‘Have you got many people stopping here, now? Pretty busy. Eh?’

Sam stole a look at the inquirer. He was a little high-dried man, with a dark squeezed-up face, and small restless black eyes, that kept winking and twinkling on each side of his little inquisitive nose, as if they were playing a perpetual game of peep-bo with that feature. He was dressed all in black, with boots as shiny as his eyes, a low white neckcloth, and a clean shirt with a frill to it. A gold watch-chain, and seals, depended from his fob. He carried his black kid gloves in his hands, not on them; and as he spoke, thrust his wrists beneath his

coat-tails, with the air of a man who was in the habit of propounding some regular posers.

'Pretty busy, eh?' said the little man.

'Oh, werry well, sir,' replied Sam, 'we shan't be bankrupts, and we shan't make our fort'ns. We eats our biled mutton without capers, and don't care for horse-radish wen ve can get beef.'

'Ah,' said the little man, 'you're a wag, ain't you?'

'My eldest brother was troubled with that complaint,' said Sam, 'it may be catchin—I used to sleep with him.'

'This is a curious old house of yours,' said the little man, looking round him.

'If you'd sent word you was a coming, we'd ha' had it repaired,' replied the imperturbable Sam.

The little man seemed rather baffled by these several repulses, and a short consultation took place between him and the two plump gentlemen. At its conclusion, the little man took a pinch of snuff from an oblong silver box, and was apparently on the point of renewing the conversation, when one of the plump gentlemen, who in addition to a benevolent countenance, possessed a pair of spectacles, and a pair of black gaiters, interfered—

'The fact of the matter is,' said the benevolent gentleman, 'that my friend here (pointing to the other plump gentleman) will give you half a guinea, if you'll answer one or two—'

'Now, my dear sir—my dear sir,' said the little man, 'pray allow me—my dear sir, the very first principle to be observed in these cases, is this; if you place a matter in the hands of a professional man, you must in no way interfere in the progress of the business; you must repose implicit confidence in him. Really, Mr. (he turned to the other plump gentleman, and said)—I forget your friend's name.'

'Pickwick,' said Mr. Wardle, for it was no other than that jolly personage.

'Ah, Pickwick—really Mr. Pickwick, my dear sir, excuse me—I shall be happy to receive any private suggestions of yours, as *amicus curiæ*, but you must see the impropriety of your interfering with my conduct in this case, with such an *ad captandum* argument as the offer of half a guinea. Really, my dear sir, really,' and the little man took an argumentative pinch of snuff, and looked very profound.

'My only wish, sir,' said Mr. Pickwick, 'was to bring this very unpleasant matter to as speedy a close as possible.'

'Quite right—quite right,' said the little man.

'With which view,' continued Mr. Pickwick, 'I made use of the argument which my experience of men has taught me is the most likely to succeed in any case.'

'Ay, ay,' said the little man, 'very good, very good indeed; but you should have suggested it to me. My dear sir, I'm quite certain you cannot be ignorant of the extent of confidence which must be placed in professional men. If any authority can be necessary on such a point, my dear sir, let me refer you to the well-known case in Barnwell and—'

'Never mind George Barnwell,' interrupted Sam, who had remained a wondering listener during this short colloquy; 'every body knows what sort of a case his was, tho' it's always been my opinion, mind you, that the young 'ooman deserved scragging a precious sight more than he did. Hows'ever, that's neither here nor there. You want me to except of half a guinea. Werry well, I'm agreeable: I can't say no fairer than that, can I, sir? (Mr. Pickwick smiled.) Then the next question is, what the devil do you want with me, as the man said wen he see the ghost?'

'We want to know—' said Mr. Wardle.

'Now my dear sir—my dear sir,' interposed the busy little man.

Mr. Wardle shrugged his shoulders, and was silent.

'We want to know,' said the little man, solemnly; 'and we ask the question of you, in order that we may not awaken apprehensions inside—we want to know who you've got in this house, at present.'

'Who there is in the house!' said Sam, in whose mind the inmates were always represented by that particular article of their costume, which came under his immediate superintendence. 'There's a wooden leg in number six; there's a pair of Hessians in thirteen; there's two pair of halves in the commercial; there's these here painted tops in the snugery inside the bar; and five more tops in the coffee-room.'

'Nothing more?' said the little man.

'Stop a bit,' replied Sam, suddenly recollecting himself. 'Yes; there's a pair of Wellingtons a good deal worn, and a pair o' lady's shoes, in number five.'

'What sort of shoes?' hastily inquired Wardle, who, together with Mr. Pickwick, had been lost in bewilderment at the singular catalogue of visitors.

'Country make,' replied Sam.

'Any maker's name?'

'Brown.'

'Where of?'

'Muggleton.'

'It is them,' exclaimed Wardle. 'By Heavens, we've found them.'

'Hush!' said Sam. 'The Wellingtons has gone to Doctors' Commons.'

'No,' said the little man.

'Yes, for a license.'

'We're in time,' exclaimed Wardle. 'Show us the room; not a moment is to be lost.'

'Pray, my dear sir—pray,' said the little man; 'caution, caution.' He drew from his pocket a red silk purse, and looked very hard at Sam as he drew out a sovereign.

Sam grinned expressively.

'Show us into the room at once, without announcing us,' said the little man, 'and it's yours.'

One can fancy Mr. Dickens hearing a dialogue of this sort, —not nearly so good, but something like it,—and immediately setting to work to make it better and put it in a book; then

changing a little the situation, putting the boots one step up in the scale of service, engaging him as footman to a stout gentleman (but without for a moment losing sight of the peculiar kind of professional conversation and humour which his first dialogue presents), and astonishing all his readers by the marvellous fertility and magical humour with which he maintains that style. Sam Weller's father is even a stronger and simpler instance. He is simply nothing but an old coachman of the stout and extinct sort: you cannot separate him from the idea of that occupation. But how amusing he is! We dare not quote a single word of his talk; because we should go on quoting so long, and every one knows it so well. Some persons may think that this is not a very high species of delineative art. The idea of personifying traits and trades may seem to them poor and meagre. Any body, they may fancy, can do that. But how would they do it? Whose fancy would not break down in a page,—in five lines? Who could carry on the vivification with zest and energy and humour for volume after volume? Endless fertility in laughter-causing detail is Mr. Dickens's most astonishing peculiarity. It requires a continuous and careful reading of his works to be aware of his enormous wealth. Writers have attained the greatest reputation for wit and humour, whose whole works do not contain so much of either as are to be found in a very few pages of his.

Mr. Dickens's humour is indeed very much a result of the two peculiarities of which we have been speaking. His power of detailed observation and his power of idealising individual traits of character—sometimes of one or other of them, sometimes of both of them together. His similes on matters of external observation are so admirable that every body appreciates them, and it would be absurd to quote specimens of them; nor is it the sort of excellence which best bears to be paraded for the purposes of critical example. Its off-hand air and natural connection with the adjacent circumstances are inherent parts of its peculiar merit. Every reader of Mr. Dickens's works knows well what we mean. And who is not a reader of them?

But his peculiar humour is even more indebted to his habit of vivifying external traits, than to his power of external observation. He, as we have explained, expands traits into people; and it is a source of true humour to place these, when so expanded, in circumstances in which only people—that is complete human beings—can appropriately act. The humour of Mr. Pickwick's character is entirely of this kind. He is a kind of incarnation of simple-mindedness and what we may call obvious-mindedness. The conclusion which each occurrence or position in life most immediately presents to the unsophisticated mind is

that which Mr. Pickwick is sure to accept. The proper accompaniments are given to him. He is a stout gentleman in easy circumstances, who is irritated into originality by no impulse from within, and by no stimulus from without. He is stated to have "retired from business." But no one can fancy what he was in business. Such guileless simplicity of heart and easy impressibility of disposition would soon have induced a painful failure amid the harsh struggles and the tempting speculations of pecuniary life. As he is represented in the narrative, however, nobody dreams of such antecedents. Mr. Pickwick moves easily over all the surface of English life from Goswell Street to Dingley Dell, from Dingley Dell to the Ipswich elections, from drinking milk-punch in a wheelbarrow to sleeping in the approximate pound, and no one ever thinks of applying to him the ordinary maxims which we should apply to any common person in life, or to any common personage in a fiction. Nobody thinks it is wrong in Mr. Pickwick to drink too much milk-punch in a wheelbarrow, to introduce worthless people of whom he knows nothing to the families of people for whom he really cares; nobody holds him responsible for the consequences; nobody thinks there is anything wrong in his taking Mr. Bob Sawyer and Mr. Benjamin Allen to visit Mr. Winkle senior, and thereby almost irretrievably offending him with his son's marriage. We do not reject moral remarks such as these, but they never occur to us. Indeed the indistinct consciousness that such observations are possible, and that they are hovering about our minds, enhances the humour of the narrative. We are in a conventional world, where the mere maxims of common life do not apply, and yet which has all the amusing detail, and picturesque elements, and singular eccentricities of common life. Mr. Pickwick is a personified ideal; a kind of amateur in life, whose course we watch through all the circumstances of ordinary existence, and at whose follies we are amused just as really skilled people are at the mistakes of an amateur in their art. His being in the pound is not wrong; his being the victim of Messrs. Dodson is not foolish. "Always shout with the mob," said Mr. Pickwick. "But suppose there are two mobs," said Mr. Snodgrass. "Then shout with the loudest," said Mr. Pickwick. This is not in him weakness or time-serving, or want of principle, as in most even of fictitious people it would be. It is his way. Mr. Pickwick was expected to say something, so he said "Ah!" in a grave voice. This is not pompous as we might fancy, or clever as it might be if intentionally devised; it is simply his way. Mr. Pickwick gets late at night over the wall behind the back-door of a young-ladies' school, is found in that sequestered place by the schoolmistress and the boarders

and the cook, and there is a dialogue between them. There is *nothing out of possibility in this; it is his way.* The humour essentially consists in treating as a moral agent a being who really is not a moral agent. We treat a vivified accident as a man, and we are surprised at the absurd results. We are reading about an acting thing, and we wonder at its scrapes, and laugh at them as if they were those of the man. There is something of this humour in every sort of farce. Every body knows these are not real beings acting in real life, though they talk as if they were, and want us to believe that they are. Here, as in Mr. Dickens's books, we have exaggerations pretending to comport themselves as ordinary beings, caricatures acting as if they were characters.

At the same time it is essential to remember, that however great may be and is the charm of such exaggerated personifications, the best specimens of them are immensely less excellent, belong to an altogether lower range of intellectual achievements, than the real depiction of actual living men. It is amusing to read of beings *out of* the laws of morality, but it is more profoundly interesting, as well as more instructive, to read of those whose life in its moral conditions resembles our own. We see this most distinctly when the representations are given by the genius of the same writer. Falstaff is a sort of sack-holding paunch, an exaggerated over-development which no one thinks of holding down to the commonplace rules of the ten commandments and the statute-law. We do not think of them in connection with him. They belong to a world apart. Accordingly we are vexed when the king discards him and reproves him. Such a fate was a necessary adherence on Shakespeare's part to the historical tradition; he never probably thought of departing from it, nor would his audience have perhaps endured his doing so. But to those who look at the historical plays as pure works of imaginative art, it seems certainly an artistic misconception to have developed so marvellous an *unmoral* impersonation, and then to have subjected it to an ethical and punitive judgment. Still, notwithstanding this error, which was very likely inevitable, Falstaff is probably the most remarkable specimen of caricature-representation to be found in literature. And its very excellence of execution only shows how inferior is the kind of art which creates only such representations. Who could compare the genius, marvellous as must be its fertility, which was needful to create a Falstaff with that shown in the higher productions of the same mind in Hamlet, Ophelia, and Lear? We feel instantaneously the difference between the aggregating accident which rakes up from the externalities of life other accidents analogous to itself, and the central ideal of

a real character which cannot show itself wholly in any accidents, but which exemplifies itself partially in many, which unfolds itself gradually in wide spheres of action, and yet, as with those we know best in life, leaves something hardly to be understood, and after years of familiarity is a problem and a difficulty to the last. In the same way the embodied characteristics and grotesque exaggerations of Mr. Dickens, notwithstanding all their humour and all their marvellous abundance, can never be for a moment compared with the great works of the real painters of essential human nature.

There is one class of Mr. Dickens's pictures which may seem to form an exception to this criticism. It is the delineation of the outlaw, we might say the anti-law, world in *Oliver Twist*. In one or two instances Mr. Dickens has been so fortunate as to hit on characteristics which, by his system of idealisation and continual repetition, might really be brought to look like a character. A man's trade or profession in regular life can only exhaust a very small portion of his nature; no approach is made to the essence of humanity by the exaggeration of the traits which typify a beadle or an undertaker. With the outlaw world it is somewhat different. The bare fact of a man belonging to that world is so important to his nature, that if it is artistically developed with coherent accessories, some approximation to a distinctly natural character will be almost inevitably made. In the characters of Bill Sykes and Nancy this is so. The former is the skulking ruffian who may be seen any day at the police-courts, and whom any one may fancy he sees by walking through St. Giles's. You cannot attempt to figure to your imagination the existence of such a person without being thrown into the region of the passions, the will, and the conscience; the mere fact of his maintaining, as a condition of life and by settled profession, a struggle with regular society necessarily brings these deep parts of his nature into prominence; great crime usually proceeds from abnormal impulses or strange effort. Accordingly Mr. Sykes is the character most approaching to a coherent man who is to be found in Mr. Dickens's works. We do not say that even here there is not some undue heightening admixture of caricature, —but this defect is scarcely thought of amid the general coherence of the picture, the painful subject, and the wonderful command of strange accessories. Miss Nancy is a still more delicate artistic effort. She is an idealisation of the girl who may also be seen at the police-courts and St. Giles's; as bad, according to occupation and common character, as a woman can be, yet retaining a tinge of womanhood, and a certain compassion for interesting suffering, which under favouring circumstances might be the germ of a regenerating influence. We need not stay to

prove how much the imaginative development of such a personage must concern itself with our deeper humanity; how strongly, if excellent, it must be contrasted with every thing conventional or casual or superficial. Mr. Dickens's delineation is in the highest degree excellent. It possesses not only the more obvious merits belonging to the subject, but also that of a singular delicacy of expression and idea. Nobody fancies for a moment that they are reading about any thing beyond the pale of ordinary propriety. We read the account of the life which Miss Nancy leads with Bill Sykes without such an idea occurring to us: yet when we reflect upon it, few things in literary painting are more wonderful than the depiction of a professional life of sin and sorrow, so as not even to startle those to whom the deeper forms of either are but names and shadows. Other writers would have given as vivid a picture: Defoe would have poured out even a more copious measure of telling circumstantiality, but he would have narrated his story with an inhuman distinctness, which if not impure is *unpure*; French writers, whom we need not name, would have enhanced the interest of their narrative by trading on the excitement of stimulating scenes. It would be injustice to Mr. Dickens to say that he has surmounted these temptations; the unconscious evidence of innumerable details proves that, from a certain delicacy of imagination and purity of spirit, he has not even experienced them. Criticism is the more bound to dwell at length on the merits of these delineations, because no artistic merit can make *Oliver Twist* a pleasing work. The squalid detail of crime and misery oppresses us too much. If it is to be read at all, it should be read in the first hardness of the youthful imagination, which no touch can move too deeply, and which is never stirred with tremulous suffering at the "still sad music of humanity." The coldest critic in later life may never hope to have again the apathy of his boyhood.

It perhaps follows from what has been said of the characteristics of Mr. Dickens's genius, that he would be little skilled in planning plots for his novels. He certainly is not so skilled. He says in his preface to the *Pickwick Papers*, "that they were designed for the introduction of diverting characters and incidents; that no ingenuity of plot was attempted, or even at that time considered feasible by the author in connection with the desultory plan of publication adopted;" and he adds an expression of regret that "these chapters had not been strung together on a thread of more general interest." It is extremely fortunate that no such attempt was made. In the cases in which Mr. Dickens has attempted to make a long connected story, or to develop into scenes or incidents a plan in any degree elaborate, the result

has been a complete failure. A certain consistency of genius seems necessary for the construction of a consecutive plot. An irregular mind naturally shows itself in incoherency of incident and aberration of character. The method in which Mr. Dickens's mind works, if we are correct in our criticism upon it, tends naturally to these blemishes. Caricatures are necessarily isolated; they are produced by the exaggeration of certain conspicuous traits and features; each being enlarged on its greatest side; and we laugh at the grotesque grouping and the startling contrast. But the connection between human beings on which a plot depends is rather severed than elucidated by the enhancement of their diversities. Interesting stories are founded on the intimate relations of men and women. These intimate relations are based not on their superficial traits, or common occupations, or most visible externalities, but on the inner life of heart and feeling. You simply divert attention from that secret life by enhancing the perceptible diversities of common human nature, and the strange anomalies into which it may be distorted. The original germ of *Pickwick* was a "Club of Oddities." The idea was professedly abandoned; but traces of it are to be found in all Mr. Dickens's books. It illustrates the professed grotesqueness of the characters as well as their slender connection.

The defect of plot is heightened by Mr. Dickens's great, we might say complete, inability to make a love-story. A pair of lovers is by custom a necessity of narrative fiction, and writers who possess a great general range of mundane knowledge, and but little knowledge of the special sentimental subject, are often in amusing difficulties. The watchful reader observes the transition from the hearty description of well-known scenes, of prosaic streets, or journeys by wood and river, to the pale colours of ill-attempted poetry, to such sights as the novelist wishes he need not try to see. But few writers exhibit the difficulty in so aggravated a form as Mr. Dickens. Most men by taking thought can make a lay figure to look not so very unlike a young gentleman, and can compose a telling schedule of lady-like charms. Mr. Dickens has no power of doing either. The heroic character—we do not mean the form of character so-called in life and action, but that which is hereditary in the heroes of novels—is not suited to his style of art. Hazlitt wrote an essay to inquire "Why the heroes of romances are insipid;" and without going that length it may safely be said that the character of the agreeable young gentleman who loves and is loved should not be of the most marked sort. Flirtation ought not to be an exaggerated pursuit. Young ladies and their admirers should not express themselves in the heightened and imaginative

phraseology suited to Charley Bates and the Dodger. Humour is of no use, for no one makes love in jokes: a tinge of insidious satire may perhaps be permitted as a rare and occasional relief, but it will not be thought "a pretty book," if so malicious an element be at all habitually perceptible. The broad farce in which Mr. Dickens indulges is thoroughly out of place. If you caricature a pair of lovers ever so little, by the necessity of their calling you make them ridiculous. One of Sheridan's best comedies is remarkable for having no scene in which the hero and heroine are on the stage together; and Mr. Moore suggests that the shrewd wit distrusted his skill in the light dropping love-talk which would have been necessary. Mr. Dickens would have done well to imitate so astute a policy; but he has none of the managing shrewdness which those who look at Sheridan's career attentively will probably think not the least remarkable feature in his singular character. Mr. Dickens, on the contrary, pours out painful sentiments as if he wished the abundance should make up for the inferior quality. The excruciating writing which is expended on Miss Ruth Pinch passes belief. Mr. Dickens is not only unable to make lovers to talk, but to describe heroines in mere narrative. As has been said, most men can make a tumble of blue eyes and fair hair and pearly teeth, that does very well for a young lady, at least for a good while; but Mr. Dickens will not, probably cannot, attain even to this humble measure of descriptive art. He vitiates the repose by broad humour, or disenchant the delicacy by an unctuous admiration.

This deficiency is probably nearly connected with one of Mr. Dickens's most remarkable excellencies. No one can read Mr. Thackeray's writings without feeling that he is perpetually treading as close as he dare to the border-line that separates the world which may be described in books from the world which it is prohibited so to describe. No one knows better than this accomplished artist where that line is, and how curious are its windings and turns. The charge against him is that he knows it but too well; that with an anxious care and a wistful eye he is ever approximating to its edge, and hinting with subtle art how thoroughly he is familiar with, and how interesting he could make the interdicted region on the other side. He never violates a single conventional rule; but at the same time the shadow of the immorality that is not seen is scarcely ever wanting to his delineation of the society that is seen. Every one may perceive what is passing in his fancy. Mr. Dickens is chargeable with no such defect: he does not seem to feel the temptation. By what we may fairly call an instinctive purity of genius, he not only observes the conventional rules, but makes excursions into

topics which no other novelist could safely handle, and, by a felicitous instinct, deprives them of all impropriety. No other writer could have managed the humour of Mrs. Gamp without becoming unendurable. At the same time it is difficult not to believe that this singular insensibility to the temptations to which many of the greatest novelists have succumbed is in some measure connected with his utter inaptitude for delineating the portion of life to which their art is specially inclined. He delineates neither the love-affairs which ought to be nor those which ought not to be.

Mr. Dickens's indisposition to "make capital" out of the most commonly tempting part of human sentiment is the more remarkable because he certainly does not show the same indisposition in other cases. He has naturally great powers of pathos; his imagination is familiar with the common sorts of human suffering; and his marvellous conversancy with the detail of existence enables him to describe sick-beds and death-beds with an excellence very rarely seen in literature. A nature far more sympathetic than that of most authors has familiarised him with such subjects. In general, a certain apathy is characteristic of book-writers, and dulls the efficacy of their pathos. Mr. Dickens is quite exempt from this defect; but, on the other hand, is exceedingly prone to a very ostentatious exhibition of the opposite excellence. He dwells on dismal scenes with a kind of fawning fondness; and he seems unwilling to leave them, long after his readers have had more than enough of them. He describes Mr. Dennis the hangman as having a professional fondness for his occupation: he has the same sort of fondness apparently for the profession of death-painter. The painful details he accumulates are a very serious drawback from the agreeableness of his writings. Dismal "light literature" is the dimmest of reading. The reality of the police-reports is sufficiently bad, but a fictitious police-report would be the most disagreeable of conceivable compositions. Some portions of Mr. Dickens's books are liable to a good many of the same objections. They are squalid from noisome trivialities, and horrid with terrifying crime. In his earlier books this is commonly relieved at frequent intervals by a graphic and original mirth. As we will not say age, but maturity, has passed over his powers, this counteractive element has been lessened; the humour is not so happy as it was, but the wonderful fertility in painful *minutiæ* still remains.

Mr. Dickens's political opinions have subjected him to a good deal of criticism, and to some ridicule. He has shown, on many occasions, the desire,—which we see so frequent among able and influential men,—to start as a political reformer. Mr. Spurgeon said, with an application to himself, "If you've got

the ear of the public, *of course* you must begin to tell it its faults." Mr. Dickens has been quite disposed to make this use of his popular influence. Even in *Pickwick* there are many traces of this tendency; and the way in which it shows itself in that book and in others is very characteristic of the time at which they appeared. The most instructive political characteristic of the years from 1825 to 1845 is the growth and influence of the scheme of opinion which we call Radicalism. There are several species of creeds which are comprehended under this generic name, but they all evince a marked reaction against the worship of the English constitution and the affection for the English *status quo*, which were then the established creed and sentiment. All Radicals are anti-Eldonites. This is equally true of the Benthamite or philosophical radicalism of the early period, and the Manchester or "definite-grievance radicalism," among the last vestiges of which we are now living. Mr. Dickens represents a species different from either. His is what we may call the "sentimental radicalism;" and if we recur to the history of the time, we shall find that there would not originally have been any opprobrium attaching to such a name. The whole course of the legislation, and still more of the administration, of the first twenty years of the nineteenth century were marked by a harsh unfeelingness which is of all faults the most contrary to any with which we are chargeable now. The world of the "Six Acts," the frequent executions for death, the Draconic criminal law, is so far removed from us that we cannot comprehend its having ever existed. It is more easy to understand the recoil which has followed. All the social speculation, and much of the social action of the few years succeeding the Reform Bill bear the most marked traces of the reaction. The spirit which animates Mr. Dickens's political reasonings and observations expresses it exactly. The vice of the then existing social authorities and of the then existing public had been the forgetfulness of the pain which their own acts evidently produced,—an unrealising habit which adhered to official rules and established maxims, and which would not be shocked by the evident consequences, by proximate human suffering. The sure result of this habit was the excitement of the habit precisely opposed to it. Mr. Carlyle, in his *Chartism*, we think, observes of the poor-law reform: "It was then, above all things, necessary that outdoor relief should cease. But how? What means did great Nature take for accomplishing that most desirable end? She created a race of men who believed the cessation of outdoor relief to be the one thing needful." In the same way, and by the same propensity to exaggerated opposition which is inherent in human nature, the unfeeling obtuse-

ness of the early part of this century was to be corrected by an extreme, perhaps an excessive, sensibility to human suffering in the years which have followed. There was most adequate reason for the sentiment in its origin, and it had a great task to perform in ameliorating harsh customs and repealing dreadful penalties; but it has continued to repine at such evils long after they ceased to exist, and when the only facts that at all resemble them are the necessary painfulness of due punishment and the necessary rigidity of established law. Mr. Dickens is an example both of the proper use and of the abuse of the sentiment. His earlier works have many excellent descriptions of the abuses which had descended to the present generation from others whose sympathy with pain was less tender. Nothing can be better than the description of the poor debtors' gaols in *Pickwick*, or of the old parochial authorities in *Oliver Twist*. No doubt these descriptions are caricatures, all his delineations are so; but the beneficial use of such art can hardly be better exemplified. Human nature endures the aggravation of vices and foibles in written description better than that of excellencies. We cannot bear to hear even the hero of a book for ever called "just;" we detest the recurring praise even of beauty, much more of virtue. The moment you begin to exaggerate a character of true excellence, you spoil it; the traits are too delicate not to be injured by heightening or marred by over-emphasis. But a beadle is made for caricature. The slight measure of pomposity that humanises his unfeelingness introduces the requisite comic element; even the turnkeys of a debtors' prison may by skilful hands be similarly used. The contrast between the destitute condition of Job Trotter and Mr. Jingle and their former swindling triumph, is made comic by a rarer touch of unconscious art. Mr. Pickwick's warm heart takes so eager an interest in the misery of his old enemies, that our colder nature is tempted to smile. We endure the over-intensity, at any rate the unnecessary aggravation, of the surrounding misery; and we endure it willingly, because it brings out better than any thing else could have done the half-comic intensity of a sympathetic nature.

It is painful to pass from these happy instances of well-used power to the glaring abuses of the same faculty in Mr. Dickens's later books. He began by describing really removable evils in a style which would induce all persons, however insensible, to remove them if they could; he has ended by describing the natural evils and inevitable pains of the present state of being in such a manner as must tend to excite discontent and repining. The result is aggravated, because Mr. Dickens never ceases to hint that these evils are removable, though he does not say

by what means. Nothing is easier than to show the evils of any thing. Mr. Dickens has not unfrequently spoken, and what is worse, he has taught a great number of parrot-like imitators to speak, in what really is, if they knew it, a tone of objection to the necessary constitution of human society. If you will only write a description of it, any form of government will seem ridiculous. What is more absurd than a despotism, even at its best? A king of ability or an able minister sits in an orderly room filled with memorials, and returns, and documents, and memoranda. These are his world; among these he of necessity lives and moves. Yet how little of the real life of the nation he governs can be represented in an official form! How much of real suffering is there that statistics can never tell! how much of obvious good is there that no memorandum to a minister will ever mention! how much deception is there in what such documents contain! how monstrous must be the ignorance of the closet statesman, after all his life of labour, of much that a ploughman could tell him of! A free government is almost worse, as it must read in a written delineation. Instead of the real attention of a laborious and anxious statesman, we have now the shifting caprices of a popular assembly—elected for one object, deciding on another; changing with the turn of debate; shifting in its very composition; one set of men coming down to vote to-day, to-morrow another and often unlike set, most of them eager for the dinner-hour, actuated by unseen influences,—by a respect for their constituents, by the dread of an attorney in a far-off borough. What people are these to control a nation's destinies, and wield the power of an empire, and regulate the happiness of millions! Either way we are at fault. Free government seems an absurdity, and despotism is so too. Again, every form of law has a distinct expression, a rigid procedure, customary rules and forms. It is administered by human beings liable to mistake, confusion, and forgetfulness, and in the long-run, and on the average, is sure to be tainted with vice and fraud. Nothing can be easier than to make a case, as we may say, against any particular system, by pointing out with emphatic caricature its inevitable miscarriages and by pointing out nothing else. Those who so address us may assume a tone of philanthropy, and for ever exult that they are not so unfeeling as other men are; but the real tendency of their exhortations is to make men dissatisfied with their inevitable condition, and what is worse, to make them fancy that its irremediable evils can be remedied, and indulge in a succession of vague strivings and restless changes. Such, however,—though in a style of expression somewhat different,—is very much the tone with which Mr. Dickens and his followers have in later years

made us familiar. To the secondhand repeaters of a cry so feeble, we can have nothing to say; if silly people cry because they think the world is silly, let them cry; but the founder of the school cannot, we are persuaded, peruse without mirth the lachrymose eloquence which his disciples have perpetrated. The soft moisture of irrelevant sentiment cannot have entirely entered into his soul. A truthful genius must have forbidden it. Let us hope that his pernicious example may incite some one of equal genius to preach with equal efficiency a sterner and a wiser gospel; but there is no need just now for us to preach it without genius.

There has been much controversy about Mr. Dickens's taste. A great many cultivated people will scarcely concede that he has any taste at all; a still larger number of fervent admirers point, on the other hand, to a hundred felicitous descriptions and delineations which abound in apt expressions and skillful turns and happy images,—in which it would be impossible to alter a single word without altering for the worse; and naturally inquire whether such excellences in what is written do not indicate good taste in the writer. The truth is, that Mr. Dickens has what we may call creative taste; that is to say, the habit or faculty, whichever we may choose to call it, which at the critical instant of artistic production offers to the mind the right word, and the right word only. If he is engaged on a good subject for caricature, there will be no defect of taste to preclude the caricature from being excellent. But it is only in moments of imaginative production that he has any taste at all. His works nowhere indicate that he possesses in any degree the passive taste which decides what is good in the writings of other people and what is not, and which performs the same critical duty upon a writer's own efforts when the confusing mists of productive imagination have passed away. Nor has Mr. Dickens the gentlemanly instinct which in many minds supplies the place of purely critical discernment, and which, by constant association with those who know what is best, acquires a secondhand perception of that which is best. He has no tendency to conventionalism for good or for evil; his merits are far removed from the ordinary path of writers, and it was not probably so much effort to him as to other men to step so far out of that path: he scarcely knew how far it was. For the same reason he cannot tell how faulty his writing will often be thought, for he cannot tell what people will think.

A few pedantic critics have regretted that Mr. Dickens had not received what they call a regular education. And if we understand their meaning, we believe they mean to regret that he had not received a course of discipline which would probably

have impaired his powers. A regular education should mean that ordinary system of regulation and instruction which experience has shown to fit men best for the ordinary pursuits of life. It applies the requisite discipline to each faculty in the exact proportion in which that faculty is wanted in the pursuits of life; it develops understanding, and memory, and imagination, each in accordance with the scale prescribed. To men of ordinary faculties this is nearly essential; it is the only mode in which they can be fitted for the inevitable competition of existence. To men of regular and symmetrical genius also, such a training will often be beneficial. The world knows pretty well what are the great tasks of the human mind, and has learnt in the course of ages with some accuracy what is the kind of culture likely to promote their exact performance. A man of abilities extraordinary in degree but harmonious in proportion, will be the better for having submitted to the kind of discipline which has been ascertained to fit a man for the work to which powers in that proportion are best fitted; he will do what he has to do better and more gracefully; culture will add a touch to the finish of nature. But the case is very different with men of irregular and anomalous genius, whose excellences consist in the *aggravation* of some special faculty, or at the most of one or two. The discipline which will fit him for the production of great literary works is that which will most develop the peculiar powers in which he excels; the rest of the mind will be far less important, it will not be likely that the culture which is adapted to promote this special development will also be that which is most fitted for expanding the powers of common men in common directions. The precise problem is to develop the powers of a strange man in a strange direction. In the case of Mr. Dickens, it would have been absurd to have shut up his observant youth within the walls of a college. They would have taught him nothing about Mrs. Gamp there; Sam Weller took no degree. The kind of early life fitted to develop the power of apprehensive observation is a brooding life in stirring scenes; the idler in the streets of life knows the streets; the bystander knows the picturesque effect of life better than the player, and the meditative idler amid the hum of existence is much more likely to know its sound and to take in and comprehend its depths and meanings than the scholastic student intent on books, which, if they represent any world, represent one which has long passed away,—which commonly try rather to develop the reasoning understanding than the seeing observation,—which are written in languages that have long been dead. You will not train by such discipline a caricaturist of obvious manners.

Perhaps, too, a regular instruction and daily experience of the searching ridicule of critical associates would have detracted from the *pluck* which Mr. Dickens shows in all his writings. It requires a great deal of courage to be a humorous writer; you are always afraid that people will laugh at you instead of with you: undoubtedly there is a certain eccentricity about it. You take up the esteemed writers, Thucydides and the *Saturday Review*; after all, they do not make you laugh. It is not the function of really artistic productions to contribute to the mirth of human beings. All sensible men are afraid of it, and it is only with an extreme effort that a printed joke attains to the perusal of the public: the chances are many to one that the anxious producer loses heart in the correction of the press, and that the world never laughs at all. Mr. Dickens is quite exempt from this weakness. He has what a Frenchman might call the courage of his faculty. The real daring which is shown in the *Pickwick Papers*, in the whole character of Mr. Weller senior, as well as in that of his son, is immense, far surpassing any which has been shown by any other contemporary writer. The brooding irregular mind is in its first stage prone to this sort of courage. It perhaps knows that its ideas are "out of the way;" but with the infantine simplicity of youth, it supposes that originality is an advantage. Persons more familiar with the ridicule of their equals in station (and this is to most men the great instructress of the college time) well know that of all qualities this one most requires to be clipped and pared and measured. Posterity we doubt not will be entirely perfect in every conceivable element of judgment; but the existing generation like what they have heard before—it is much easier. It required great courage in Mr. Dickens to write what his genius has compelled them to appreciate.

We have throughout spoken of Mr. Dickens as he was, rather than as he is; or, to use a less discourteous phrase, and we hope a truer, of his early works rather than of those which are more recent. We could not do otherwise consistently with the true code of criticism. A man of great genius, who has written great and enduring works, must be judged mainly by them; and not by the inferior productions which, from the necessities of personal position, a fatal facility of composition, or other cause, he may pour forth at moments less favourable to his powers. Those who are called on to review these inferior productions themselves, must speak of them in the terms they may deserve; but those who have the more pleasant task of estimating as a whole the genius of the writer, may confine their attention almost wholly to those happier efforts which illustrate that genius. We should not like to have to speak in detail of Mr. Dickens's later

works, and we have not done so. There are, indeed, peculiar reasons why a genius constituted as his is (at least if we are correct in the view which we have taken of it) would not endure without injury during a long life the applause of the many, the temptations of composition, and the general excitement of existence. Even in his earlier works it was impossible not to fancy that there was a weakness of fibre unfavourable to the longevity of excellence. This was the effect of his deficiency in those masculine faculties of which we have said so much,—the reasoning understanding and firm far-seeing sagacity. It is these two component elements which stiffen the mind, and give a consistency to the creed and a coherence to its effects,—which enable it to protect itself from the rush of circumstances. If to a deficiency in these we add an extreme sensibility to circumstances,—a mobility, as Lord Byron used to call it, of emotion, which is easily impressed, and still more easily carried away by impression,—we have the idea of a character peculiarly unfitted to bear the flux of time and chance. A man of very great determination could hardly bear up against them with such slight aids from within and with such peculiar sensibility to temptation. A man of merely ordinary determination would succumb to it; and Mr. Dickens has succumbed. His position was certainly unfavourable. He has told us that the works of his later years, inferior as all good critics have deemed them, have yet been more read than those of his earlier and healthier years. The most characteristic part of his audience, the lower middle-class, were ready to receive with delight the least favourable productions of his genius. Human nature cannot endure this; it is too much to have to endure a coincident temptation both from within and from without. Mr. Dickens was too much inclined by natural disposition to lachrymose eloquence and exaggerated caricature. Such was the kind of writing which he wrote most easily. He found likewise that such was the kind of writing that was read most readily; and of course he wrote that kind. Who would have done otherwise? No critic is entitled to speak very harshly of such degeneracy, if he is not sure that he could have coped with difficulties so peculiar. If that rule is to be observed, who is there that will not be silent? No other Englishman has attained such a hold on the vast populace; it is little, therefore, to say that no other has surmounted its attendant temptations.

ART. X.—PROFESSIONAL RELIGION.

The Confessions of a Catholic Priest. London: Chapman, 1858.

Scenes from Clerical Life. By George Eliot. Two vols. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood, 1858.

Barchester Towers. By Anthony Trollope. Three vols. London: Longmans, 1857.

The Life and Correspondence of John Foster. Edited by J. E. Ryland, A.M.; with Notices of Mr. Foster as a Preacher and a Companion, by John Shephard. Two vols. London: Bohn, 1852.

Preachers and Preaching. By Henry Christmas, M.A., F.R.S., &c. London: William Lay, 1858.

REVIEWS, like railway-carriages, must sometimes bring honest men and knaves together. Between the respectable literature represented by the four last titles on this list and the fellow-traveller in the first seat there is nothing in common, except the destination to which we propose to convey them. However various their purposes and merits, the point at which they all alight is the same; and presents a pretty wide view over the ecclesiastical landscape of the hour. Each of these books deals with the officials of the altar and the pulpit,—Romanist, Anglican, or Nonconformist; and from the combined impression of them all arises a picture tolerably distinct, in spite of its mixed effects, of the administered or professional religion of the present age.

The "Confessions," however, throw no light whatever on the character of the Catholic clergy, but only on the malignant *animus* with which they may be regarded. If, indeed, the autobiographical pretensions of the book were veracious, its pages would make us acquainted with *one* "Priest" not a shade better than the dark fancies of Exeter Hall, only vain enough to parade his wickedness, and stupid enough to make it simply tiresome or revolting. And could we further rely on the word of such a reporter, we should have to believe that the Parisian priests in general are even more shameless hypocrites and profligates than himself, and are accustomed to pass straight from their holiest offices into ribald jests and atheistic blasphemies. But what credence, nay, what hearing in any honest court, can be given to an anonymous reviler, who at the very moment of assuming the rôle of offended virtue was, by his own admission, celebrating mass for temporary hire, with the full consciousness of broken

vows and utter unbelief? The very attempt to procure reception for such statements, without the open voucher of the witness's name, appears to us a heinous offence against literary morals. We know of only one thing worse, viz. that the alleged witness should be not nameless simply, but *fictitious*; invented to confer the semblance of fact on the suspicions of a malign imagination. Yet such a personage, the internal evidence inclines us to fear (and *external* there is none, the "Editor" being anonymous like the "Author," and of indistinguishable identity,) this Hungarian "Catholic Priest" must be. His story, from the moment of his exchanging the vows of the lover for those of the priest to his adulterous passion and suicide at last, is without unity or verisimilitude. His descriptions have no touch of reality; his personages no life; his reflections no sincerity of actual experience. How far, indeed, a nature unhinged and demoralised may be brought to pass through life without a clue of continuous tendency, however low, and with only hazy perceptions of people and things, it is difficult to say. But we hardly think that any real career could be relaxed in its delineation to such shapelessness as this. We lay no stress, therefore, on the statements of our pretended "exile." We do not believe in the systematic hypocrisy and secret flagitiousness of Paris priests or any other order of Christian clergy, but take them to be neither less nor more sincere than other men. We refer to the sickly rhapsodist who brings the charge, partly in protest against such anonymous indictments, partly in evidence of the appetite there is for rumour damaging to the sacred class.

It is no wonder that clerical character should be a favourite topic in the literature of domestic and social fiction. The sitter

for portraiture is every where: he sits in public, so that every one can read the likeness: and his presence throws off daily photographs in every variety of light. The lawyer and the doctor are indeed almost equally ubiquitous; but people without parchments know nothing of the one, and the healthy have only bowing acquaintance with the other. The parson, be his nature ever so retiring, leaves a distincter and wider impression. He is not only seen, but heard; and on the tones of his voice his personality flows forth, reporting and repeating in others the life or death within himself. Genially or querulously we all criticise him, and take our measure of him. There are few who do not ponder, or at least feel, the two lives apparently co-existing in him,—that which prays in the church, and that which gossips at the table; the solemn heart that beats under the cassock, and the organ of flesh and blood that throbs in the world's hot race. He is the visible representative of this mystery to all, to some perhaps its true interpreter; and while shrewd people of course believe only

in his secular side, and young reverence only in the spiritual, observers with any depth as well as tenderness of eye see their own reflection in them both. In one way or other he is the object of a universal feeling; even those whose pride it is to care nothing for him being pleased to see him treated with indifference. The novelist has but to set him up, and a whole host of ready-made sympathies and antipathies are at hand to give interest to the figure. If in passing a print-shop you saw in the window a picture of your neighbour or your rival, you would stop to look at it. And on the same principle, the tale-writer who would bring a crowd of faces before his glass naturally sets an image there, friendly or frightful in the sight of all.

To this must be added, without the least disparagement of such artists as Mr. Eliot and Mr. Trollope, that where there is a *broad groundwork of class-characteristics, the delineation is sure* of a certain grade of success on easy terms. Costume in portraiture is a great help to the recognition of likeness; and it needs but an individual trait or two, added on to a given and familiar kind of character, in order to leave a sufficiently concrete impression. And no one can deny that the class is strongly marked by something far deeper than "the cloth." In fact, there is a tempting facility about ecclesiastical natural history most seductive to the observer who is eager for specimens to fill his cabinet of character. The genera of the order *Clerus* are peculiarly distinct:—the Catholic priest, with his alien sympathies, his mediæval training, his skill in the archæology of Art, his solitary life, his meek absolutism;—the Episcopalian clergyman, insular and national, steeped to the lips in the academic tincture of Oxford or Cambridge, presumed to be a gentleman without the trouble of proving it, and sure to be the scholar rather than the divine;—the Nonconformist minister, bourgeois in his manners, American in his politics, cosmopolitan in his philanthropy, too little of a Heathen to be a great scholar, and too polemic a Christian to be ill-equipped as a special theologian,—with a weakness for eloquence, a dependence on popularity, and a contempt for quiet forms of strength. Nor are the *species* under each of these heads hard to discriminate. No one, for instance, could be five minutes in the presence of Dr. Pusey, Dean Close, and Bishop Thirlwall, and suppose them churchmen of the same complexion. And even further down still, High-churchism is conspicuously different, according as it is Catholic or English, springing from sacramental doctrine or from conservative reverence for the social hierarchy; Low-churchism again, according as it means a zeal for the Genevan type of dogma, with indifference to ritual and insensibility to art, or simply expresses the infinite need to the human soul of a grace

and communion open only to faith; and Broad-churchism, according as it is critical and rationalistic in its basis, or verges to the Christian Gnosticism of Lincoln's Inn Chapel, or is merely liberal, ethical, and whiggish. So well determined is the moral physiognomy of all these, that they are not less attractive to the novelist than the face of Lord Brougham and the person of Lord John Russell to the caricaturist. To some of their parochial varieties we are introduced in the *Scenes from Clerical Life*; whilst *Barchester Towers* never quits the precincts of the Cathedral, presents us to City society, and domesticates our fancy with the dignified clergy of the Deanery and the Close.

It is foreign to our purpose formally to criticise these productions as works of art. But in gratitude for pleasant hours spent over them, a word is due to their respective merits. Mr. Eliot's strength lies in the conception of female character; and each of his three tales is but a framework for the setting of a woman's portrait. The second of these,—an Italian orphan, adopted by a stately English house, and, in spite of its sedative world of kindly decorum and opulent trifling, asserting her heritage of music and of passion, is original and vividly wrought out. The effect in this instance depends on the surprises of so unique a combination, nursing in the still air of country gentility wild storms of love, revenge, and sorrow. In the other cases the pathos rather arises from the picture being not exceptional, but representative. The native grace and ladyhood of the poor curate's wife, her overplied strength worn down before his stupid eyes by his children and the impossible problems of his house, her genius for self-sacrificing contrivance and achievement, her *all-harmonising tact and love bringing leaf and blossom of life out of sordid conditions*, and the early sundering of so fine a fibre under so great a strain,—are drawn with tender truth, and raise the sadder sighs because in a hundred churches every Sunday that gentle lady kneels. The third picture opens the interior of a more afflicted home: where, by brutal abuse, a hard-headed, hard-drinking country lawyer drives his noble, trustful, childless wife to secret intoxication. In a crisis of agony, turned out of her home, she falls under the influence of an evangelical clergyman, who himself had passed through an act of repentance into rare self-devotion; and who, in spite of local resistance, led by her husband, is quietly conquering the heart of the place. It is only in this third tale that we have any interior "scene of clerical life," with events really hinging upon its spring of character. In the first story it is the outward lot, not the inward personality, of the curate, that spreads the stage for the drama; and in the second, it is a mere accident that there is any clergyman at all. The title of the book is thus far a little misleading,

the principal character-painting being thrown upon other personages than the clerical agents in the scene.

With Mr. Trollope's clever novel it is quite otherwise. His humour delights in studies of ecclesiastical human nature. The snug dwellings, with trim gardens, that cluster within hearing of palace-rookeries and cathedral-bells, show him their interior as if made of glass. True, we miss in him any very deep and subtle penetration to the springs of feeling, any attempt to construct a character from within by the working of its living essence. But he well understands the artificial affections, of taste and antipathy, formed by the mingling of self with religion,—whether the gross self of mere personal interest and desire, or the refined self of cultivated intellect, tact, and admiration. The superciliousness of Anglican scorn, the meanness of Evangelical spite, the easy-going goodness of the old-school clergyman, kept right amid party storms by the gentlemanly moderation of a Christian mind, are forcibly impersonated. And the very slightness of the plot,—all turning upon the appointment of a new Dean and a new Warden to a hospital,—serves to give point to the satire. The scale and quality of clerical life receive significant illustration from the mere fact that you are carried through three volumes of humour, excitement, and intrigue about these golden apples of the palace-orchard.

Indeed, the one deep impression which we carry away from all these books is, that the order of men of which such things can be plausibly written must have, and deserve to have, but very feeble hold of the world. Nor is there any thing to relieve that impression in the glimpses into Nonconformist life opened by such biographies as that of Foster. Traces are found there also of embarrassed and waning professional power; of indeterminate and therefore uneasy relations between people and pastor; of conditions imposed *which are repulsive to ministers of large culture and scrupulous sincerity*; of a certain style and standard of *religious pretension false to men's real reverence and out of harmony with the best facts of life*; and of the comparative rarity with which the pulpit rises above its heavy reputation. Into the cause of this last fact Mr. Christmas inquires, in his pleasant little volume on *Preachers and Preaching*; without, however, any appreciable result beyond a personal appreciation (sensible enough) of a few favourite Christian orators. For, with all his zeal to effect an improvement, he denies the inferiority of the best modern sermons to those of the most honoured ages of Christendom, and doubts whether a Basil or a Chrysostom would especially draw a London congregation. He does not admit that *the average* is lowered, or that, on the whole, church and chapel were ever taught by a more able and earnest set of men. He reminds us that the

complaint of dullness is not new ; that to those who have no inward preparedness, spiritual addresses speak in vain ; that in every age the number was probably small, in comparison with the careless world outside, that thronged the pavement round the pulpit, and made it here and there a power and a name. If this be so,—if the grievance be of so old a date and such obstinate persistence,—how are we to meet it ? What does our author counsel should be done ? Choose your text with judgment : succinctly explain it in your exordium : clench it in your peroration : practise action before the glass : study punctuation and emphasis : give the hearers intervals to cough. Discreet advice, perhaps ; but a little out of proportion, surely, to the estimated difficulty to be overcome. The evil lies, you say, in the permanent sluggishness of human nature ; and you prescribe nice doses of rhetoric breath. Your frigate is becalmed : send for the bellows to fill her main-sheet ! The proposal of so petty a remedy in so great a case sounds to us more dreary than the dullest sermon. Fancy Isaiah “ declaiming before the glass,” or St. Stephen “ attending to his punctuation.” Not that we undervalue the personal gifts of pure speech and irreproachable utterance. By all means let the human organ of the Divine Spirit have what perfection it can. But in clearing away instrumental blemishes, let not the preacher be seduced into the paramount disqualification of all,—of setting his office before him as *an Art*, in which he plies his own dexterity and criticises his own performance. If now, as of old and always, the Power of the Spirit declines to pass upon the world except through souls that can forget themselves and yield their faculties as the vehicle of Higher Will,—then, wherever you create the attitude of self-attention, you cancel the capacity for Christian preaching, and substitute the dead for the living Word. Leave it, we entreat you, to actors, whose business it is *to represent* and not *to be*,—to set their laugh to music, and accentuate the “ crescendo” and “ diminuendo” of their grief : but let the chief of all realities remain a first-hand simplicity. If it hurts the natural feeling of every sincere spectator to see an act of prayer put upon the stage, commit not the same offence conversely by putting the stage beneath the acts of public prayer and forgetting the difference between the pulpit and “ the boards.” No true emotion bears tutoring as to its natural language : it becomes *simulated in very act*. *The angry girl who cries and sobs “ to pattern,”*—the parting friends that should do their embraces “ before the glass,”—the mourner’s lament that should rehearse itself beforehand,—would disgust us with their unreality, and none the less though the acting were “ to the life.” Why should the expression of religious affection be considered as more innocently open to the operations of the posture-master and the elocutionist ?

For us the inefficacy of preaching would require no explanation in an age when clergymen should learn from stage-players how to "read the Service" of the Church.

If the fact be so old and steady, that sermons are felt to be unprofitable things, it is at least curious that we hear so much of it just now. All the authors we have cited groan over it with more or less of anger or pathos. Some of them even profanely wish that such part of the Service as follows the text were altogether abolished. This remarkable hint, with the prevailingly disparaging picture of the preaching class connected with it, raises the doubt, whether there is not something unhealthy in the whole system thus complained of,—a fatal variance between the *represented* and the *real* religion of the living generation. Not only is the complaint more emphatic than ever before; it has also this peculiarity, that it proceeds from a more serious-minded laity against a more earnest clergy. It is not the sceptical and frivolous who complain: it is not the negligent and incapable that are complained against. That the devout and thoughtful preacher should have uninterested hearers among the selfish or sensual, in whom love and reverence sleep, would be nothing new. That devout and thoughtful hearers should be aggrieved by a preacher without sympathy or insight for the deeper life of men, is natural enough. But neither of these cases corresponds entirely with the fact. Could a comparison be instituted between last Sunday's sermons all over the country, and those of any corresponding day fifty years ago, we feel convinced that the products of the new time would show a vast and indisputable superiority. And could account be taken of the *owners* and *grumblers* at the two dates, they would be found, we believe, chiefly among the careless and unawakened in the earlier instance, but in the later among the reflecting and susceptible. The modern discontent with the pulpit is the expression not so much of hardened indifference as of balked capacity,—of wonder disappointed, of conscience unaided, of reverence unexercised, of aspiration sent thirsting away. The minister in such cases is not equal to the religious demands of his hearers. Yet because they, who are in the real battle of life, perplexed by its problems, and eager for sympathy in its duties and temptations, care little for his technical theology and commonplaces of morality, he often treats them as carnal-minded, and lectures them for their coldness in things Divine. *How often may you hear* this sort of consecrated libel from lips the least entitled to pronounce it,—uttered by some shallow-hearted closet-priest, made up of artificial veneration, in the presence of manly nobleness and womanly tenderness and *childlike simplicity* less far from the kingdom of heaven than himself! The patience with which

it is borne by hearers conscious of not deserving it, is part of that fatal English courtesy which is exceptionally paid to the professional representatives of religion, and which so much disguises their real position. The clerical mode of insulting the laity is by anathema and incontinent speech; the retort of the laity is a studied politeness and careful reticence. In such a game the balance of success is certainly not with the clergy; and the success, like every substitution of retaliation for sympathy, is pernicious to both. The real meaning, we fear, of the outward respect paid by men of the world to men of "the cloth" is often this: "We cannot stop your mouth on Sundays, and you must have your fling at us: it is the regular thing expected of you, and we shall not take it amiss. But you shall know nothing about us: you are bound to be squeamish; your ears shall not be grated: we keep all the pleasant things till you are out of the way." This relation between the two classes is more like a borrowed piece of French good-breeding, which thinks itself stupid without its little hypocrisy, than the manly veracity of English courtesy. If, indeed, it were merely this, that the presence of a person representing the sanctity of religion and the moral law acted as a reminder to the real conscience of his companions, and maintained the spontaneous authority of their right affections, the influence would be one of genuine sympathy, the healthy power of higher character on lower. But if their decent reserve be a mere personal concession, a deference to an official rule of right which is another's and not their own,—then it indicates a fatal chasm between the professed and the really felt standard of obligation: it is a sign that the public teacher enforces a law to which men's conscience does not respond, praises what they do not admire, denounces what they do not abhor, and exhibits to them a life foreign to their ideal. When once it comes to this, when the tacit understanding prevails,—you go your way and we go ours,—it is all over with the living power of the "Company of preachers" as interpreters of the eternal sanctities: the Church and the World coexist by established insincerity, having found their terms of mutual indulgence and immunity, but without action of heart on heart, or recognition of a common worship.

How can it have come to this? Whence the failure of the religious teachers in recognised possession to carry with them the responding convictions of their time? It certainly arises from no want of opportunity; for what set of men ever found so commanding a position ready made for them? They have not to watch and seize the spare moments we begrudge, and fling themselves across the world's tide to stem it as it flows: it pauses of itself in their behalf, and freely leaves them the seventh part

of all the years. They have not, like the politician or the author, to win a preoccupied ear, and prove our concern in what they say: they find us waiting, not only without aversion and resistance, but with hope and longing sympathy. Say what they will of the natural distaste for Divine truth, they have unexampled advantages in the mood we carry to them. So lately worn and weary, we are fastidious about nothing that belongs to the new refreshing hour. In the recoil from too much action, there is a welcome relief in thought; dazzled with the glaring surface of things, we gladly sink for shade into the invisible deeps; the withering heats withdrawn, the pores of natural feeling open and lie thirsting for the gentle rain. And are our spiritual guides stinted in their resources for moving an audience thus prepared? Is not the Revelation they interpret coextensive in its bearings with the entire range of human character and condition? Is it not theirs to draw forth the sacred meaning from the common look of things, and take away the veil of every scepticism and scorn that hides the awful beauty underneath? The materials for which the tale-writer racks his memory and invention are scattered in profusion at their feet. Domestic interiors lie open to their eye in strange variety, dark with troubled temper, or gleaming with pure affections. The young promise of life is consecrated by them at the beginning, and its story often recited to them at the end. They see the problems of conscience struggling to a solution under marvellous contrasts of condition. As ~~professional~~ confidants of bitter doubt or temptation, they look into tragic depths concealed from the common eye. All that has an interest for the human heart,—from the daily cares and crosses of every lot to the rarest mysteries of grief and passion,—is part of the theme they are called to treat. Appointed to guard the springs of Pity and of Trust, they can never want a cause to plead so long as the world has sorrows unnoticed or unsanctified. Nor are they confined to the moral phenomena before their own eyes. As interpreters of an historical religion, whose Divine source lies far up in time, and whose scheme embraces the whole life of humanity, they have the scenery of the past placed at their disposal; and can often leave the truest lessons by reproducing the images of sacred story, or presenting portraits of faithful men in the setting of a just reverence. On another side, the topics permitted them verge towards philosophy. Not only are the great bases of Natural faith which Christianity presupposes deeply laid in the human soul; but the most familiar phrases and antitheses of Scripture,—Nature and Grace,—Spirit and Flesh,—Faith, Works, and Love,—Temporal and Eternal,—the Father and the Son,—have the very fibres of their life far down in reflective experience and speculative thought. There is

therefore scarcely a special taste of the intellectual, or an affection common to us all, that is not open to the preacher's appeal. His scope is practically unrestricted. He may be poet, moralist, philosopher, historian, without prejudice to his function as a divine. Why does he not, with so many appliances, mould us as potter's clay within his hand?

Partly, perhaps, because of this very breadth of his scope,—too great for a definite official class to occupy with success. To constitute a distinct "Profession" there is need of distinct duties and powers; and in proportion as the range is left indeterminate, energy and concentration become impossible. Inherent in Protestantism itself there is a difficulty in creating and practically working a separate profession for "the cure of souls." The Roman Catholic Priesthood is an intelligible thing, the necessary Executive of a Sacramental economy. If there be in the world a fund of supernatural grace, vested in a sacred corporation and inaccessible through other media, trustees are needed for its distribution: their qualification and their function are simply official and perfectly precise,—the one arising from regular appointment, the other consisting in the use of given forms. These conditions being satisfied, all the essentials are there; and the main end is not disappointed by any thing amiss in the personality of the sacerdotal agent, or by the total absence of any moral relation between him and the objects of his ministration. He has been duly passed by the Spiritual-Service Examiners, and has his bureau for business, like any Comptroller of Customs or Distributor of Stamps. Men of this kind,—without whose wet cross upon the forehead no baby can have grace, without whose benediction on marriage its children are illegitimate, and whose anointing of the dying body is the needful passport to the flitting soul,—have a clear and unmistakable *status*, and can give a consistent account of their separate existence. But this whole theory, in spite of Anglican attempts to patch together some shreds of it again, was practically torn to pieces by the Reformation. In one form or other, sacerdotal mediation has vanished from modern Christendom. It matters not whether you say, in the phrase of one theology, that *all* Christians are Priests, or, in the terms of another, that *no* Christians are Priests but only the Saviour himself, the result is the same: universalised on earth, or concentrated in heaven, the official order is gone. What room, then, it may be asked, is there any longer for a clerical profession at all? What now can be its essence and idea?

It rests in fact upon a twofold need. The sources of Divine truth are *written* and *unwritten*, the Letter without, the Spirit within: the one, the depository of God's past dealings with mankind; the other, his living Witness in the soul and in the world

to-day. Both of these are certainly open in one sense to all: there is no outward hindrance barring access to them; they are the property of none. But the inward fitness to use them is any thing but universal, and involves special qualities which form the groundwork of an exceptional class. To interpret and appreciate sacred records written in foreign and ancient tongues, to reproduce and explain the social and spiritual life of which they are the expression, to make intelligible the identity and the difference of human feeling in their day and in our own, to trace, by gleaming lights of good and beauty, the steps of the Divine Guide through history,—all this requires ripe scholarship and disciplined thought, such as it were vain to expect but from a specially trained body of men. It is one of the incidental blessings, indeed, of a historical Revelation, that it snatches its believers from the tyranny and isolation of their own age, widens their Time-view, makes them conscious of belonging to a rich and ripening world, and glorifies their heart with a thousand saintly sympathies and heroic admirations. Without a learned and accomplished Ministry this blessing, with all that it involves, would soon be starved out: they are the indispensable storehouse for its distribution. In sects that depreciate this systematic culture, Christianity rapidly degenerates,—confuses itself with every stage of Judaism, or runs up into spiritual egotism; and losing the Divine breadth by which it moulds the individual, sinks to the measure of private experience and passion. And if, in Churches which give academic training to their clergy, no adequately ennobling contrast is presented, it is because they give a timid half-culture, full of insincerities and reservations; with no hearty devout trust in reality,—turn out as it may,—but with foregone purpose to work up to a given scheme, and prohibit all paths that do not hit it. No man can serve two masters. Either scientific theology, or else doctrinal fixity; but not both. If you are bound to a confession, you are not free as a scholar; and your attainments, not reverently serving God's hidden ends, but skilfully securing your own preconceptions, sink to the rank of unconsecrated personal adornments. The erudition of a clergy pledged to certain critical and dogmatic results can have no judicial balance and breadth: it will be full of disproportion, empty and silent in one part, noisy and browbeating in another; ever tending to rabbinical trifling and antiquarian punctiliousness; and will want the fresh, manly, hopeful, and believing voice which makes you feel the difference between patched-up conviction and unreserved faith. The poor results of the clerical teaching-function in this country can surprise no one who considers the restraints under which the whole professional mind lies. How can a man in the stocks rise up and show you the way?

At best, however, were the exposition of the records and history of our faith ever so well achieved, the result would only be a *Theology*,—a knowledge or intelligent scheme of Divine things; not *Religion*,—the inward consciousness of God and reverent acceptance of his guiding will. Theology, as the critique of Religion, always stands at one remove from its reality and essence; and no more involves it than Scientific Ethics involve personal conscientiousness. Take away every hindrance from the free development of biblical, historical, and philosophical studies, suppose even a clerisy, such as Coleridge imagined, at the head of all liberal knowledge, still they would thus far only form a body like the Divinity Professors of Germany; from whom indeed, as pre-vaillingly *lay* teachers, theological literature receives all its richest accessions, but who are in no closer contact with the moral life of their nation than the jurists or the physicians. By learning from the best-equipped instructors the truest doctrines in the most demonstrative forms, no single soul was ever saved. There is need, therefore, of a yet higher function; which we have described as the interpretation of the *unwritten Word*, the appeal to the *Living Witness* of God in our humanity. That Witness is present in every movement of Conscience, every pure admiration, every secret reverence,—holy and gentle leadings that pass from us as a transient mood, unless some true diviner's voice finds their authority for us and awes us by what they are. The dim and mystic zone of our higher nature, where the human meets with the divine, grows so clear to some, that they can divide the light from the darkness, and turn what to us is a confused chaos into a firmament of stars. The indeterminate suspicions that sleep within and make only a sadness there, they lift into vivid consciousness and set above us as our heavenly guide. Describe the fact as you will,—say, if you please, in mere psychological language, that the sentiments of duty and worship are infectious and spread from mind to mind; or, in what we deem the truer terms of Christian realism, say that God's Spirit abiding in us is recognised by all as soon as seen and shown by any,—certain it is that men there always are whose simple outpouring of reverence, pity, and trust, finds ready in other hearts a solemn and loving response. This is the true *prophetic* function, the discovery in our nature and life of the meeting-place of God and man; where alone is the key of all our force and the consecration of all our work. Those who can exercise this are God's natural ministers, with or without ordination: those who cannot are but secular, though their names be in the Clergy List. Here, it is evident, is the essence of religious power, without which historical Revelations lie off at a distance, and all churches and chapels are but as the glass-cases in a Museum to preserve and exhibit the sanc-

titles dried and classified. The testimony of history to God's Providence, of Scripture to his spiritual dealings with our race, and of all things to his Being, is rich and various and worthy to be shown forth. But greater than any testimony is the thing testified; that, with all his seeming silence, He hourly speaks with us, pleading with us in our temptations, appealing to our trust in sorrow, and living in all our better love; that He is in our midst, forming, in communion with all willing fellow-workers, his kingdom of Heaven; and that not death at last, but faithfulness and self-surrender at any time, will translate the soul into his life eternal. These realities, kindling in the light of immediate consciousness, cast all theological media into the shade. The mountain from which yesterday's sun was seen to set becomes sacred as Horeb or Tabor; and the obscurest room in London where any sacrament of love is fulfilled to-day shines like that upper chamber in Jerusalem. When your Friend is with you, you no longer discuss the evidence that He exists.

Of the three conceivable functions, then, constitutive of a clerical order,—the Priestly, the Rabbinical, and the Prophetic,—the first is with us extinct. The other two agree in requiring a special class, with qualities separating them from the mass of mankind. They differ, however, in this, that the Rabbi can be made, the Prophet cannot. The one is a scholastic product; the other a divine gift. "Schools of the prophets," indeed, there must always be; not, however, in the vain hope of inspiring the scholar, but, through humble patience, to make a scholar of the inspired. This, no doubt, it is often difficult to do. It has been the frequent error of enthusiasm (as among the Quakers and Moravians) to pronounce it impossible or superfluous; nor is it uncommon among less eccentric believers to hear the heaviness of a preacher referred to the weight of his erudition, the cold reserve of his affections explained by the polish of his intellect. A learned man is even expected to be dull. In these vulgar impressions there is a confused mixture of just observation and illusion. It is true that the temperament susceptible of high intellectual training is much more common than the gifts by which the depths are stirred of secret religion in men's hearts; so that great attainments afford no presumption of moral power. It is also true that there is no tendency in the study of scientific theology to change the climate of any mind, and give a tropic fervour to an arctic nature: so that from a man's "sacred" learning you can no more infer an earnest godly soul, than you can be sure from his acquaintance with the Flora of the equator that he is not a phlegmatic Swede. It is further true, that the native prophetic fire often burns into false heats of impatience and presumption upon young hearts, and tempts them to decline the

toils and despise the discipline of steady culture. But this belongs to its human infirmity, not to its divine excellence; and entails the vitiating curse inseparable from pride and haste. Where the religious call is faithfully and meekly answered, an anxiety will surely prevail to place at its disposal faculties in highest order. If the Divine Guest proposes to take up his abode with you, it were a rude negligence to leave the house unclean and let the rooms be dark. The simplest reverence requires that, ere He "stands at the door and knocks," you have it "swept and garnished," and adorned with every grace attainable. Far from allowing the irreducible, uncontrollable nature of the prophetic impulse, we are convinced that if it is not eager for the yoke of patient discipline, and fears to be stifled beneath any store of finite knowledge, it is a spurious glow not all from heaven.

There is, then, a foundation in the natural specialties of men for an order of religious guides. And there is an imperative reason in the constitution of the Christian faith for making them accomplished scholars and theologians. How far does this abstract defence apply to the system which exists? How far does the *natural* sacred class coincide with the *actual*? What provision is there for selecting persons of some religious genius, and excluding those in whom no incense ever kindled? Every one familiar with Puritan history will remember with what devout care the gifts and graces were scrutinised of each young aspirant to the pulpit, and how it was deemed a downright sacrilege to choose one whom God had not chosen. Of those who were to be "his ambassadors" He had of right the prime and real nomination, which we had only to discover and accept. Some faint remnant of this reasonable no less than pious usage is still found, we believe, among the Nonconformist bodies; a large proportion of whose ministers are accordingly determined to their profession by intrinsic fitness, real or supposed. But how is it with the parochial clergy? What proportion of them would the tutors at Oxford and Cambridge report to be drawn to their office by true affinity? In hundreds of families where a son is destined for Holy Orders, the question is never asked whether any divine mark is on him indicating a Higher Will. Mr. Christmas defines the Preacher the "Ambassador of God." How, then, was he chosen for so lofty a diplomacy? His uncle promised the lad "the living" at his park-gate; or his father was a shrewd attorney, and bought an advowson cheap. Shocking as the contrast is between this shameless scandal and the sublime pretensions of High-Church office, the connection between them is perfectly natural. In a sacerdotal system, personal qualities go for nothing, or sink to non-essentials; whoever can administer the

sacraments, can dispense God's grace; and, so long as that condition is safe, a traffic in benefices which may put a blockhead at the altar is held to involve no fatal sin. Carry the theory fully out,—scarce a step indeed beyond the point it has reached at Rome,—and, as the human attributes are inoperative in the work, you would seem not to need a *man* at all. And when we read of the Archbishop at the Cherbourg festival baptising the locomotives with holy water, we could not help asking why an engine, instead of a live dignitary, might not, after suitable consecration, be qualified to sprinkle as well as receive the drops of grace. But the Reformed Church, disowning material consecration, and throwing the whole stress of the evangelising process on living faith within a conscious soul,—at once the gift and the vehicle of the Spirit,—must ever keep its eye on the personality of the minister, and shrink from taking any whom God has left. In humbler, yet not dissimilar things, we follow better rules. You would not rank yourself with poets from being Shakespeare's cousin, or because you inherited a studio write "Artist" after your name. Profane not a greater sanctuary on guiltier plea. Nothing, we presume, but the system of patronage can account for the fact that our English Church, with a high average of clerical worth, contains more indifferent preachers than any Church in Christendom. All observant foreigners, resident for a while amongst us, are struck with the fact; and we have heard from Swiss and German, from Swede and American, expressions of astonishment that a people with whom religion is not a farce, and who for their other wants are accustomed to insist upon the best supply, can be content with such poor draughts for their spiritual thirst.

Suppose, however, that by some happy device none but persons of the true prophetic type were admitted to the sacred office, the difficulty of constituting it as a profession would by no means be at an end. Its power is a subtle and mysterious essence, intense and deep till too broadly recognised; but no sooner formulated than lowered, and perhaps gone. The ordinary division of labour out of which the several trades and professions arise affects only the outward employments; assigning, indeed, different and limited tasks to our activity, and so far giving a partial direction to our development; but leaving free the great currents of inward affection and character to work and play in their own channels. The doctor, the lawyer, the banker, may have each his special prejudices and incapacities; but these need not hurt the moral staple of his mind or constrain the action of his natural sentiments as a man. The basis of the sacred profession is different. Here the proposal is to build a life upon a particular order of feelings; to detach these, and consign them to a repre-

sentative class for their custody and nurture; to gather them up from being the diffused function of our integral nature, and concentrate them as objects of distinct attention and disquisition. Wonder,—Reverence,—Admiration; these it is which the expounder of holy things has to keep alive in men's hearts, and rightly direct upon divine realities. Secret roots as they are of not only every gracious blossom, but every pure fruit of life, to bring down the dews upon them and open their withered cells is indeed a blessed office, if only it be possible. But can this miracle be wrought statedly and at will? Can such highest affections be reduced to a business, and be acted on by rule? Their whole excellence depends on their simplicity, spontaneousness, unselfishness, carrying us out in trust and love to what is above us. But if you create an art for taking charge of them, how can you, as a proficient in it, retain that simplicity? The emotions for which you have to contrive, you no longer healthfully experience; in looking at them you lose them. It was their Divine Object that entranced you once; but you turn the focus inwards, and the object slips away. The best inspirations of our nature are meant to remain fresh and first-hand, and lose their identity in losing their originality. Charter them as a craft or guild; and passing into the hand of conscious skill, they contract the tincture of self, and awaken the vanity of possession. A class-interest in regard to them, a class-criticism, a class-technology arises, and chatters and chafes and scrutinises till the bloom is all rubbed off. The verdant places of the heart have but a tender grass, and will not bear the tramp of too much speech. This, we think, is a serious danger to those who follow Art as a profession; their pure sympathy with the expressiveness of nature, their creative instinct of Beauty, need great intensity to hold their ground against the tyranny of opinion and fastidious self-comparison: and hurtful as the slang of hardened criticism is to the reverential faith of the young artist, is the technic of theology to the simple piety which it complicates, bewilders, and talks down.

In an official class for sacred things the Primary devoutness which lives in God must dreadfully tend to pass into the Secondary stage of "Concern for Religion;" to slip from the Infinite reality to the ecclesiastical drama, and, wakened from its vault of midnight worship, detect itself kneeling in the glass. This self-conscious reflection busies itself with analysing and estimating either other people's religion, or else its own. The former habit is almost inevitable in the presence of so many sects and schools within the nominal embrace of our common Christendom. The tangle, indeed, is too intricate and thorny for even professional patience to unravel as a whole; but when every layman falls in with people that carry some queer creed within their head and

an odd hat without,—when every parson in his rounds meets rivals on the same field,—when the gilt cross on St. Nepomuc's looks loftily down on the thin brick Ebenezer,—when the church-going stranger in town, walking on the wrong side of the street, gets shown by mistake into a Unitarian chapel,—it is not surprising if curiosity about the faith of neighbours, and the comparative anatomy of doctrine, should too much take the place and assume the guise of a more simple and childlike piety. Does any one doubt the evil of this, or suppose that the spread of theological connoisseurship is equivalent to the deepening of the Christian life? Let him give his attention, for two or three months, to the newest offspring of this tendency—the so-called “Religious Newspapers;” and when he has watched the interior of which they give him a view, let him say whether on the whole any more bitter satire was ever produced on the unity, the guilelessness, the humility, and heavenly-mindedness of the Christian Church. Even the party-ties which might be supposed to compensate the loss of gentler bonds, partake more of corporate egotism than of personal affection. They are not so much positive sympathies drawing close to a centre of spiritual attraction, as a residual circle left clear by the repulsive power of antipathies all round, and inscribed with the motto, “Thank God, *We* are not as other men are.” How rare, accordingly, it is to find a clergyman who does not live in the perpetual consciousness of opponents near him! or to hear a sermon without allusion to unbelievers or misbelievers! or to be taken up by the Preacher on the side of one's human tenderness and genuine conscience, and thence translated unresistingly into the higher atmosphere of aspiration, trust, and inmost prayer! He speaks to us through a dogmatic screen that muffles all his tones, and deadens the ring of their humanity. He looks at us with the glazed eye of ecclesiastical decorum and reserve, that shuts us up and leaves us dark. Would he but meet us face to face and glance to glance, and appeal to us in the open vernacular of every true heart, he would find us not dry at the fount of tears and penitence and faith.

The other form of professional elaboration of religion is sincerer in its source, but not much better in its effect. It turns inward instead of outward; and analyses not other faiths, but its own feelings. In the eye of many a preacher, the essence of what is called “personal religion” consists in keeping the finger of observation ever on the spiritual pulse, in marking the temperature of the clime within, in shuddering at every shadow and suspecting every gleam. He tells you your experience with a magnifying particularity that makes it hideous, and that would reduce the eye of a saint to mere blood-vessel and tissue. Too often he

produces the very disease which he describes, fixes evanescent ills by dwelling on them, and lectures on our epidemic sins till the healthy world turns sick and finds its home a hospital. His lesson is differently taken by different minds, but wholesomely by none. The coarse-grained and ungenial believe all the evil of their neighbours; the pure and susceptible, of themselves: while the morally sound and firm know it to be false of both, and writhe under a teaching which insults every natural admiration, systematises spiritual slander, and disowns the watchful guidance of God. The teaching which works us into a hectic of self-consumption is as untrue to the Gospel as that whose tact and scruples are at home among the creeds. Christianity is not a pathology, whether of the beliefs or of the affections; and will never have power till this critical demon be cast out. Yet how shall *those* cast it out who, whatever sacred name they may pronounce, are steeped in the influences that tempt its approach; whom, therefore, it chiefly possesses; who know no incantations,—scarcely any prayers,—except what it secretly suggests? There is but one hope: let them acknowledge their failure, feel their powerlessness, go straight to the Living Source, and own, "We could not;" and perhaps He may reply, "Bring it hither to Me!"

Closely as these dangers cling to the religious office, we do not mean to urge them as objections to its institution. Where, as in the Society of Friends, it has been dispensed with in favour of the bare "movements of the Spirit," the results have not been encouraging. And indeed, had these good people conceived rather of an "Indwelling" than an "Irruption" of the Spirit, they would perhaps have imagined a less fitful relation between God and man, have spared a little consecration for habitual personal qualities, and admitted that some men might be, more than others, *permanent* organs of Divine influence in the world. Admit this, and a clerisy must follow. If it brings difficulties and temptations into existence with it, nothing remains but to keep feeble spirits out, and let the strong struggle through the dangers as they may. This would assuredly be done with much more frequent success, had the profession to bear only its natural burden, without enormous increase from an artificial ecclesiastical system. The conditions imposed upon the Christian preachers, in the vast majority of cases, are enough to suppress the clearest religious genius; and the nobler and finer it is, the more will they be intolerable. Can it be pretended that any mind of the first order could move freely under the weight of dogma it is expected to carry? How much of that dogma, avowed in the creeds every Sunday, has any week-day reality? Where, in the scenes of men's earnest life or spontaneous thought, does it come into expression? What proportion of the beliefs contained in the

Thirty-nine Articles, or in the symbolical books of any Church, comes naturally out in the poetry, the fiction, the philosophy of our time? The men of letters are so silent of them as to indicate that a few only of these ideas,—though infinitely solemn,—appear in their picture of the universe. And it is notorious that a literature has been created on purpose to supply the defect, and, for the sake of a special public, to exhibit life under more orthodox aspect. The fact is painfully significant. “The Religious Public?” And what other Public have you a right to recognise or to ignore in this God-created world? Where are the people from whose nature He has omitted the springs of Wonder, Love, Reverence, and quite hidden the beauty and mystery of life? Who formed the “religious public” of the “Friend of Sinners”? O ye masters of holy things! has it come to this? that ye cannot find the inner sanctuary of our common heart, and bring us to kneel with you, though dumb worships sigh and wait within us? and must ye have your little private chapel, and your pet audience admitted by ticket, and no light but what streams through the forms of select and canonised saints? And as for what is called a “Religious literature”: time was that *all* literature was religious; and poets, historians, philosophers looked out on as sacred world, and breathed as natural a prayer as the divine. Is it not theirs to set before us the ideal side of life, the essential thought and meaning that runs through it? And how should they do this, did they think it has no inner side at all, and see in it only a scramble of appetites and a dust of “phenomena”? The natural alliance of every unconstrained literature is with the real religion of its time, to whose inner admirations its appeal is made. They may be low idolatries; but how have they become so? Through the death of higher faiths in those who pretend to keep them; but who, instead of keeping them in the only possible way, viz. by a life and mind grown from their idea, have handed them to the custody of formulated words. The very way to create a defiant worldliness, proud of its sceptic and outcast position, is to disparage such veneration as a man has, and attach impossible conditions to those which he has not; and virtually tell him, “Either repeat after us the following sentences, or else pass for one who sees nothing sacred in heaven or earth.” While the demand for sympathy and approximation is all on one side, the chasm between the secular and the ecclesiastic spirit can never be crossed. Till the higher stoop, the lower will not rise;—stoop, not merely in voluntary humility, but in simple, manly fellow-feeling; heartily sinking down to the solid ground of some common conviction,—if possible, some common enthusiasm; and forcing no ulterior growth, till it springs of itself from the root thus warmed and nurtured. This is precisely what a Christ-like

teacher, deep alike in human sympathy and spiritual insight, would spontaneously do; but is rendered most difficult to men bound not only to visit and heal the ailing soul, but to carry and every where unpack the huge medicine-chest of ancient dogma, and prescribe in the symbols of an unknown tongue. There are few among the clerical body, we are convinced, on whom the encumbrance of so much doctrine sits easily, like the natural dress they give to their common thought and affection. They take it up in set speech and with official voice. They shape it into the same stiff folds of phrase and order, straight from the memory, not fresh flowing from the heart. Whatever decorous disguise it may give to the cold and formal, it taxes heavily the flexible and loving soul. It cannot, indeed, seal up the fountains which God opens there; but the running waters are slackened and half-choked, when forced through the mill-rails of the church canals, instead of winding their own sweet way along the meadows of a pure nature.

How, indeed, can it be otherwise? We do not live in a Nicene, an Athanasian, or even a Lutheran world. From a distance, and by an effort, we may understand and not deny the schemes of doctrine which they have handed down. But if so, it is only by reference to the antecedents out of which they grew, and the opposites which they pushed from the field. Apart from these historical lights, now quenched for so many centuries, and totally absent from the common consciousness of to-day, the very language of the old creeds and confessions is quite dark: the pregnant phrases in which the distinctive meaning is wrapped have dwindled to a husk in the climate of our modern thought, or contain, if any living idea, an altered one. Hence these formulas, where they do not positively suggest the false, fail, like foreign speech, to strike upon the home truth of men's inward belief. They are a set of judicial decisions cut off from the cases on which they pronounce; and to say nothing of their being ever open to revision, the perpetual recital of them, and administration of religion exclusively through them, is a monstrous oppression on noble consciences and high affections. If even the Scriptures, with their broad popular language and that one Divine Image which so speaks for itself, need to have the temporary separated from the permanent, the letter of their age translated into the spirit of ours, how much less must the rigid definitions of metaphysical divinity, framed in terms of dead controversies, be capable of sincerely uttering what our generation wants to say! Each period of the world has its own questions to answer, its own burden to bear: and who can believe that if the Son of Man were to reveal himself again in our present England, he would exercise us in the Nicene Creed or

the Augsburg Confession ; and not rather find anew the springs of conscience and of faith, conversing with us by the way, in the language of the workshop and the home, about the sins we too well know and the sanctities we too feebly trust? Leave, then, to those who are fittest to represent his spirit, a freedom congenial and essential to it. Let the champion of God have courage to live out of his freshest inspirations, and go forth with the simple shield of faith and sword of the Spirit. An archangel's strength would sink under the chain-armour of the creeds.

We are far from charging the professional representatives of religion with any special insincerity. We have no doubt that in general they are pretty well made-up into at least a belief that they believe the whole dogmatic system to which they stand committed. But, except with dull men, it does notoriously take a good deal of "making-up" to bring them to this not very triumphant result. Those who are sufficiently behind the scenes to know what is implied in this process, and along what doleful paths often lie the approaches to Ordination, will understand us when we say that too frequently that goal is reached by parting with a Holy Spirit which the hands of no Bishop can restore. In many an Oxford room a youth has been found with dawning suspicions of a world other than that imagined by the "great dons." Even there his Heaven will find him out, and try whether the spell of custom or the life of God is to be strongest within him. With the scholar's musical heart, he cannot escape stray far-off tones penetrating through the local air, and wakening unknown chords of his nature. Does not Tennyson lie upon his table, and Carlyle stand upon his shelf? Has he not been reading Niebuhr, and hearing something of Ewald's *Life of Christ*? Snatches of influence from powers like these haunt him with strange visions, at once terrible and divine. Alone, past midnight, at the week's end, he closes his books, and reads before the lamp is put out a sermon of Tauler's, or a chapter of the "German Theology." Why does it sink to such unspeakable depth in him, and fill his prayers with such real communings, while the service at St. Mary's next morning carries its solemnity scarce below the surface? What is "belief"? What "unbelief"? What "mysticism"? Wherein differ the "natural" and the "supernatural"? How stand related God's historical and his perennial manifestation? Are these things fully known to our Heads of Houses? and when were they fathomed, and the chart of the survey finished? Such questionings flash in upon him as his wings are growing, urging him in due time to rise in his strength and follow the light to its source. But nearer to his eye lies the long-destined parish. The old rector is impatient for his curate; the letters from home are reckoning the months

to the time of ordination. He is lonely with his secret, on which every thing about him seems to frown. Social conservatism, scholarly prestige, ecclesiastical taste, academic casuistry, draw their silent lines around him, and lay to him so close a siege that he surrenders, with or without an agony. Or if he unbosoms himself to his tutor, he is referred to the standard recipe for such cases—approved alike by High Church and Broad Church—to repair the flaws in his creed by parochial work; to live on the given doctrine as an *hypothesis*, in the hope of its striking root as a reality; to profess, that is, a lie to-day for the reversion of the truth to-morrow. It is possible enough that he may find such advice succeed: there is nothing to prevent it: "parochial work" will serve as well as any other to stifle the misgivings of conscience, and complete the "quenching of the Spirit;" and in time he may forget his doubts, and recite what he has to say without a twinge. When the "hypothesis" is covered over with the glebe grass, and smiles with garden-beds and shrubberies,—nay, is strong enough to support the school and village-library as well,—he ceases to ask how deep it goes, and is content with the report of a living rock beneath. There are, however, men of finer nature, to whom a course of "hypothesis" (we had nearly said "hypocrisy") cannot be administered with the same success, and on whom the penalties quickly fall which are righteously annexed to all profession in advance of conviction. Smothered misgivings revive, and move with broader shadow across a mind no longer innocent. The offices of worship are crossed with passages of shrinking and of shame, and almost cease to be true except in their words of penitence. Preaching becomes not an outpouring of faith and love, but a diplomatic act of caution. When the struggle between inward self-contempt and the outward religious function becomes too intolerable, the cure is thrown up, perhaps for some secular profession; but perhaps only to change the scene, to repeat, yet abate, the agony, till custom has done its stupefying work, and the soul has obediently shaped itself to the dimension of its task. What is a man worth as a religious guide, when through such processes (which, alas, are no fictions) he finally gets made-up to the orthodox point? He has sold his divine gift into servitude, and will prophesy for God no more.

If in other cases the system, instead of subjugating the man, is made to bend to his individuality, and assume the meaning he wants to put upon it, the consequences are doubtless less deplorable, and a practical latitude is won: but the inference is still the same; there is too much dogma for the living force that is to work in it. The disproportion is equally manifest, whether the adjustment is brought about by coercing the person or coercing

the doctrine. Men of deep and original nature, like the Preacher at Lincoln's Inn and the Greek Professor at Oxford, cannot be suppressed or moulded by enclosure in any framework stiff with age. It glows and softens by their very contact with it, and takes their shape instead of giving its own. The results are startling enough. Mr. Maurice is the apostle of a faith more strongly contrasted,—we do not hesitate to say,—with the prevailing-received doctrine of his Church than the Christianity of the second and third century with the serious Paganism before which it stood. Religions more absolutely different than his and, for instance, Dr. M'Neile's, according to any just measure of the intervals between faiths, can hardly be found within the circuit or near the margin of Christian history. Yet he recites the same creeds, not only, we are sure, with the purest sincerity, but, we conceive, with a careful fullness of meaning in every phrase, and a consistent realisation of the connected whole, very unusual among his contemporaries. Nor is his construction, as many persons erroneously suppose, a personal invention for his own use. It reproduces in some important points the genuine thought of the early Church; and would rest upon very strong grounds, were there no gospel but the fourth, and no ecclesiastical theology but of Alexandria. But as an account of what was meant by the founders of his Church in the sixteenth century,—of the sense, therefore, in which its formularies are imposed,—it must always seem far-fetched and untenable, and leave the advantage with its opponents. Fettered by obligations from this side, he is not free to raise simply the issues whether his doctrine is scriptural or unscriptural,—is in the sense of the first centuries or not,—above all, is in itself true or false: be his success ever so great on these points, the final sentence turns upon another,—whether this is what the English Reformers meant, and what he undertook to teach. Failing to convince even his warm admirers of this, he is shorn of his proper strength: his justest reasonings, his genial learning, his religious insight, his exemplary goodness, are neutralised by the repute of a false position. A mind like his wants more room than the constitution of his Church allows him; and even the portion of room which he has taken, with no idea of transgressing loyal limits, is regarded by almost every one else as an irregular latitude. Still more painfully perplexing to the moral sense of unskilled observers like ourselves was Mr. Jowett's promptitude in signing an article of faith which directly affirms the very doctrine of atonement (that Christ by the sacrifice of himself reconciled *God to man*) which he directly denies. That he found some means of doing this with a clear conscience, we do not for a moment doubt: by what Hegelian resolution of contradictions into a higher unity the feat was accomplished we may

perhaps learn from the second edition of his Commentary. But meanwhile, if the most anxious candour can suggest no presentable explanation of such compliances, they cannot but produce a truly devastating impression of clerical unvaracity and academic casuistry. What can be more unfortunate than that men's best feelings,—their love of plain dealing and good faith, their abhorrence of all "paltering in a double sense,"—should be enlisted *against* a scientific theology and a deeper religion? Yet so it must be, as long as scholars, having bound themselves in honour to a closed circle of doctrine, forthwith set to work to open it. What can be said for a system which makes the movement of thought a breach of trust? We owe it to the excessive encumbrance of authoritative dogma that faithful orthodoxy sinks into powerless routine, and irrepressible genius and learning violate their vows. Our illustrations of the melancholy fact have been drawn from the Church of England. But the results are precisely the same in every Nonconformist body which emulates the Church of England in the rigour of its creed and the liberality of its culture.

That the clerical religion is quite artificially made up, and divided by a fatal cleft from the lay state of mind, is evident on comparing in the world the classes who lived and learned together in their college-years. The undergraduates in any given University, and the graduates too for a considerable time, are tolerably homogeneous in their tastes, their admirations, their convictions; with their marks, indeed, of individuality, and their varieties of pursuit, but with no differences of principle and feeling that are not quite miscellaneously distributed. Bring a few hundreds of them together again twenty years later; give all the clerical men credit for faithful adherence to their ordination vows; and see whether this does not mark them out as altogether "a peculiar people." *How many of the lawyers believe all those doctrines in the lot? how many of the doctors? how many of the men of science and letters?* Without counting exceptional heretics and sceptics, is not the proportion remarkable of those to whom the phraseology and formulas of divinity are an uncomfortable sort of speech, answering to nothing deep within them, and which would never rise to their own lips? Why should this be? Why should the lives that began with many a common enthusiasm, so widely diverge on the very field which is not professional, but absolutely human and universal in its interest? It is simply because, in the representatives of sacred things, the living humanity is overlaid with a dead crust of ecclesiastical deposit, which oppresses without sharing the pulsations underneath.

And accordingly, whenever a Preacher appears with inspirations too strong to heed professional restraints, he has to wait

scarcely an hour for a response, and the suspended tide of sympathy is glad to flow. What was it that drew men, with irresistible attraction, around the pulpit of Robertson of Brighton? His eloquent lips? his graceful person? his fearless heresies? All these, no doubt, provided you take them only as the organs and manifestation of the true prophet-soul within; the soul leavened through and through with an all-surrendering faith, and meeting God in whatever is real and true. He had the courage to live the life of his age, as the nearest expression of the life of all ages; to shrink from none of its doubts, to go down to the core of its sins and sorrows, to carry his sympathy into its saddest problems; to keep no separate theology, but let the central fire of heaven within him fuse down his poetry, his philosophy, his scholarship, his moral sentiment, into one entire religion, identical with his Christian faith. Nothing came from him at secondhand, with any dust or soil of use, but fresh as morning air. Not that he was above being influenced by the men and books that held any true converse with him. On the contrary, he had all the susceptibility to deep impressions, the affectionate dependence on other minds, which is the glorious paradox of original natures, the self-confession of their common kindred. But, as in all such cases, each foreign light that struck his heart, instead of being reflected back from a mere repeating surface, entered only to prove that he too was luminous, and must burst into a beacon-flame for the guidance of trackless wanderers. It is vain to tell us, in disparagement of such men, and in apology for pulpit humdrum, that there is no room for originality in religion,—that its truths, once for all revealed in Christ, are fixed, and can only be repeated in the ear of one generation after another. Like every thing in God,—his holiness, and the beauty of his world,—they are indeed eternal: but, like these, they are ever born anew into manifestation before us and consciousness within us; and, above

all they have a fresh power in every earnest believing and seeking heart. What more nearly eternal than the Holy

Spirit? yet even this may have a day of Pentecost, and sweep over the heart "as a mighty rushing wind," and find utterance in "new tongues," and hurry its Stephen upon heresy and death. One who, like Robertson, speaks to the sleeping nobleness of men's hearts out of the waking nobleness of his own, wields a truly revealing power; opening unsuspected worlds where the inner eye saw nothing before, and so lifting the roof as to let in the heavens. The eagerness with which such men are listened to shows how little the influence of the pulpit has really declined, wherever it is relieved of the oppressive weight of traditional dogma and conventional style, and taken as the station of some self-forgetful organ of the Living Word.

If the public services of religion spoke with adequate power to the real wants of men, the clerical profession would have no serious discontent to fear. Did it worthily wield that one great instrument, it would meet with grateful recognition, and be followed with no unkindly eye through the six silent days of the week. But, as it is, the clergy suffer a great disadvantage from the absence of some clearly-defined and positive work other than speech,—work visible, punctual, and of recognised utility. Far be it from us to deny or underrate the impalpable influence of wisdom and sympathy circulating through the homes of a parish or a congregation, and ever accessible where counsel is needed or sorrow calls. But how can you erect it into a distinct business, to carry about the essence of your character? What would your character be worth, if you really thought it fitly set apart for this sort of currency? The simple duties of Christian pity and affection cannot be delegated, without equal injury to those who, by deputing, evade them, and to those who, in being their deputies, strip them of their spontaneous grace and charm. The secret sense of this truth fosters a deep social distrust of pastoral charities and attentions; and creates a false and morbid conscience in the minister himself. It is notorious that into the scenes most needing the offices of Christian faith and love a man can carry no such disadvantage as the clerical costume; and it takes no little time for even the sincerest self-devotion to remove the dislike of the black coat. Grown men and women in these days do not sincerely want to be as sheep to a shepherd; and the attempt to work out the details of such a relation incurs all the penalties and miseries of pretence. Between the servility of those who want to use him, and the shyness of those who are afraid of being used, the clergyman steers an embarrassed course; and where frank and friendly treatment assures him that he is with those who do not distrust him, he begins to distrust himself: he is full of wonder and compunction that he is unable to speak and act differently from others; that he cannot set himself above the common humanities; and that, especially in the presence of sorrow and death, he so naturally falls into the attitude of reverential learning and looking up, as to a higher mystery, that he is rather the awe-struck child than the superior and master of the hour. Or, if he be a man of dry and formal nature, he will force himself into professional mannerisms and sentences, which do indeed difference him from the layman, but having no fine fibres of connection with the antecedent and succeeding life, never grow into the heart of the occasion on which they are stuck. These indeterminate spiritual relations of man with man are too delicate, we fear, and too dependent on spontaneity of affection, to be made the chief business of a profession. It is in no slight

degree the need of something outward, something which the will can at any moment command, that tempts the clergy to lean on some *opus operatum*, and encourages the reaction into sacerdotal formalism. They know not what they are good for, or how they differ from private Christians, unless they have some mystic activities to exercise. We are convinced that nothing would so surely dissipate this High-Church disease, as the obligation, could it be made effectual, of some healthy, definite, intelligible social work, fixed to nameable hours and visible to the community around. The anarchy and self-will into which our moral police has fallen, render it difficult to recover such tasks of service for a staff of religious teachers: else who, in theory, would be more natural administrators, under suitable checks, of many of the agencies of our higher culture and civilisation? The energetic and faithful among them do actually carve out work of this kind for themselves, and are found in the schoolroom, at the Board of Guardians, and in committee-rooms of public institutions. But as they meet there many a lay citizen who takes his share of such duties of his own accord and "out of hours," these things are set down to the account of individual character, and do not help the credit and clear the conception of the profession. Were the minister of religion to become,—by general usage as he often is by personal choice,—the organ of valuable knowledge to his people; to open to their intelligence the very things that lie before their eyes,—the antiquities of their village, the natural history of their coast and fields, the story of the old families of honourable name, whose mansions are in sight,—he would stand before the popular imagination as a schoolmaster of adults, a superior in something which they readily appreciate. Until in some such way greater body can be given to the clerical functions, they will fail to obtain a basis of firm trust; they will suffer in repute from indefinite expectations; and take morbid directions from the mere misery of uncertainty.

It is very natural for preachers to measure the faith and piety of their time by the numbers in habitual attendance on churches and chapels, or giving support to connected institutions. Such a standard, we are convinced, is entirely delusive. Disaffection towards the organised worship of the country is not so groundless as to stand in evidence of a mere godless insensibility. The classes in whom it is strongest, and who have most completely passed out of clerical influence,—viz. the artisans on the one hand, and the academical and professional laity on the other,—are certainly not the least impressionable; but, on the contrary, show in other directions a ready susceptibility of enthusiasm and reverence. It is not amongst them that you chiefly find contempt for poetry, stupidity as to art, disbelief of noble-

ness, sordid Phœnician politics, or distrust of unprofitable truth. Would you bring together an audience where Burns's verse would strike most home, where Ruskin would have most believing hearers, where Miss Nightingale's name would be greeted with deepest honour, where patriotic sacrifices would be demanded least in vain, it is precisely from these classes that you would do well to draw it. And is it to be supposed that those who are quickest in response to these lesser religions of life, can be hardened against the infinite reverence that comprehends them all? Where genius, beauty, goodness, in their human apparition, are so willingly believed and welcomed with so pure a joy, depend upon it there is an eye of recognition ready for their august and diviner form. Antecedently to experience, who would say that the elements of religious character existed with any distinctive force in the social ranks that are found around the pulpits of the land? With all their intelligence and worth, the trading middle-class, and the upper circle just beyond, are, of all their contemporaries, the most inaccessible by habit and education to any self-forgetful fervours, the most conventional and cautious in their judgments, the most disposed to bow down before wealth and station, and the most anxiously studious of decorum. Many virtues may doubtless be interwoven with such a staple of character. But these are prosaic qualities, closer by far to the actual than to any ideal world, betraying an admiration and secret homage not very free to aspire beyond the near and visible, and tending, in any endeavour after higher ascent, to a religion of mere longer prudence. The administration of Christianity, adapted to such temperament and capacity, cannot be taken to exhaust its power, or to justify an ungenial despair of those to whom it does not speak. Traces abound of an unorganised religion sleeping or struggling in men's hearts beyond the circle of the organised. The most powerful literature of our age, even when heretical and rebellious, merciless to parsons and disrespectful to creeds, is in its essence any thing but irreligious; its hold on the time is not through the bitterness and scorn, but through the wonder, the veracities, and the tenderness of our nature. The tendency of Art is more and more to break with the conventional, and in humble conscientiousness to reverence the true. Nor are we discouraged by the signs of the times which are most often adduced in evidence of decadent or diseased belief. The theurgic or demonologic superstitions which are fevering and deteriorating so many minds, attest, no doubt, something worn-out in the current teachings of Churches; but also, some continued though desolate groping of faith, assured that a Divine world still lives and is not far. And the political coldness and indifferentism about which all journals voluminously lament, and which honourable

but unhappy members meet in conclave to remove, have perhaps a certain propriety and veracity in them not altogether profane. We had rather see men wait quietly, and rest upon their oars, till some just object of admiration and pursuit brought its appeal to them, than work themselves into a fume about nothing, or pretend to a passion they have not. In the total dearth of awakening questions in public life, under the sleep of heroic virtues, in the absence of great dangers, with a sluggish cloud hanging over Europe, a people rushing into enthusiasms must be made of knaves or fools; and we respect the impassive reserve which holds back, and damps the fire down, and will not burn its fuel to the waste air. We do not doubt that, when true appeal is made to any worthy zeal, the responsive chord will be found in tune; when there is any thing admirable, it will be admired; when sacrifice is wanted for noble ends, it will be ready. Taken all in all, we doubt whether the hearts of Englishmen were ever more prepared for being drawn together by common sentiments of reverence, conscience, and aspiration. Would that the symptoms were more wisely and kindly judged; and the organised religion more capable of interpreting and appropriating the unorganised!

NOTE IN ANSWER TO COLONEL MURE.

COLONEL MURE has published a pamphlet called *National Criticism in 1858*, in answer to an article in our eleventh Number on the volume which treats of the Attic historians.

It is commonly the wisdom of an author to be silent under what he may think the unjust attacks of Reviews, or, at any rate, to confine his answer to the simplest statements of fact. Still more is it commonly the wisdom of reviewers to abstain from all notice of the complaints which authors may make of their censures. Colonel Mure, however, seems to see an exceptional case in the article we have referred to ; and we trust we are not wrong in also seeing an exceptional case in the extraordinary pamphlet before us.

We certainly were never more surprised than when we opened Colonel Mure's pamphlet, and saw the tone which he has thought good to adopt with regard to our article. We had written, as we thought, a highly complimentary review of the colonel's work. We bestowed upon his volumes, as a whole, praise of the very highest kind. We did indeed venture to say, that with some particular parts of a very extensive subject Colonel Mure was less fitted to deal than with others ; there is probably no author who has entered on so vast a field of whom we should not say the same. We ventured, farther, to point out what we thought, and still think, some instances of carelessness and inaccuracy of detail. In so doing, we only discharged our duty as faithful critics. But we feel sure that every one who read the article would think it, on the whole, both respectful and laudatory.

Our readers, then, will judge of our surprise when we found Colonel Mure's pamphlet conceived in a tone which could only have been justified by an article consisting from one end to the other of unmitigated abuse and wilful misrepresentation. Not only are we accused of the lowest depths of ignorance on every point on which we happen to think Colonel Mure wrong, but we are farther charged with "dishonesty," "nugacity" (whatever that may be), and with "endeavouring, by an elaborate exercise of sophistry on our own part, to substantiate against him several false and frivolous charges of disingenuous and sophistical misrepresentation of the statements and opinions of other writers."

The fact is, that Colonel Mure is violently angry. We shall do our best to avoid following his example. Supposing that we were convicted of the gross and besotted ignorance which the colonel attributes to us, we should still feel that we have the better of the argument in something even more important than Greek scholarship and Greek history. We have said nothing, and mean to say nothing, of Colonel Mure inconsistent with the ordinary courtesies of civilised life.

The gravest charge against us, because it is one implying moral and not merely literary delinquency, we can only meet with a direct

denial. We have nowhere consciously misrepresented Colonel Mure ; we could have no conceivable motive for so doing. Nor have we ever accused or suspected Colonel Mure of consciously misrepresenting any other writer. We believed, and still believe, that Colonel Mure has not done full justice either to Thucydides or to Mr. Grote. But we never for a moment suspected that the lack of justice was other than unintentional. In like manner, we may perhaps have failed to do full justice to Colonel Mure. If so, the fault was as purely unintentional on our part as we believe it to have been on Colonel Mure's.

We have no intention of discussing at length any of the historical questions raised between ourselves and Colonel Mure ; we could do little else than repeat what we have already said in our article. The colonel's dissertation on Federal Government, to our mind, simply proves what we have all along said, that great as Colonel Mure is in purely literary criticism, he does not shine in strictly political history. Or, if he should think this expression offensive, we will be content to say that he uses the words "federal" and "federation" in a sense different from ourselves and from most other people. The question about Thucydides and Kleon we will simply refer to our readers. Let any one who cares to take the trouble carefully compare our article and Colonel Mure's pamphlet. He may think us right, or he may think us wrong ; but we feel sure that no candid reader will accuse us of wilfully misrepresenting either Thucydides, Grote, or Mure.

We now come to the charge of gross lack of scholarship, brought against us on the ground of certain strictures which we have made on Colonel Mure's translations of sundry pieces of Greek. Here Colonel Mure has entirely misunderstood the gravamen of our charge against him. He says that we accuse him of being "deficient in the more rudimentary qualifications for the treatment of his subject." That is, he talks throughout as if we had said he could not *construe* his Greek. We said nothing of the kind. The colonel's words are (p. 4) :

"The National reviewer has pronounced me incapable 'of translating a piece of Greek verse or prose into accurate English.'"

We will transcribe what we did say at length :

"It is wonderful that, with his knowledge of the language, his fine taste and acuteness, his appreciation of the minutest characteristics of the several authors, he still remains altogether incapable or unwilling to translate a piece of Greek verse or prose into appropriate or even into accurate English."

Our text is very different from Colonel Mure's quotation ; and the charge which we bring against him is one very different from "deficiency in the more rudimentary qualifications." What we say is, that Colonel Mure, with all his elegant and accurate scholarship, does not translate correctly. This charge we repeat. The power of translation is a special gift, by no means implied in the mere rudimentary qualification of construing, nor even in the higher qualifications, possessed by Colonel Mure in so eminent a degree, of understanding and criticising. That Colonel Mure understands and appreciates his Greek text, every page of his book shows ; but nearly every page where he

attempts to put Greek into English shows that the farther gift of translation he does not possess.

Colonel Mure, in fact, allows this when he says (p. 6), with regard to the translation from Stesichoros which we selected for criticism, that "no reasonable being could ever suppose it was meant to be accurate." That is precisely what we say, that Colonel Mure is "incapable or unwilling" to translate accurately. He here confesses to the unwillingness, which is all that we want.

We said, and we say again, that Ἀέλιος Ὑπεριονίδας is no more to be translated "Hyperion," than Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλλῆος is to be translated "Peleus." We omit the epithets of abuse which the colonel lavishes on us for so saying. After he has pretty well done with them, he goes on to show, what we did not doubt, that Homer in several places uses Ὑπερίων for the sun, while in others he calls the sun Ὑπεριονίδης. It is rather remarkable, however, that the latter use is from the Odyssey, and a hypercritical person might turn it into an argument for the *χωρίζοντες*. But what has all this Homeric mythology to do with the translation of a piece of Stesichoros? Colonel Mure says, "Homer knew no Titan Hyperion, who first appears as father of the Sun-God in Hesiod's Theogony." We never said that Homer knew of a Titan Hyperion; we only said that Ἀέλιος Ὑπεριονίδας is not to be translated "Hyperion." It is clear to us that Stesichoros followed on this point the Hesiodic, and not the Homeric, theology; but supposing he did not, we are talking of translation, not of interpretation. All we ask is, that Colonel Mure will translate Ἀέλιος Ὑπεριονίδας literally, or, better still, leave it, with Mr. Keightley, untranslated. He may then interpret how he pleases. He may conceivably show that by Ἀέλιος Ὑπεριονίδας Stesichoros meant the same thing as Ὑπερίων; but he can never show that "Hyperion" is the proper translation of the words.

Colonel Mure's indignation and merriment are greatly excited by an accidental error in transcribing this same piece of translation. We had the bad luck to write, or our printers to print, the word "lofty" for the word "golden." We regret the accident; but we should have thought any one would have at once seen that it was an accident.

We have not space to go through all the points in debate between ourselves and the colonel; but there are two on which we must say a few words. In one of them we are ready to confess to an inaccuracy of expression; and in the other, though we are certain that Colonel Mure is wrong, we are not quite certain that we may not be wrong ourselves also. Such slips will occasionally happen. The author of an independent work can take as long a time as he pleases to write, and as long a time as he pleases to correct the press. Such is, as Lord Macaulay himself complains in the preface to his *Essays*, by no means always the case with a reviewer. And it so happens that our article on Colonel Mure had to be written in a much shorter time than we could have wished, and the proofs had to be corrected among engagements which rendered it impossible to do more than correct palpable misprints or miswritings. The candid reader will, we think, rather sympathise with us in such a case than be quite so hard as

Colonel Mure is upon the "truly lamentable combination of ignorance and presumption" displayed in what the colonel calls our "pompous parade of worse than 'mediaeval' pedantry,"—whatever he may mean by that,—in p. 89. We confess to not having rightly expressed our own meaning in the matter of the Medes and Persians. We should not have said "the dominant Asiatic tribe," but the "dominant Asiatic power." In fact, the peculiarity of Thucydidean usage, which Colonel Mure professes to hold up for our special instruction, is almost exactly what we meant, though we succeeded somewhat awkwardly to express. As the colonel says, "whenever Thucydides speaks of the Medo-Persian people and its affairs in the mass, and in general terms, he invariably uses the term Mede and its derivatives." Such was the common usage of Greece, to which Thucydides conformed; while Herodotus and Xenophon more correctly—perhaps in the eyes of their contemporaries with something of "pompous pedantry"—more commonly used the word "Persian" in the same sense. But, as Colonel Mure continues, when Thucydides speaks of the Persians in the narrower sense, he gives them their proper national name. Now as Colonel Mure has so accurately observed the usage of Thucydides in this respect, he ought not to obliterate it in his translation by introducing the word "Persian" where Thucydides uses the word "Mede or its derivatives." On the other hand, we freely confess that we hastily used the word "tribe" in an inaccurate sense, and that our language might seem to imply (though Colonel Mure does not seem to have so taken it) that the words *μηδισμός* and *μηδίζεν* were unknown to Herodotus.*

The other point is about *Μαγνησία τῇ Ἀσιαρῇ*. On reconsidering the point, we do not feel quite certain as to the accuracy of our interpretation; but, in any case, it does not involve the monstrous ignorance of which Colonel Mure accuses us; and if we be never so wrong, it does not make him right. The colonel accuses us of "committing the enormous anachronism of transferring the Asia proconsularis of the Byzantine age to the age of Thucydides." It is an easy *tu quoque* to say that Colonel Mure's anachronism in transferring the phrase "Asia Minor" to the age of Thucydides is more enormous still. We were certainly not thinking of "Asia proconsularis" when we wrote our criticism. Our error, if error it be, came from quite another quarter. We had certainly imagined that the term "Asia" originally denoted the district round Ephesos; that it was thence gradually extended to the whole continent, and finally, in Roman political geography, came back to something like its original sense. If we are wrong, as we very likely are, it was not "Asia proconsularis," but the *Ἀσία ἐν Λειμῶνι* of Homer, which led us astray. Moreover we cannot at all see that Colonel Mure has disproved the existence of the northern

* Colonel Mure says: "In further proof of the futility of my reviewer's rule of distinction, Xerxes, in Herodotus, is occasionally styled 'King of the Medes' (viii. 14, ix. 7); a phrase altogether repugnant to Thucydidean usage." The colonel omits to mention, that in both the places he quotes the words are put into the mouths of Grecian speakers.

Magnesia in the days of Thucydides. But granting that we are utterly wrong, still Colonel Mure is not right. He himself allows that it would have been better to omit the word "Minor;" though he half justifies himself because the peninsula was distinguished "by a phrase of like value," ἡ κάρω Ἀσία. Here again we see Colonel Mure's failure to realise the duties of a translator: ἡ κάρω Ἀσία certainly means nearly the same as "Asia Minor;" but "Asia Minor" is not a translation of the words ἡ κάρω Ἀσία, nor are the words ἡ κάρω Ἀσία used in this place by Thucydides.

One specimen more, and we have done. Colonel Mure (in pp. 27-8) is excessively indignant with us for being ignorant of the fact that "Droysen, the German translator of Aristophanes," had forestalled Mr. Grote in his defence of Kleon. Mr. Grote, as the colonel allows, was equally ignorant of the same fact. Now no man can read every thing; and an English student may, we think, be forgiven for not being acquainted with a German translation of a Greek book. We are tolerably acquainted with Droysen's *Geschichte Alexanders*; but his translation (if it be the same author) of Aristophanes we must confess to have heard of only through Colonel Mure. Mr. Grote seems to be in the same predicament. But mark the different way in which the colonel deals with us and with Mr. Grote. All he says of Mr. Grote is: "Grote nowhere betrays a knowledge of Droysen's previous researches."

But against the "National reviewer" the charge runs:

"Whether from his usual flippant indifference to truth and fair play, from ignorance of German, or from what other cause he himself best knows, he ignores the existence of the German critic altogether! He every where assumes Mr. Grote to be both the originator and sole expositor of the Philo-Cleonian theory, as one unknown to 'every previous writer;' the theory having, in fact, been fully developed and most elaborately discussed some fifteen years before Mr. Grote took it up."

We now close our unpleasant task. We have derived so much benefit from Colonel Mure's writings, that we can well afford to forgive him what we are willing to believe is a mere passing ebullition of ill-temper. We trust he will continue his great work; and we will engage to continue to review its successive instalments in the same friendly spirit as we have already done, and to point out both merits and defects with the same candour as if *National Criticism* in 1858 had never been written.

BOOKS OF THE QUARTER SUITABLE FOR READING-
SOCIETIES.

Life of Friedrich II. of Prussia, called Frederick the Great. By Thomas Carlyle. With Portraits and Maps. Vols. I. and II. Chapman and Hall.

[Reviewed in Article I.]

Studies and Illustrations of the Great Rebellion. By John Langton Sanford, of Lincoln's Inn. J. W. Parker.

[Reviewed in Article VI.]

Roman Sepulchral Inscriptions. By John Kenrick, M.A., F.S.A. Russell Smith.

[Mr. Kenrick's admirable little volume is in some sense a compendium of archæology in respect of Roman burial, and would admit of being cut up into numerous articles in a dictionary. The information given is of a peculiar and rare kind, since the habit of inscription on tombs forms a literature of its own. In an addendum of six pages there is an exceedingly curious and valuable notice of burial-clubs among the Romans, the rules of which were inscribed on a marble monument at Lanuvium.]

A History of England during the Reign of George the Third. By William Massey, M.P. J. W. Parker.

[A valuable if not altogether unprejudiced narrative.]

Lives of the Queens of Scotland and English Princesses connected with the Regal Succession of Great Britain. By Agnes Strickland. Vol. VII. Blackwood.

[A volume of considerable research, though rather a *defence* than an impartial biography of Mary Queen of Scots.]

Supplementary Despatches and Memoranda of Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington. India. 1797-1805. Edited by his Son. Vol. II. Murray.

The Private Journal of the Marquis of Hastings, Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief in India. Edited by his Daughter, the Marchioness of Bute. 2 vols. Saunders and Otley.

[A journal of considerable general interest, embodying the remarks of an acute and observant mind with a large field of observation.]

Studies of Christianity : a Series of Original Papers now first collected or new. By James Martineau. Longmans.

The Parsees : their History, Manners, Customs, and Religion. By Dosabhoj Framjee. Smith and Elder.

[A very curious and well-written book by a young Parsee on the manners and customs of his own race,—a race promising easier amalgamation with the practical civilisation of the West than any other perhaps of the many various races comprehended in our Indian empire.]

522 *Books of the Quarter suitable for Reading-Societies.*

Travels and Discoveries in North and Central Africa in the Years 1849-1855. By Henry Barth, Ph.D. Vols. IV. and V. Longmans.

The Mutinies in Oudh. By Martin Richard Gubbins. Bentley.

[The most able and lucid investigation of the origin of the rebellion we have yet seen. The book also contains a clear and concise narrative of the siege of Lucknow, and is beautifully illustrated.]

Personal Adventures during the Indian Rebellion. By W. Edwards, Esq., B.C.S. Smith and Elder.

[A fascinating little book, by one of a party who, after many escapes, had to lie concealed in a sort of cowhouse in Oude for near two months.]

The Crisis in the Punjab. By Frederic H. Cooper, C.S. Smith and Elder.

[A vigorous narrative, of great and painful interest, written by a principal actor in the first act of the Indian rebellion.]

Peloponnesus: Notes of Study and Travel. By W. G. Clark. J. W. Parker.

[A book of much interest, not only for its scholarship and classical antiquarianism, but for graphic narrative.]

A Month in Yorkshire. By Walter White. Chapman and Hall.

[A simple, graphic, open-air spirit pervades this excellent little book.]

Missionary Adventures in Texas and Mexico. By the Abbé Domenech. Longmans.

[Somewhat plaintive, but readable and interesting.]

A Journey due North. By George Augustus Sala. Bentley.

[A good lively book, containing republished sketches of Russian life, chiefly in St. Petersburg.]

Life of Mary Anne Schimmlpenninck. Edited by her Relation, C. H. Hankin. Longmans.

[This book has a morbid tissue; but its incidental notices of one or two remarkable persons of the last century are full of interest.]

The Aquarian Naturalist. By Professor Rymer Jones. Van Voorst.

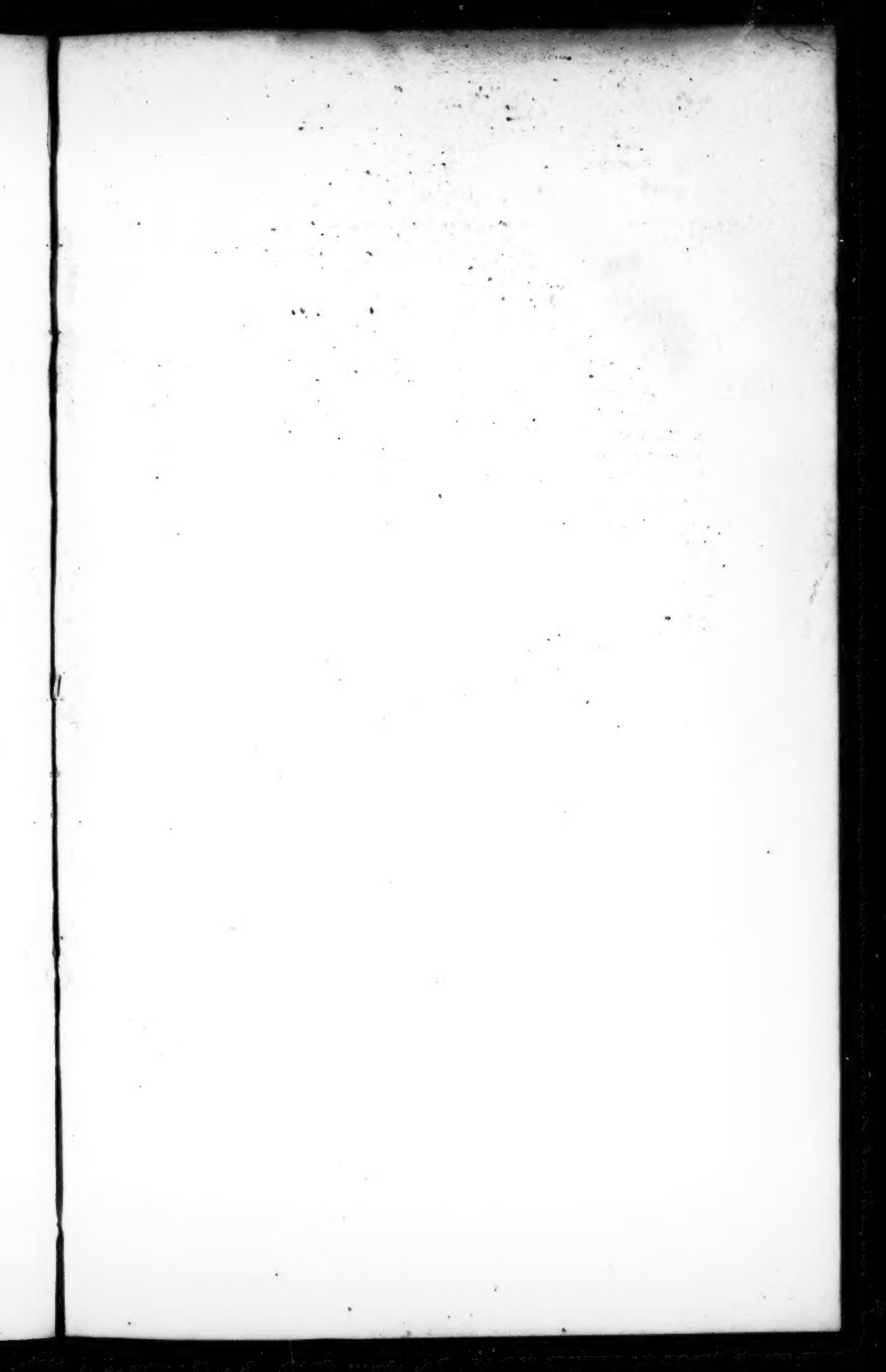
Short Lectures on Plants. By Elizabeth Twining. Nutt.

Trust and Trial: from the Danish. By Mary Howitt. Hurst and Blackett.

Framleigh Hall. 3 vols. Hurst and Blackett.

Eva Desmond; or, Mutation. 3 vols. Smith and Elder.

[A novel indicating some skill, but too emotional.]



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